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SEVEN YEARS AT ETON

1857—1864.

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SEVEN YEARS AT ETON

1857—1864

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SEVEN YEARS AT ETON.

CHAPTER I.

"HOS EGO VERSICULOS FECI . . ."

The other day being at Eton, and calling in for a cigar at a tobacconist's in the High Street, I came there upon a copy of verses which I had written years before whilst a boy at the school.

The subject of the verses was 'Peace'; the metre elegiac, and as a matter of course the poem began with ten verses about the horrors of war. Had the ode been on 'War,' the first ten verses would have celebrated the blessings of peace. As I read the queer jumble of dactyls and spondees which had once passed muster for versification, the recollection of how I used to do my Latin verses came upon me with a sense of sudden humour which was irresistible.

Sweet verses, there was so much of *jam* in them! This old joke was my tutor's—

"What, no *jam* to-day?" he once said astonished, after reading through half-a-dozen verses without finding my favourite adverb in it.

"There's *jam-jam* further on," I answered, too innocent then to understand the sarcasm.

Ingenious verses, doubtless, which made singular, if not entertaining, prose when translated word for word into English. Here is a pentameter from my effusion on 'Peace':—

Frangit gramineo pectus amator agro.

Which means literally—

"The lover breaks his breast in a grassy field."

But, as you may suppose, my meaning at the time I wrote was finer than this. I was alluding to the grief of a lover at being suddenly called away by the martial blast of the trumpet; and I wanted to show him sinking down dejected on the grass of the meadow where he and his lady-love last exchanged tender vows. Here evidently was the germ of a great idea; but dejection, sinking down, exchange of vows, etc., would not have fitted into the pentameter, so I proceeded after the manner of the man who wrote the epitaph on—'John Bun killed by a gun.' The deceased's real name was Wood.

"But that wouldn't rhyme,
So I thought Bun should."

I condemned my lover to death, because to break his breast was so much easier than to wring his heart—*cor* being an inconvenient monosyllable.

The best of it is, the above verse had been passed by my tutor without any correction. Homer sometimes nodded, and I am afraid poor Mr. Eliot often did so over the compositions of his pupils. He used to have occasional outbursts of indignation at the sight of false quantities, but he was largely tolerant as to the sense of our verses so long as they would scan. I do not think he would have said much to the Harrow boy who rendered—

"To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

as

"Pungere moralem aut caudam decorare superbam."

Once he told me that I used the term *purpureæque rosæ* too often, but this was only because these three words constituted half a pentameter, and the too frequent use of them on my part was a palpable shirking of the labour of composition. For the same reason he ended by protesting against two sweet verses descriptive of a garden, which I used to deposit on his desk about four times every half year until checked. They were convenient verses, for they would apply to the flowers on a grave, to

the bouquet in a lady's hand, or to the posey in a drawing-room vase, as well as to the bed in a garden. In case some Eton fellow of to-day would like to try his luck with them, here they are at his service :—

> "Hic hyacinthus adest, florent hic lilia pulchra ;
> Hic rosa purpureo nexilis ore rubet."

It may occur to the connoisseur in versification that this last couplet exhibits more inspiration than the verse about the lover who broke his breast in a grassy field ; but I suspect the flowery couplet was turned off by a fluke, for I was in the Lower Fifth Form when I did the ode on 'Peace,' and the pentameter I have quoted may be taken as a very fair specimen of my scholarship at the age of fifteen.

Mrs. Fraser, the tobacconist, used to buy up old copies of themes and verses from the school-servants to make her 'screws' with, and that is how by some accident that copy of mine has survived to this day. I was very glad to get it, for it set me thinking on all the years which I spent at school, enjoying myself so much, and learning so little, till at last, like many others, who, instead of bottling up their ideas for home consumption, feel impelled to pour them into the public ear, I thought I would write this book. I will not say, in the words of a

newspaper prospectus, that the need for it has been generally felt, but I will say that I have thought it would please me to write it.

I propose to talk of Eton as it was when I was a boy there, of some of my schoolfellows, of our masters, our sports, adventures, troubles, and the rest. If any moral be derivable from what I write as to the results of public school education in general, and of Eton education in particular, I will leave the reader to draw it for himself. I will be no moralist:—

> "Saturnalitias mittimus ecce nuces."

Let this be a holiday book—its chapters like the *confetti* which are flung from the balconies of Roman houses at Carnival time.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW FELLOW.

I ENTERED Eton at the beginning of the Football Half, or Michaelmas Term, 1857. I was ten years old. Boys no longer go to Eton so young; but in those days it was not uncommon to see boys of seven and eight in the Lower School. Fellows sometimes left the School at eighteen, after having worked their way up from the First Form to Doctor's Division, at the rate of two removes a year—a process which, including three years' inevitable stoppage in Upper Fifth, required more than ten years to accomplish.

The sample already given of my attainments when I was in the Fifth will prepare the reader for the announcement, that I was placed as low down in the School as was possible. Had there been a lower place than that of lag in the First Form I should have been put into it. I almost wonder that a special division was not created for

my benefit, when it was discovered how strange was my knowledge of Latin. I had been taught its rudiments at home by an Irish seminarist, who had been brought up in France, and who held, that we in this country ought to pronounce the dead languages as they were presumably articulated when they were living tongues. My First Form master was the Rev. Charles Tickell Procter, now vicar of Richmond, who had a close-cropped head and a pale face like a mediæval monk. Even he, though little addicted to mirth, broke into a laugh when he heard me read my first line out of the Delectus in a chirping, Gallico-Irish accent. Being a sensitive boy, I hesitated for some time after that to commit myself to plain pronunciation, but used to roll my words on the tongue as if they were chips of fried potatoes which burnt me.

The first days at Eton are among the delights of life which can never be forgotten. The fly which drove me up to my tutor's house, near Barnes Pool Bridge, on a soft sunny afternoon in September, brought me to a boy's paradise. No school has so many joyful surprises in store for the new-comer. Whether emancipated from the bondage of a private school, or from the gentle restraints of maternal government at home, the boy who comes to Eton feels for the first time what it is to be free.

He also feels the dignity of donning that symbol of manhood—a tall hat. To this day when buying a new hat, the smell of the band-box, and the rustling of the silk paper, as it is being unpinned from the crown, recall that almost startling sense of promotion which was experienced when assuming a head-dress which added a cubit to my stature. But the hat was only one of the many new possessions which made me proud. What a grand thing it was to have a room to myself, freshly furnished, for every new fellow was treated to a new bureau, carpet, table-cloth, and to a cupboard full of new crockery, Britannia metal tea-pot, etc. To overhaul these treasures with a knowledge that they were your own, to see in your cupboard the weekly ration of tea and sugar (which appeared inexhaustible) entirely at your own disposal, and to be told by the boys' maid that you were to make your own tea and breakfast in your own room, was certainly the next best thing to wearing a silk hat. The first time I laid my cloth and sat down to a solitary meal, after having carried a kettle up three flights of stairs to make tea, the sense of my own importance caused me to eat with more solemnity than a shy man at a public banquet where he is to make his maiden speech. I was not sorry though when, two or three days later, a couple of Fourth

Form boys, who messed in the room next to mine, asked me to join their table.

I boarded at the house of a tutor, the Rev. W. L. Eliot, who was senior master in the Lower School, but who had only two or three Lower School pupils in his house. The Lower School was then a flourishing institution, comprising more than a hundred boys, and having four masters besides the lower master, who, at the time of which I am writing, was the Rev. W. A. Carter.

Most of the Lower School fellows boarded with the Rev. John Hawtrey, whose house at the corner of Keate's Lane (now Mr. Mozley's) was managed much like a private school. Mr. Hawtrey had a special ability for ruling small boys, and he was well assisted by his gifted wife, and by his sister-in-law, Miss Procter. Mr. John Hawtrey's boys were not allowed the same amount of liberty as those in other houses: they took breakfast and tea all together, and in play-time generally went to Mr. Hawtrey's private field instead of loafing about the streets.

The field in question is now attached to Mr. Warre's house, which Mr. John Hawtrey himself built in 1862, and whither he removed with his pupils from Keate's Lane. Here he remained until he left Eton, to set up at Slough a school of his

own, which has become very much like what the Lower School of Eton used to be.

It was a great advantage to Lower School boys to begin their Eton career at Mr. John Hawtrey's, and I have always regretted that I did not do so. Mr. John Hawtrey was not only a kind-hearted, lovable man, who understood boys and knew how to make himself popular with them; but he was firm, and went on the principle that whatever boys did, whether work or play, should be done with their might. All his boys used to turn out well; and when on reaching the Upper School they migrated to other houses, they always carried with them a good grounding of knowledge, besides steadiness of character. I am not saying that my own tutor was less amiable, or less of a scholar than Mr. John Hawtrey: he was indeed a man of the sweetest disposition, and as a scholar equal to the best; but he was not strict, and suffered the smallest boys in his house to do pretty much as they pleased, like the big ones. The work of the Lower School was so different to that of the Upper, that Lower School boys always got on better when they had tutors who took no Upper School pupils. Lower School boys also ran some danger of contracting early bad habits when they were thrown too young into

the society of much older boys living under an easy tutor.

Mr. Eliot was such a thorough gentleman, however, and he was so well liked by his pupils, that he exercised influence over them unconsciously: the fear of paining him was more potent to restrain evil-doers than the dread of punishment was, in many cases, elsewhere. There was no bullying in his house; but in this respect Eliot's was no exception to a rule which had become universal at Eton for some time before I went to the school. We used to hear of the old times when new fellows were "licked into shape," but I saw nothing of them, and found from the first that any attempt to take advantage of a new fellow, whether by making him fag, by imposing on his credulity, or by teasing him, was regarded with disfavour. On the day after my arrival the captain of the house informed me that I would be exempted from fagging for a fortnight, but that after that time I should be the fag of Hall, a fellow who was in the "Boats," and a "swell" generally. Hall, who was present, confirmed the information with a pleasant nod, and told a fellow who was to be my co-fag to take care of me for the present. By this he meant that the other was to initiate me into all the ways of the school.

Freshmen, griffins, green hands, jolly raws, or by whatever name you may call those who are entering into a new social circle, are generally considered as subjects for fair amusement, but the Eton custom of being kind to new fellows was so thoroughly a tradition of the place that it deserves mention. The first thing to do with a new fellow was to correct the imperfections of his dress ; and this was done with anxious alacrity. The new boy would come with a coloured cravat tied in a bow, a stick-up collar, or a brown jacket with gold buttons. I even remember one who for a brief calm hour cruised about College in a white beaver hat with long hairs, every bristle of which stood up on end at the least breath of wind. Boys often came strangely attired, because their fathers who had been to Eton had retained vague recollections of the latitude that existed about costume in the days of Montem, when the scarlet tail coats worn by the Fifth Form boys, and the blue jackets with white ducks donned by the Lower ones, were sported afterwards throughout the summer-half till used up. Even now odd mistakes are made about Eton attire. I lately saw in *Punch* some drawings in which Eton fellows were introduced wearing jackets with neckties *in a bow.* What was F. C. Burnand about when he forgot that the black cravat of a boy in jackets

had to be tied in a sailor's knot, while the white one of a boy in coats or tails was equally bound to take the shape of a bow? These laws were as unalterable as the form of letters in the alphabet.

I was much pestered during my first few days by being continually asked—

> "Who's your tutor? who's your dame?
> What's your form? and what's your name?"

I resented the right of boys smaller than myself to evince so much curiosity about me; but was told that a new fellow must submit to be catechised. I was also informed that although I must salute my tutor when I met him in public, it was superfluous courtesy to allude to him as *Mr.* The only other initiatory rite that I can remember was the pannelling of one's bureau. On the evening of the day when my fortnight's exemption from fagging expired, three lower boys marched solemnly into my room with three pokers, and explained that they must "spoil my bureau's face" unless I strongly objected. No objection being offered three bangs with a poker made as many splits in the panels of the upper or cupboard part of the bureau. This done my three friends retired after congratulating me upon being no longer a blind puppy. They had been very particular indeed in asking me whether I minded the operation, and were anxious

when it was over to hear me repeat that I had been an entirely consenting party.

This laudable consideration for the feelings of new fellows was illustrated in rather a striking way on a ludicrous occasion during my first-half, when a very green hand who stammered was hoaxed into asking the head master to grant a half-holiday to the whole school in honour of his birthday. Dr. Goodford stared at the applicant to assure himself as to whether he was a natural zany or only playing the part of one; but before he had made up his mind on this point, the stammerer followed up his first request by begging that "g—g—ginger wine" might be served out to all the boys in his house, and "p—p—put down to my f—f—father's account, please, sir."

Although this incident made the whole school, masters included, merry for a day and a night, the boy who had greened the new fellow into making such a phenomenal exhibition of himself was told that what he had done was an "awful chouse"; and the whole weight of his fag-master's boot was added to this rebuke to carry it home more forcibly to his better feelings.

CHAPTER III.

IN NONSENSE AND SENSE.

When I had been in his division about a fortnight, Mr. Procter said to me:

"You have already fallen into Eton ways, I see."

"Yes, sir, thank you," I answered cheerfully.

"I mean that you are already idling," continued Mr. Procter, shaking his forefinger. "How do you construe *Ego sum piger?*"

"*Mr. Procter is idle,*" I replied readily, and with a beaming face, for at home I had always thought it capital fun to make a point against my Irish tutor.

The joke fell flat, however, for the other fellows in the division were too stupefied at my audacity to laugh; and Mr. Procter gravely ordered me to write out fifty times a correct version of the sentence he had propounded by next school. At the same time he announced that he was going to promote me to Mr. Hardisty's division.

"I have spoken to Mr. Carter about you, and he thinks that you can do the work of nonsense."

I thus got two steps of promotion at once. I had imagined myself to be lag of the school, and I suddenly found myself hoisted into the Fourth Division of the Third Form. My next neighbour nudged me and whispered how lucky I was. "Hardisty is the jolliest master in the school, and you needn't do a stitch of work under him."

"Jolly" in our school language did not mean jovial. Mr. Hardisty had a placid face overspread with serenity. He was handsome and dignified, patient as a lady's doctor, and so affable that he spoke to the smallest boys as if they were grown men, and was the only master who lifted his hat to acknowledge salutes. It was in his form that boys took their first steps up the slopes of Parnassus. They were taught to write nonsense verses—a habit which was apt to cling to them till they left the school, and gave up writing verses altogether.

When not piecing dactyls and spondees together, we droned through the pages of the Eton Latin grammar. Oh, most foggy of books, in which the study of the simplest among languages was so obscured as to become mysterious and hard. I believe that in the early days of the school, when it was a place for poor scholars, the priests who

taught in this very Lower School out of horn books, talking Latin to their pupils, and making them answer in the same tongue, conveyed knowledge more rapidly, and in a more solid fashion, than that in which we got it. But Mr. Hardisty did his best with the system then existent.

As he was an elegant scholar, his work must have been about as agreeable to him as the teaching of scales to boys having no ears for music would be to a firstrate musician. He used sometimes to say pathetically, "Can you take *no interest* in what you are learning?" but, in truth, we learnt very little, beyond maundering by rote Latin rules as many as were wanted for the day's lessons; and from day to day we forgot what we had committed to our tongues' tips the day before.

The Lower School room, in which we took our lessons, is the original school of Eton—centuries old. It has a decayed and grimy look, but is picturesque in a measure not to be imagined by those who have never seen it. The ceiling is supported by heavy oaken arches and columns, which were erected so far back as the provostship of Sir Henry Wotton, and which are all cracked with age. Once upon a time "choicely-drawn pictures of the most famous poets, historians, and orators of antiquity," were hung from these pillars

by way of inducing the boys to take an intelligent interest in their lessons.[1] But this was long before my day. I have sometimes amused myself by poking a penknife into the deep chinks of the pillars, and spearing out bits of paper that had been thrust in there by boys of former generations long gone. Once I extracted the fragment of a play bill issued by a strolling troupe who performed at Windsor Fair in 1769.

Another of my amusements was to scoop out from the rough iron candlesticks clamped to the pillars deposits of wax that had remained there since the days when the room was lighted by candles. It was quite in accordance with Eton ways that, on the introduction of gas, the old servant who swept the school-room should have thought it was no part of his duty to give the candlesticks a cleaning; so years afterwards a great deal of fine soft yellow wax fell to my spoil, and, at the suggestion of a fellow of numismatic turn, he and I struck off some impressions from little round blocks of wood, on which we had carved the dates of events important in our school annals.

These wax medals we stuffed into some of the

[1] H. C. Maxwell Lyte's 'History of Eton' (published by Macmillan). This learned and entertaining book should be read by all Etonians; it is full of information, most varied and interesting.

higher crevices of the pillars, as far out of ordinary reach as we could, and there they will perhaps be found some day, when the pillars meet with the fate of all things, and get disestablished.

Through the diamond panes of the casement, which stood in deep recesses and were protected outside by thick wire nettings, for fear of fives' balls, very little light filtered into the Lower School. On murky winter days the masses of old oak made it look dark as a church vault, and to juvenile delinquents expecting punishment, most depressing. In the sunniest summer weather it never had the same cheerful appearance as the handsome Upper School, where scarlet curtains, gilt chandeliers, and the marble busts ranged all round the walls, were effectively shown off by two rows of broad lofty windows. Another reason which serves to impress the Lower School on my mind as a dismal place is, that the lessons there were never got through—even in Mr. Hardisty's division—so pleasantly, that is, so idly, as in the Upper. The average number of fellows in an Upper School division ranged from sixty to seventy-five, but in the Lower School there were five masters for about a hundred and ten boys, and this gave an average of no more than twenty-two to each form. Such numbers being within a master's easy control, every boy

received an amount of individual attention which was more beneficial to him than pleasing.

I did not make a long stay in Mr. Hardisty's division. Having handed in three consecutive copies of Nonsense verses, in which there was no mistake, I was declared fit for Sense. Thereupon the captain of Lower School claimed an old privilege, and asked that the Lower School might have a play-at-four, in consideration of my having obtained two removes in the same half. Mr. Carter resisted the claim on the ground that, being a new boy, I had not been fairly "placed," till I got into Nonsense; but he good-naturedly excused me from attending five-o'clock school on the day of my promotion, and my tutor gave me a copy of Scott's Poems as a prize. A question arose whether I was not also entitled to get half-a-crown from the Lower master, and I believe some precedents were consulted to ascertain what was the law on the subject. In the end Mr. Hardisty gave me the money, and a shilling of it was at once claimed by the Lower School præpostor, as his fee for altering my place in his list.

I had not got my promotion by merit, but merely because I found my work too easy. I was equally fortunate in the Mathematical School, where in my first half I obtained a great number

of good marks. Unfortunately I got them as M.P.'s in those days carried their seats—by bribery.

That best of men, Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, who was Head-Master in the Mathematical School, used to employ some lads from his St. Mark's School at Windsor to act as teachers for us boys of the Lower School, and these youngsters were not always proof against gifts of pence, fives' balls, old novels, and sixpenny lead pencils. I say pencils because the particular lad in whose class I was seemed to have a passion for these instruments. In return for two or three screw pencils (which were less common then than they are now) he did all my sums in school for me on the sly. Fellows more conscientious or less open-handed were continually suffering tribulation from the other teachers, and especially from one—a big-bearded Prussian, who was usher at St. Mark's School, and whose voice used to twang odiously under the dome of the Round School, crying, "I vill stand no 'ombogs from any boy. If you do your zoms you shall go to blay, if not you shall not go to blay, and you shall take away bonishment zoms to do out of zgool. Peach, some bonishment zoms."

Peach was Mr. Stephen Hawtrey's factotum. Out of school hours he was always to be found

with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and taking off lithographic impressions of sums and problems which used to be set to boys as punishments. He was a young man with a deep bass voice, a grim smile, and a too retentive memory, for he never forgot when a boy had a *pœna* to show up, and he did not scruple to jog Mr. Hawtrey when the fact might have slipped out of the latter's mind.

Lower School boys used to be taught writing after their lessons in arithmetic. Until certified to be good scribes they had three times a week to attend the class of Mr. Harris, a grey, round-headed little man, who talked with a mild pomposity, and claimed for his office the dignity which belongs to things very ancient. The statutes of the School provide for the employment of a writing-master, and Mr. Harris was firm in the opinion that he could not lawfully be disestablished except by Act of Parliament; he thought also that he should be allowed to wear College cap and gown like the other masters. He was always very pleased when small boys touched their hats to him in the street, and he would punctiliously return such salutations with a grand sweep of the arm. Mr. Harris was the last of the Eton writing-masters, and to the day of his retirement cherished a conservative objection to steel pens. He was for ever mending

quills and trying their nibs on his thumbnail. He had always a quill behind one of his ears, sometimes quills behind both ears, and as he was a little absent-minded, being probably addicted to melancholy musings over the decayed grandeur of his office, I have seen him go out with his hat on, and a pair of fresh-mended quills sticking out underneath.

Mr. Harris's classes are worth remembering, because of the distinguished, though involuntary patronage occasionally bestowed upon them by fellows high in the School. When fellows showed up themes or *pœnas* too badly written, certain masters used to sentence them to take a few lessons in caligraphy from Mr. Harris. One memorable morning, while three or four dozen of us were shaping our pot-hooks, a tremendous swell in the Eight walked in with a shame-faced expression, and handed in an order from Mr. Durnford, for "*a lesson in writing capital T's so that they shall not look like I's.*" The swell would have done better to join good-naturedly in the laugh which his coming excited, but he was not in the humour for laughing, and sat down very sulkily. Mr. Harris took pity upon him, and administered a little soothing compliment.

"Heroes strong in the arm," he said, "are not

always famous with the pen. Remember what Scott makes his bold Douglas say,—

> "Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

But the swell was not to be comforted, and looked dreadful things at some of us who were giggling too loudly over his discomfiture.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FAG-MASTER AND MESSMATES.

Now to my fag-master. While Mr. Hardisty was teaching me to write nonsense, I was learning to make toast and tea, to boil eggs and run occasional errands for the big boy in the Boats, who owned me as his servant, and whom I will name Hall.

Hall had two fags besides myself, and we were always in attendance together. Some masters who had more than one fag allowed them to divide their duties, one serving at breakfast, the other at tea; but Hall liked to see all his retainers about him, as he was of indolent mood, and did nothing with his own hands which others could perform for him. At a few minutes before nine every morning we laid the cloth in his room; after prayers one of us fetched a kettle from the hot plate in the boys' kitchen, while the two others did whatever had been ordered in the way of light cooking. Now and then I had to run to the college bake-house to

fetch a hot threepenny loaf, and carry it afterwards to Brown, the confectioner, who saturated it with butter like a muffin. On other days I had to go to Barnes's or Webber's for cream, jam, brawn, or some such dainty. Hall was a boy who loved succulent food.

He was most particular about his tea, insisting that it should be of potent strength—quite black; he had a little fad about coffee, which he thought should be thrice boiled, and clarified with the yolk of an egg, generally somebody else's egg, for he never provided one of his own for the purpose. His distrust of Lower boy honesty sent him down into the kitchen sometimes on tiptoe, to try and surprise us making his toast in the time-honoured fashion by throwing the slice of bread on to the hot coals, and lifting it off with a pair of tongs. He had supplied us with a small wire toasting-fork, which also served as an implement for our correction when we did things amiss. One of my co-fags, nicknamed "Doggie," owing to his pug-face and his impudence, was continually being touched up with the toasting-fork for his derelictions of duty. On occasions Hall would become quite rabid at his cheek.

"Pug," he once cried, for our friend would be addressed for a change by the names of all sorts of dogs, "what do you mean, you young brute, by

bringing up my poached eggs with three dead flies on them?"

"Three?" exclaimed Pug, affecting the utmost surprise. "I thought there were five; what's become of the other two?"

Another time Hall complained of the lukewarmness of his tea.

"I found it hot enough to suit me," answered the Pug.

"Why, have you tasted it then?"

"No, but I dipped my finger into the pot to try it."

Our other co-fag bore the sobriquet of "Cherry," a corruption of his patronymic; but he was a young swell who was already noted as a good sculler and football player. He did his own share of fagging so as to incur no reproach, and somehow took care that it should be always the cleanest share. The Pug, Cherry, and I were messmates, and our rooms were on the same floor, near to that of Hall, who had in fact chosen us for his fags because we were his neighbours, and he could summon us without raising his voice to a fatiguing pitch. Being a good-natured fellow, however, he rarely disturbed us when we were at our meals.

We messed in my room, which overlooked the churchyard—the oldest feature in Eton, for it was

the parish burying-ground before the school was founded, and when the old parish church occupied the very site where my tutor's house and those adjoining it stood.[1] It seemed a ludicrously small room to me, when I revisited it in after years; but I did not find it small as a boy. Under Cherry's guidance, I invested a portion of the two pounds I had brought with me to school in the purchase of pictures to adorn its walls. Pictures were much dearer in those days than they are now, and photography was in its infancy. A little money did not go a long way towards making a room look smart, and the Pug remarked with a sigh that I should have done better to spend my money in eatables for our mess. He himself furnished on an economical plan by begging prints, cases of stuffed birds, etc., as mementoes, from boys who were leaving, which requests could not well be denied since he presented leaving books (at the cost of his parents) in exchange.

Being the smallest in our mess, the honour of doing most of its work devolved upon me; but I did not mind it, for as Cherry and the Pug were considerably above me in the school, I esteemed

[1] The houses held in my time by Mr. Eliot, Mr. C. C. James, Mr. Hale, and Mrs. de Rosen are now kept by Mr. Luxmoore, Mr. J. P. Carter, Mr. Tovey, and Mr. Radcliffe respectively.

it a privilege to live in their intimacy. Their experience was of great use to me as a new fellow, though their advice was never the same—Cherry always counselling me to do the correct thing, while the Pug would urge me to do what cost the least trouble. The Pug was a scoffer at all authorities, and used often to come into tea screaming with laughter at some trick he had played upon his form-master. Cherry, who gave himself the airs of a rising man, condemned these freaks as being in detestable taste, and he found fault generally with everything about the Pug, not excepting his dress, and his manner of sitting at our table, which, to say the least, was unconventional. The pair were always wrangling: on no question save one did they ever agree, but this did not prevent them from being capital friends. The question on which their views harmonised was about the expediency of shirking desultory fagging by every dodge that could suggest itself to their minds.

Fagging for one's own master was a natural part of one's daily work and seemed no hardship; but desultory fagging for other Upper boys was often a great worry. At the cry of, Lower boy! shouted by any fellow above the Lower Division of the Fifth, every boy below the Fifth, whether he were in the Remove or Lower School, had to scamper out in

answer to the summons. There would be a universal opening and banging of doors, a clatter of feet up and down staircases, and it was the hindmost in the race who was ordered off for whatever duty had to be performed. My room being on the top floor, and my two messmates making it a principle never to answer a Lower boy call if they could help it, I was more often the last boy than any one else. This was of course noticed and resented.

"You fellows always contrive to make this poor little beggar run in last. Where are the rest of you? Where's Pug? where's Cherry?"

A party of fellows would be sent to look for the skulkers. Cherry, cool and contemptuous, would come out of his room pen in hand, as if he had been busy, and say, "What's the use of my answering your calls? I am always down first when I do," and as this was true, the Upper boys, who respected Cherry, let him off with a grumble. But the case was different with the Pug. He had a marvellous talent for secreting himself, and often hue-and-cry was raised all over the house to find him. One night, when a search for him ordered by the captain of the house had lasted two hours, he suddenly leaped with a wild whoop out of the captain's cupboard bedstead, where he had been hidden; but it was impossible to chastise

him, for he shammed a fainting fit so naturally that the captain raised an affrighted cry for restoratives.

Of all kinds of fagging the most abhorrent was to have to sit and read out the crib to a conclave of Upper boys preparing their Homer or Horace. Cherry used to sulk when enlisted for this sort of work; but the Pug had another plan. When he had opened the crib he would begin with a fit of sneezing, which he brought on by surreptitiously inhaling a pinch of pepper; then he would read through his nose in a lamentable whining key, paying no heed to punctuation, skipping whole sentences, then apologising and harking back, till he utterly confused his hearers, and evoked a chorus of, "Confound you! will you read better or be kicked?"

"But—*atchew*—I am reading my b-b-best. *Graiis dedit ore* (*atchew*), *rotun-tun-tundo. . . .*"

"Oh, let's kick him out and send for somebody else, this will never do," and in this way it came to pass that the Pug got total exemption from crib-reading, whilst I, who had not his cheek, and who did my best to please, generally came in for his turn of duty as well as my own.

The use of "cribs" was general. The masters knew it, forbade it, and winked at it, as was their

custom with respect to most things prohibited. Every house had its set of "cribs," which were common property, and if one of them got confiscated by boys being "nailed" in the very act of using it, a new one was purchased by public subscription. The masters could very easily have put down the use of "cribs" had they been in earnest about it; but earnestness in the repression of abuses was not their strong point, and they preferred to develop one's bump of caution by punishing those boys only who let themselves be caught with a Bohn or Smart in hand.

Crib-fagging required two Lower boys, for whilst one sat and read, another had to mount guard in the passage or on the staircase, to "keep *cave*," that is, to give warning by a whistle if he should descry our tutor on the prowl. Here was another matter in which the masters carried the "winking" process to curious lengths. Our tutor knew perfectly well that there was a rule amongst us obliging every boy, great or small, to whistle in mounting staircases or going down passages—this in order to reassure fellows who might be engaged in nefarious pursuits—card-playing, beer-drinking, etc. After lock-up, when our tutor often went his round of the house in slippers, and when it consequently behoved every one to be specially on the alert,

whistlings could be heard in every direction, and Lower boys would generally be told off for sentry-duty at the top of the principal stairs, turn by turn, for a quarter of an hour at a time. Our tutor always feigned not to notice these signs of vigilance. If, walking into a room where there had just been some whist-playing, he found half-a-dozen Upper boys looking suspiciously studious, he might have his private opinion as to what had been going on, but it would have been contrary to all etiquette for him to express it. The utmost he might do was to make some ironical remark, to show that he was not so simple as we should have liked to think; but for some reason or other it was considered that a tutor had no right to put one to the question, saying, "Were you playing cards just now? Have you been using a crib?" etc.

One evening, before I had been a fortnight at the school, and when I had not yet learnt to find my way about the house, I walked by mistake into the room of a fellow in the Sixth, who was preparing his Greek play alone with the help of a "crib." He gave a start and grew very red; but I was too new to be raved at, so he contented himself with saying, "Oh—a—you should—a—whistle, you know," and he summoned another Lower boy, whom he ordered to instruct me in the art of

making piercing sounds with twisted lips and distended cheeks.

When I went home for my first holidays I had got into such a habit of whistling that I could not rid myself of it, and provoked my entire family to wrath by my persistency in piping up-stairs and down the popular tune of the day, which was, *My Mary Ann.*

CHAPTER V.

BROWN, WEBBER, BARNES, LEVI, "SPANKIE."

"Bun and coffee, please, Brown."

A middle-aged bald man, in a white apron, is standing behind the small counter of a very small shop—a mere shanty, in fact—and is buttering hot buns as fast as he can for Lower boy customers. Now and then he turns aside to cut sandwiches. He has before him a tinned loaf shaped like a drum, from which, with a dexterity bred of long practice, he removes round buttered slices of just the right thickness, and with equal despatch he shreds from a ham of most lovable aspect, wafers of fat and lean which fit the round slices to a nicety. He has no assistant but a boy, who keeps handing cups of coffee ready milked and sugared from an invisible kitchen at the back, and all the time the coming and going of customers is incessant. By some mysterious law of nature which makes boys compressible as india-rubber balls, twenty

youngsters contrive to squeeze themselves into a place hardly bigger than the diving bell which used to be seen at the Polytechnic.

Brown's is the Lower boy sock-shop. Years after leaving the school I went back there to taste whether the coffee was as good as memory made it seem to have been. I found it just as good. Brown's coffee, buns, and sandwiches, to say nothing of the little fruit tarts with cream which he sold hot at about dinner-time, were indisputably excellent.

That was perhaps hardly a reason why we should have spent so much money at Brown's as we did. I can make allowance for the attraction of hot fruit tarts just before dinner, or just afterwards, or at some moment in the afternoon to make the time pass; but the breakfast of buttered buns taken just before the regular breakfast in our tutors' houses was surely a superfluous meal. It was not as though we all had to sit down to a private school sort of breakfast, consisting of thick bread and butter and watery tea; we breakfasted in our own rooms, and might eat whatever we chose to buy. Three new rolls and a pat of butter were supplied to each of us, but buns were purchasable at a penny a piece, and if we had a fancy to eat them hot with butter we could have done so more

cheaply in our rooms than at the sock-shop. This economical idea, however, seldom found favour; and a breakfast at the sock-shop was a customary treat with all fellows who had money. The Upper boys, who went to Barnes's and Webber's, were quite as fond of buns and coffee as the small fry, but they breakfasted with none the less heartiness in their own rooms after partaking of these dainties. My first fag-master, who always made such good use of his knife and fork at nine o'clock, had generally fortified himself for these exertions by taking two cups of coffee with cream, two buttered buns, and two sandwiches at Barnes's. I have sometimes known him take a second preparatory breakfast at Webber's, if he happened to saunter in there to speak with some regular *habitué* of the place.

Brown, Barnes, and Webber had all been butlers to different masters, and they must have found their shops pay very well. The inner room at Barnes's, into which it was not etiquette for Lower boys or indeed for fellows who were not "swells" to penetrate, was patronized chiefly by the heaviest and steadiest of the swells. The captain of the boats and the captain of the eleven, the keepers of the football field, and other such potentates met there almost every morning and conferred about school matters. Many an important decision,

touching who should be put in the Eleven or Eight, whether this or that challenge should be accepted, etc., was taken at Barnes's. Webber's was honoured by the faster kind of "swells"; possibly the fascinating smiles and airy graces of Miss Fanny Webber had something to do with the matter. At Webber's you were not confined to hot buns and sandwiches for breakfast, you could have buttered toast, sausages and mashed potatoes, fish or cutlets; and there was a small garden with an arbour, which was resorted to in the summer when the parlour was over-crowded.

We Eton fellows, great and small, "socked" prodigiously. By the way, I do not know whence that term "sock," as applied to what boys at some schools call "grub," and others "tuck," is derived; for I question the theory which makes it spring from "suck." I am rather disposed to accept the story that at the beginning of this century one of the men who sold fruit and tarts "at the wall" got nicknamed "socks," in consequence of his having discarded knee-breeches and stockings in favour of pants and short hose. The man's nick-name might then have spread to his business and to his wares by a process familiar to etymologists, till "socking" came to mean the purchase of good things not from "socks" only, but from any other vendor.

At all events "socking" absorbed most of the pocket-money we brought from home, and the weekly doles of a shilling which we received from our tutors. Boys who could afford it were masticating pastry or sweets almost all day long, and those who could not, mostly procured for themselves indigestions on "tick." The long low wall in front of the Upper School was infested by a whole gang of strolling sock-sellers who lived by allowing credit. Who does not remember old Brion with his hand-cart and two-penny ices; Levi the Jew, with his flat basket; old red-faced "Missis," who sat at the school-yard door selling bullfinches and dormice, as well as apples and nuts; and above all, old "Spankie," with his eternal greasy hat, his long blue frock coat, and his japanned tin-box full of trays of pastry which he used to open with an unctuous smile, saying: "Anything for you to-day, sar? Thank you, sar. You can pay next half, sar."

"Ticking" was forbidden and winked at like "cribbing;" but in winking at "Spankie" and his fellows the authorities encouraged a class of extortioners, who, I am afraid, deserved no countenance at all. I cannot speak kindly of "Spankie," for he played me an unkind trick, and I know that he served a good many other new fellows in the same

fashion. During my first half he allowed me to take about three shillings' worth of "sock" from him "on tick." But at the beginning of the next half he swore that I owed him £2 10*s.*; it was in vain that I expostulated, lost my temper, and called him a knave, the shabby old boy produced a book with accounts in pencil, illegibly scrawled, and declared that he was ashamed of me: "No, sar, you ain't acting like a gentleman, sar; get along, you're a bad 'un, sar," and so on. These amenities "Spankie" took care to repeat whenever there were a great number of other boys within hearing, till at last I grew afraid to pass the spot where he stood, and, to save my character, ended by satisfying his monstrous demands.

It was impossible that "Spankie" or any other of the men at the wall should keep correct accounts, for they booked nothing at the time it was taken, fearing, as they said, lest a master should see them. They pretended to have capital memories, and to enter everything in the evening when they got home; but in truth they charged what they thought they were likely to get, and relied upon their power to bully boys who were either too nervous or too high-minded to dispute their claims. "Spankie," by his importunate offers of "tick," and by his way of wheedling himself

into the good graces of big fellows, whom he flattered with compliments and amused by his anecdotes about Eton in old times—"Spankie" did the best trade of any man at the wall. His takings at the beginning of a half year, when "ticks" were settled, sometimes exceeded £150.

He was a curious old fellow, who certainly had a good memory for things not connected with his accounts, as he was said to know the whole of the 'Peerage' and of Burke's 'Landed Gentry' by heart. He lived in a house of his own near the Fives' Courts, in Trottenham Lane, and devoted his evenings and part of his Sundays to reading up the histories of noble families, so that when he had found out who a new fellow was, he used to say: "Good morning, sar" (or "my lord"). "I hope your relations are very well, sar. Your uncle, Lord A, gave me a sovereign last time he was here, sar; and your aunt, Lady Mary, sar, I hope she is enjoying her honeymoon, sar." By these means "Spankie" often won the confidence of fellows who really had noble relatives, or gratified the vanity of those who had none, but were pleased enough to hear lordly uncles and aunts imputed to them in public, and by these means also "Spankie" got many a solid "tip" from old Etonians who came down to visit the school. The fourth of June and Election-Saturday always

brought him great harvests. He was sharp enough never to let it be seen that he had forgotten an old Etonian's face. Whenever a well-dressed stranger accosted him with a smile that betokened old fellowship, Spankie bared his head, let his fat red countenance break into smiles like a baking apple crackling before a fire, and exclaimed: "How do you do, sar? so glad to see you, sar," and if the stranger had a lady on his arm, the shrewd old hunks purred as many compliments as he thought would fetch money. "Some of your old friends were talking about you the other day, sar; you were always very popular, sar; if I remember right, it was you who made the great score at Lord's, sar. . . . Oh! you were a 'wet bob,' were you, sar? Then 'twas you who won the sculling, sar," etc.

"Spankie," according to common report, was very well off, and when St. John's Church was built in the High Street of Eton, he subscribed £50 to it. The shabby clothes he wore on week days were donned on purpose that he might appear a fitting recipient for "tips"; but on Sundays he came out in grand style, and one summer during the holidays he was seen dining at the 'Ship' in Brighton, looking like a prosperous banker. His end was a sad one, I believe. The poor fellow had his good points in private life, and was kind to

relatives who depended upon him. This must be counted as a set-off to the lucrative system of reckoning by which he made two and two stand for twenty-two.

"Spankie" was the only character among the men "at the wall." Old Brion, with his woolly white head and everlasting grey coat, was remarkable merely from having had twenty-one children. Levi the Jew was a little hook-nosed fellow, who had not much to say for himself, but who lived on stormy terms with "Spankie." One afternoon, business being slack, they took to defying each other like the heroes in Homer, till some taunt about pork having pricked the Jew too deep, he spat in his hands, slapped his thighs with them, and called upon his Gentile foe to "Come on." To the frantic delight of some two dozen Lower boys who witnessed the scene, "Spankie" responded to the challenge by waddling towards his adversary and planting him a blow on the face; the other gave change for this tender by smacks and knocks wherever he could lodge them, and for a couple of minutes the two went at each other hammer and tongs. Unfortunately the Lower boys roared so lustily that they brought out Mr. Durnford, whose house was just opposite the place of combat. Mr. Durnford stopped the fight, and cautioned the

warriors that if they began again they would be turned off the wall, but they were probably glad enough to have been pulled up before they had done each other much damage; and from this time, though they continued to flout and jeer at each other, they no more came to blows.

Mrs. Trone's should be mentioned among the school sock-shops, but it was patronized exclusively by the collegers. There was also Knox's in the High Street, which was at one time a rather superior place, but being badly managed, fell away. Shortly before I left the school a confectioner from Slough came and hired a shop next to Dick Meyrick, the jeweller, and tried to set up as a rival to Barnes's and Webber's; he failed simply because his coffee was bad; but a man of more enterprise would have succeeded, for the school was increasing at a rate which would have provided ample custom for a new sock-shop.

I am sorry to say that in addition to the sock-shops I have enumerated, there were two or three clandestine ones. Trottenham's, in one of the little houses opposite the Fives' Courts, remained open on Sundays, and was regarded by the right-thinking amongst us as a place to be avoided. I have never heard that anything worse than tarts and ginger-beer were sold there, but depravity perhaps lies in

the intention, and the boys who munched their tarts on Sunday afternoon in Trottenham's back parlour, feeling that they were guilty, no doubt were so. They were the same kind of boys who, in after years, would try to get drink on the sly at prohibited hours—boys with ill-regulated minds, rule-breakers, and in any case duffers who risked heavy punishments and disgrace in order to do a thing which gave them no real enjoyment.

To boys of this description Eden's in Brocas Street owed most of its custom. Eden was a fat, whiskered little man, who sold dogs and trundled a barrow for the sale of refreshments at bathing-places. Giving you a pottle of cherries with one hand, he would with the other fish out of his pocket a puppy by the tail. His wife kept a very poor sweet-stuff shop, and allowed her premises to be used as a lounge by boys who smoked. I was taken in there one day by a fellow who has turned out in life better than might be expected, for at the time of which I am speaking he had a taste for the lowest kinds of dissipation, and was pleased when he could inveigle other fellows to coming with him to Eden's, where he would sit for the whole of an 'after-twelve,' swilling half and half, smoking bird's-eye out of an oily brier root, and catching fleas from mangy dogs. Some of the

small boys whom this delightful youth tempted to ape his habits, had often occasion to rue it when they staggered back to college giddy and sick, carrying with them a perfume which told its tale to their tutors, and caused them to be put in the Bill. Russian cigarettes had not come into vogue then, and boys who wanted to learn how to smoke could not accustom themselves to the weed gradually by little puffs of the mildest tobacco; they had to go through a grievous apprenticeship of pipes and bacca, both of the coarsest, at a place which, though facetiously termed the Garden of Eden, was no paradise.

CHAPTER VI.

TUTORS AND DAMES.

Rambling through the Eton of to-day, one does not notice many outward changes from what it was a quarter of a century ago ; yet there have been not a few alterations. In 1857 the New Schools near the Slough Road, the new Fives' Courts, the Racquet Court, and several of the present boarding-houses were unbuilt. On the site of the New Schools inaugurated in 1863, stood an old-fashioned boarding-house, the Rev. W. Wayte's. It was already beginning to be felt, however, that the accommodation in class-rooms was insufficient. Some of the rooms would have excited the derision and the wrath of a modern School Board Inspector. There was one musty little place under the colonnade, where seventy boys used to be packed, but which was so dark and stuffy, that the door had to be left open in all weathers, though the master's chair and table stood close to the threshold. The Rev. C. Wolley for a

long time had this room, and I have seen him on cold winter days, with his nose blue, looking exceedingly fierce, and trying to go through a lesson under circumstances which would have drawn a protest from any teacher in a ragged school. One day, when snow and an east wind were sweeping through the colonnade, Mr. Wolley had to shut the door of his room, and ordered that the gas should be lighted; but nobody had a lucifer match, and when at length one was procured it was found that the gas had not been turned on at the main, so that the division had to be dismissed. Another dreadful little room was Mr. Wayte's, in the tower above the Library. It was a narrow loft with about a dozen tiers of seats, the uppermost being so high that the boys seated on it could touch the ceiling. The forms were so low and so close to each other that boys sat with their knees higher than their waists; and the boys of each row rested their backs against the knees of those in the row behind. If a fellow came in late, he disturbed the whole form in climbing to his place, and if one on the upper tiers got a shove in the scrimmage that occurred when schooltime was over, he ran risk of a nasty fall. In fact, some of the rooms in the Eton of 1857 were hardly worthy of the first school in the world—to state the case mildly.

The number of boys at the school in that year was about 700 ; and there were twenty-five boarding houses, kept by fifteen tutors and ten "dames," two of whom were mathematical masters. Not one of the houses is now in the possession of the same tutor or dame as held it whilst I was at Eton. Here is a list of the tutors and dames between 1857 and 1864, and opposite them the names of the masters who at present hold their respective houses.

1857—1864. Tutors.	1882.
Rev. W. A. Carter.	Mr. F. W. Cornish.
Rev. W. L. Eliot.	Mr. H. E. Luxmoore.
Rev. F. E. Durnford.	Mr. W. Durnford.
Rev. E. Balston (till 1860; afterwards Rev. G. J. Dupuis).	Mr. A. C. James.
Rev. J. E. Yonge.	Mr. A. Cockshott.
Rev. John W. Hawtrey (house at the corner of Keate's Lane, taken in 1862 by Rev. E. D. Stone).	Mr. H. W. Mozley.
Rev. J. L. Joynes.	Mr. A. C. Ainger.
Rev. W. B. Marriott.	Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell.
Rev. Charles Wolley.	Rev. H. Daman.
Rev. Russell Day.	
Rev. A. F. Birch.	Mr. J. Cole.
Rev. W. L. Hardisty.	Rev. J. B. Lock.
Rev. W. Wayte (went in 1861 to new house on the Slough Road).	
Rev. C. C. James.	Mr. J. P. Carter.
Rev. O. C. Waterfield (house next to Mr. Evans's in Keate's Lane).	

1857—1864.	1882.
Dames.	
Mr. Evans.	Miss Evans.
Miss Gulliver.	Rev. J. H. Merriott.
Mrs. Voysey.	Rev. E. Hale.
Mrs. De Rosen.	Rev. R. C. Radcliffe.
Rev. E. Hale.	Rev. D. C. Tovey.
Mrs. Drury.	Mr. H. S. Salt.
Rev. G. Frewer.	Mr. F. Tarver.
The Misses Edgar.	Rev. T. Dalton.
Rev. F. Vidal.	Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh.
Mr. Stevens.	Mr. E. P. Rouse.

All the above houses did not stand on a footing of equality, either as regards the number of boys who boarded at them, or the prestige attaching to them in the estimation of the school. It was with houses at Eton as with colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Two or three seemed superior to all the others in everything.

During my time the crack houses were Mr. Balston's (till 1860[1]), Mr. Carter's, Mr. Joynes's, Mr. Marriott's, Mr. Evans's, and Miss Gulliver's.

The challenge cups for fours on the river, for football, and for cricket always fell to one or other of these houses.

The captains of the boats in 1857, 1859, and 1862 boarded at Mr. Carter's. They were T. Baring, A. C. Wynne, and C. B. Lawes. Mr. Marriott's had the captains of the boats in 1858,

[1] Mr. Balston was elected Fellow in that year.

1863, and 1864 (Hon. V. Lawless, W. R. Griffiths, and C. S. Corkran). Also the captain of the eleven, R. A. H. Mitchell, in 1861.

Miss Gulliver's had the captain of the boats in 1860 and 1861 (R. H. Blake-Humfrey), and the captains of the eleven in 1858, 1862, and 1864—H. Sutherland, S. F. Cleasby, and W. S. Prideaux.

Mr. Evans's, where all those famous cricketers, the Lytteltons, boarded; and Mr. Joynes's, which had the Lubbocks, renowned on land and water, were equally rich in distinguished athletes. It therefore made a great difference in a new boy's prospects whether he entered one of these crack houses or one of the others; for in the former case, he stood like a man who starts in life with powerful connections. He was sure to be pushed, for there was a clannish feeling among boys of the same house; and then he had the great stimulus of example set him by the fellows of prowess with whom he was in daily intercourse. It often happened that there were two or three boys of one house in the eleven or eight. Mr. Marriott's was head of the river in 1862, 1863, 1864, and in each of those years three out of its 'four' were in the eight.

There were some houses which never distinguished themselves in anything. It is perhaps not strange that the tutors whose houses held the first rank in

sports, also had the best pupils in respect of school work. It is not worth while insisting upon this point further than by observing, that the influence of a good tutor made itself felt in many ways.

Mr. Birch's was another crack house, though it never quite reached the first rank in sports; but it was called the House of Lords, because of the great number of noblemen who boarded there. Mr. Birch's brother, the Rev. Henry Mildred Birch, who had also been an Eton master from 1844 to 1849, had on leaving the school become tutor to the Prince of Wales; and this was supposed to have brought Mr. Birch the favour of the nobility. The other good houses already mentioned had plenty of noblemen boarders, but Mr. Birch's always boasted the greatest number. Among those whom I remember there were, the Duke of St. Albans, the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and his brother Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Earl Brownlow, the Earl of Kilmorey, the Earl of Morley, the Earl of March, and two of his brothers, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Camperdown, the Earl of Dunmore, and Lords Middleton, Colchester, Walsingham, Brabazon, Parker, De Vesci, and Emlyn.

I will allude to some of these in a future chapter, when speaking of those of my school-fellows who have distinguished themselves in life. All I will

say about them here is, that the house in which they boarded was far from being the most imposing in outward appearance, or the most comfortable in its interior arrangements. It had a narrow, dark, and inconvenient iron staircase, down which I once did an unwilling piece of "tobogganning," in calling upon a friend.

Mr. Evans's was a very good house for comfort. It had a handsome and spacious dining-room like a college hall on a small scale, and an apartment which was used as a library and newspaper room. As a rule, the old-fashioned houses which had been built in the last century or before, and which had not all been designed as boarding-houses, were a great deal more cosy than the modern ones, which had been erected on purpose to lodge boys. In the latter one found long passages of uniform length and breadth from floor to floor, and small rooms of exactly the same size and shape; in the old houses, on the contrary, one could wander through delightfully crooked passages, up and down short flights of steps in out-of-the-way nooks, and along bits of corridor which led to rooms most pleasantly secluded. Few of the rooms were alike. Some were very large with two or three embayed windows, and deep, handsome fire-places; others were quite small and of funny shape. In the house which Mr.

Hardisty, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Oscar Browning successively occupied in my time, next to Mr. Evans's, there was a room shaped in the perfect form of a coffin. This could not have been an accident, but must have been an intentional freak of the architect; and of course there was a legend, to the effect that three boys had once died in it within a year; but at least three occupants of it whom I knew are in flourishing health to this day, and I never heard of a boy objecting to sleep in the room.

Mr. Vidal's had formerly been the "Christopher Inn," and some of its apartments (whose walls might have told amusing tales of princes and prelates, lords and ladies, who had tenanted them in flying visits to Eton in old times) were quite enviable habitations. When Dr. Hawtrey got the "Christopher" removed (by the Crown yielding the lease to the college), in consequence of the inducement to drink which its presence afforded to the boys, he proposed that the inn should be pulled down, and that a chapel-of-ease should be erected on its site. This project was not adopted; the chapel-of-ease, St. John's, now the parish church of Eton, was reared in the High Street, and only one side of the old inn-yard was partially demolished. The wooden gallery on the south side was covered with glass,

and became a passage. Mr. William Johnson had his pupil-room in what had once been the vestibule; Mr. Tarver was established in the old coffee-room; the Eton Society took the rooms in the north block over the old tap-room, and the tap-room itself became a court of justice, where petty sessions were held every Friday.

Mrs. Voysey's was an old country mansion, Jourdelay's Place. It had a small courtyard, or "quad," of very collegiate aspect, and the boys' rooms, which had all casements with diamond panes set in leaden frames, occupied three of the blocks round it.

Mr. Balston's had once been the manor house of Eton. Arthur Wellesley boarded here, and the house was kept in his time by Mrs. Ragenau, a dame. After Waterloo the Duke of Wellington went to see one of the doors on which he had carved his name.

Mr. Yonge's was a red-brick house, with designs of black glazed bricks on the façade. It had been held by Mr. Yonge's father at the beginning of the century, and afterwards as a Dame's house, by Mr. J. Yonge's mother.

Miss Edgar's was another fine old mansion, overlooking the Timbrels, that is, the field that was used as a timber-yard while the college was building. In front of the boys' entrance was an open yard

with a red wall, where at one time wall-football was played. The calces had been marked in white chalk, and though play had been abandoned about the year 1854, the white lines remained visible for fully twenty years, showing the tenacious nature of chalk.

The tutors' houses enjoyed no superiority in social prestige over those of the dames. Whether it was pleasanter to board at a tutor's than at a dame's, was a matter which depended upon individual tastes. It was inconvenient for a dame's boy to be obliged to go out to his tutor's on a winter evening, frequently to no other end than to fetch or carry a copy of verses; but, on the other hand, boys who boarded at dame's houses were often much freer from supervision. Dame's houses differed, however, for in those where there was a dominie it might happen that a boy got too many masters and too much supervision. The dominie in his own house enjoyed all the authority of a tutor, and it might be that he was assisted by a bachelor master boarding in his house, and having his pupil-room there, pending the time when he should get a house of his own. There were always tutors residing at Mr. Stevens's and Mr. Vidal's, and generally at Mrs. Voysey's.

The freest houses were those kept by dames who

had no husbands. These ladies seldom ventured into the boys' rooms, and they were always very amiable to nicely-dressed and civil-spoken boys. I remember being sent with a note to an Upper boy who boarded at one of these houses, and feeling some stupefaction at finding him sipping port-wine and smoking a pipe in broad daylight, just after dinner. This would have been too much effrontery for a tutor's house, but the boy in question was just one of those youngsters whom ladies love and spoil. He used sometimes to "stay out" in order to go and spend the day in London; but his good-natured dame feigned ignorance of these proceedings, just as she feigned to detect no smell of tobacco in his room.

Until about fifty years ago, noblemen who came to Eton usually brought private tutors with them, and boarded at dames. They were not obliged to have school-tutors. When Dr. Hawtrey made the rule that every boy should have a school-tutor, the practice of bringing private tutors almost ceased. However, some vestiges of it lingered to the times of which I am writing.

The Marquis of Blandford had a private tutor, and boarded at Miss Edgar's.

George Monckton—now Lord Galway—had a tutor at Mrs. De Rosen's.

The Marquis of Lorne and his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, and their cousin, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, lived with a tutor in a private house in the High Street, opposite the new Christopher. They and their servants were the only tenants of the house. These boys, however, like all the others, had their school-tutors.

One might suppose that the possession of a private tutor gave a boy extra chances of distinguishing himself in school work. Perhaps it was so, but the chances were not always eagerly seized by those who had them.

CHAPTER VII.

"CRAB" AND "DRAB."—JUMPING.

It must be assumed that my first half at Eton has gone. I have passed into Lower Greek, and am now in Mr. Eliot's form. The jumping half has come. Football has ceased; boating and cricket has not yet commenced, and the proper thing to do with one's time is to spend it in leaping ditches. On the afternoon of half-holidays and holidays, jumping parties are formed of fellows, who strike across fields in the direction of Datchet and Chalvey, and account it glorious if they can return home with their "bags" caked all over with mud. An infuriating season this for boys' maids, who find wet clothes and boots thrown into the corner of every room, and who are shrilly called upon to supply foot-baths in half-a-dozen directions at once on the shortest notice.

Who would be a boys' maid in an Eton boarding house? Ladies' maids, who call themselves

over-worked when a bell summons them three times in an evening; nursemaids, who threaten to give notice if they are disturbed at meals; barmaids, shop-girls, and waitresses, who convene public meetings to sympathise with them because they are kept standing too long upon their legs—what would all these say if they could have compared notes with "Crab" and "Drab," the two maids in my tutor's house? These elderly women, acting as general servants to thirty boys, had to do an amount of work which would have rendered any treatment by the Banting system superfluous, if they had been disposed to grow fat. Drab was a smart, active widow, called Mrs. Gray. Crab was a tall lean spinster, with pointed nose, and a calm, shrewd, but not unkind expression of countenance. In both women all asperities of character had been rubbed away, and their tempers might be likened to ivory balls perfectly smooth. Drab hummed snatches of tuneless songs as she went about her work. She seemed to be always in a hurry, answered every question rapidly and mechanically by, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," and when chaffed, teased, or scolded, laughed good-humouredly with a quiet cooing sound, without attempting repartee. Crab was not backward to measure her wits with ours if attacked, but this she did with the entire serenity

which befits a consciousness of superior strength. It was a single word uttered with an expressive shrug or arching of the eyebrows, or else an epigram, but nothing more. Though it was a standing joke among us to speak of Crab as if she had the vilest temper, and were addicted to constant cursing and swearing, yet, as a matter of fact, she was never seriously put out, except in the jumping half, when, as above said, she would find room after room littered with soaking clothes and boots; but even then she only showed her indignation by a few trenchant sarcasms, while the meeker Drab vented plaintive little sighs: "Oh, dear, dear!"

Drab and Crab had to be up and dressed neatly (no curl-papers or anything of that sort) by half-past six, so as to call us all in time for seven or half-past seven o'clock school. In winter the Upper boys insisted upon having their fires lighted before they got up. While we were in early school our beds had to be made and our rooms tidied; after that the "orders," *i.e.* rolls, butter, and milk, had to be served round. Crab and Drab, going to their own breakfast about half-past eight, had no sooner finished than they were called hither and thither by loud cries of, "Wash up," from boys who, having hurried through their breakfasts, wanted their tables cleared. "Coming, sir, coming,"

was the answer, as the two women raced about with their cloths and pails of hot water. Then a lull would supervene; but Crab and Drab could take no rest. They had to stitch on buttons, to sow up rents made in jackets, to answer bawling interrogatories concerning mislaid white ties or pocket-handkerchiefs. Every fellow kept his own clothes and linen in his drawers; but the boys' maids were expected to overhaul our attire in a motherly way, and repair anything that might be amiss with it. They spent most of their afternoons in darning socks; in the evening the tea "orders" had to be carried round, and once more the drudgery of the hot water pails recommenced; finally, when bed-time came, the two women had to go the round of the rooms to take away candlesticks and rake out fires. This they did at ten for Fourth Form and Lower School boys; at half-past ten for fellows in the Remove; and at eleven for those in the Fifth. Thus their days were filled with business enough to make the night season precious in their sight; and it was no wonder that the extra labour thrown upon them by our fondness for ditch mud should have caused them to heap their heartiest private malisons upon jumping, paper-chases, and other such pastimes of spring.

Paper-chases, or "Hare and hounds," were less

frequent with us than at some other schools; but fellows of sportsman-like tastes subscribed to a school pack of beagles. It is not pleasant to have to write that these beagles were often made to hunt a miserable trapped fox which had lost one of its pads. Those who bought maimed foxes, as being more convenient for beagles to hunt than strong, sound foxes, should have reflected that they might thereby encourage their purveyors to mutilate these animals. How could it be ascertained whether the fox supplied by a Brocas "cad" had been maimed by accident or design? Runs were far better when a man was sent out with a "drag."

It was an exciting thing for jumping parties of Lower boys when out in the fields they saw the beagle hunt pass them in full cry—first the fox, lollopping along as he could, but contriving somehow to keep ahead of his pursuers; then the pack of about ten couples of short, long-eared, piebald or liver-streaked hounds, all yelping; then the master of the hunt, with his short copper horn; the whips, who cracked their hunting-crops and bawled admonitions to the dogs with perhaps unnecessary vehemence; and lastly, the "Field" of about fifty, straggling over a considerable space of ground, and composed of fellows in every stage

of red-facedness. To run with the beagles was good training for those who meant to enter for the school foot-races—the steeple-chase and the mile. These athletes were often to be met taking trial-spurts, singly, or attended only by a cad who acted as trainer; and great was the admiration they provoked when they wound up their practice by trying to clear the school jump, a ditch close to the Fifteen Arch Bridge, which offered a breadth of from six to ten feet of water, according as the season was wet or dry. I have seen this jump magnificently cleared on two occasions when it presented a by no means tempting appearance. C. L. Sutherland, who was captain of the eleven in 1858, went over it without any other preparation than turning up the ends of his trousers. He kept his hat on, and had an umbrella in his hand. C. B. Lawes, who was captain of the boats in 1862, also cleared it when he won the steeple-chase—a grand feat to perform after a run of four miles across heavy country. Generally the school jump proved a plunge-bath to fellows who could not accurately measure its deceptive surface with the eye. It often brought a winner to grief just as he seemed to have the race in hand—or in foot, whichever you please. One year the fellow who was running

first came to the school jump twenty yards ahead of his competitors; he made a fine rush at the ditch and cleared the water, but alighting on the slippery mud of the bank, lost his footing and rolled back, taking a regular ducker. The second fellow, baulked by the floundering of the first, and made nervous perhaps by his sudden chance of victory, jumped short, and likewise took a mud bath. The deafening shouts of the spectators told the third and fourth fellows, who came pounding along together, that the race would lie between them if they made haste; but the third was unequal to the occasion, and it was the fourth who, by a splendid jump which landed him on firm ground, snatched the first place, running through the posts before the original number one had yet wallowed out of the water.

I was very fond of rambling about fields, and trying to emulate in a small way the leaps of those long-legged "swells" at whom I used to gaze with the same reverent enthusiasm as the proverbial dog eyeing a bishop. It was on one of these saltatory excursions with two of my earliest chums, that I fell into my first serious scrape at Eton.

A. Van de Weyer and Henry Lane-Fox were the names of those two chums. They are both dead now. They died very young, leaving poignant

regrets to all who knew and loved them, and had marked the ample promises of their boyhood.

Van de Weyer was the younger son of the much-respected Belgian patriot, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the British Court. He was a merry-faced, stout boy, hardly cut out for athleticism, like his elder brother Victor, who won the pulling, and rowed in the eight in 1858. But he always liked to do the right thing, and while jumping was in fashion he jumped with all his heart. Lane-Fox, whom we called "Cub," had upon him some of the reflected glory of his elder brother George, who was captain of the boats in 1856. He was a boy who looked sleepy, but was by no means so, and had a good deal of conversation in him. He was of an affectionate disposition, and readily allowed himself to be led in any enterprise by friends whom he liked. If you asked him to join you in a walk up town, to "sock" with you, or take part in any game, he always said yes with alacrity, as if he felt grateful that his company was appreciated, and was glad to be relieved of the trouble of deciding for himself how he should kill time.

Van de Weyer, Fox, and I, then, having gone out jumping together one holiday afternoon, found ourselves near to Botham's Hotel at Salt Hill. We

were hot and thirsty, a little shandygaff became desirable; so we marched into the Hotel, and having given our orders, retired to the garden across the road to discuss the beverage under a summer-house. But we were no sooner seated than a master, who had seen us from the road, strode into the garden behind the waiter who was carrying our quart-pot on a tray. This master was Mr. Wolley (who afterwards assumed the name of Dod), a man tall and thin, with bushy red whiskers, and legs terribly well-fashioned for chevying small boys. Off we went in a trice. I could not say how we got out of the garden, for we took none of the regular paths of exit. We were in the road, scampering like mad towards a field, then through the field making for a hedge with a gap in it. Here we paused a minute and looked round. To our horror Mr. Wolley was following.

Away we went again, but he fairly ran us down. His remarkable legs cleared whole spear-lengths at a time. It was a principle in those times, whatever it may be now, that a telescope "nail" was unfair, and that before a master could judge you stripe-worthy he must fairly apprehend you in person. This was our *habeas corpus*, a cherished constitutional privilege. However, when we perceived that Mr. Wolley was going to catch us, we thought

it politic to stand still and surrender. We even tried to assume fearless and friendly expressions, as if we marvelled why Mr. Wolley was running so fast.

Mr. Wolley's triumph in our capture did not make him take a lenient view of our proceedings. "What's your name? Where do you board?" etc. These questions asked, our doom was announced: "I shall complain of you." Something round like a potato seemed to rise to my throat and stick there, but I gurgled out a protest,—

"Please, sir, we've been out jumping—we were tired and thirsty, we—"

"Why did you run away?"

"Please, sir—"

"I am not going to complain of you for taking rest, or quenching your thirst, but for doing something which you apparently knew to be wrong, since you ran away when you saw me. Now go back to College."

We all three did trudge back to College, but without jumping on the way.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER THE ROD.

We did not get flogged for this affair at Salt Hill, for we were all three able to plead "first fault," and the Lower master was good-natured enough to stay execution. I doubt whether Dr. Goodford would have done so, for his views touching excusable offences were peculiar. When I was in the Fourth Form I was "complained of" for an alleged impertinence towards a mathematical master. I say "alleged," because I had been no more cheeky than was the custom, and was quite surprised when the master (who must have got out of bed the wrong side, and have commenced the day by stepping on to a bent hair-pin of his wife's) took my remarks in bad part.

"Please, sir, may I have 'first fault'?" I said to Dr. Goodford.

"No, you may not," he replied, with an emphatic wag of the head. "You might have 'first fault'

for accidentally missing a lesson; but impertinence is a wilful offence."

"Please, sir," I faltered, after a moment's reflection, "if I *accidentally* missed a lesson, it would not be a fault."

"Go down," was the only answer which our *Magister Informator* deigned to make. Though I think that before smiting me with the twigs of the tree of knowledge he should have handed me a leaflet of that tree in the shape of a correct definition as to what constituted a fault.

But to return to my scrape in the Lower School. I see no reason for concealing that I felt less valiant than Achilles, the son of Peleus, during that fateful instant while Mr. Carter was considering whether he should summon two "holders down," and hand them the key of the birch-cupboard. I had never been chastised since I was in the nursery after the manner in use at Eton, and I thought that manner infinitely degrading. When I first came to the school, and was told how culprits were dealt with, when I was shown the block, and the cupboard under one of the forms, I fancied I was being hoaxed. I never quite believed the stories I heard until I actually saw a boy flogged, and I can never forget the impression which the sight produced upon me. It was on a cold rainy morning, when

that corner of the Lower School where the block stood looked funereally dark, and the victim doomed to execution was a very white-skinned, curly-headed boy called Neville. He was a boy very fond of fun, and had a squint which enhanced the comical expression of his countenance. As we were all flocking out of school at the end of early lesson, I beheld him standing ruefully alone among some empty forms. A cry arose behind me: "Hullo! there's going to be a swishing!" and a general rush was made towards the upper end of the schoolroom.

In the Lower School floggings were public. Several dozens of fellows clambered upon forms and desks to see Neville corrected, and I got a front place, my heart thumping, and seeming to make great leaps within me, as if it were a bird trying to fly away through my throat. Two fellows deputed to act as "holders down" stood behind the block, and one of them held a birch of quite alarming size, which he handed to the Lower master as the latter stepped down from his desk.

I had pictured a rod as nothing more than a handful of twigs, but this thing was nearly five feet long, having three feet of handle and nearly two of bush. As Mr. Carter grasped it and poised it in the air, addressing a few words of rebuke to

Neville, it appeared a horrible instrument for whipping so small a boy with. Neville was unbracing his nether garments—next moment, when he knelt on the step of the block, and when the Lower master inflicted upon his person six cuts that sounded like the splashings of so many buckets of water, I turned almost faint. I felt as I have never felt but once since, and that was when seeing a man hanged.

It is quite true that the eyes and nerves soon get accustomed to cruel sights. I gradually came to witness the execution in the Lower School not only with indifference, but with amusement. I took no pleasure, however, in the thought that I might some day be scourged myself; for, in the first place, the physical sensations produced by birching did not seem to be pleasant; and in the next, I never could divest myself of the idea that it was shameful to be whipped in the way I have just described. In truth, the shame would have been great if floggings had been reserved for serious offences; but boys were flagellated for the merest peccadilloes. I contrived to escape the birch during my first two halfs, but in my first summer half I was complained of by Mr. Durnford (the late Rev. F. E.) for not "shirking" him near Barnes Pool Bridge, and got swished for this

offence, which was not only unintentional, but ought not to have been counted an offence at all.

"Shirking" was a marvellous invention. Fellows were allowed to boat on the river, but all the approaches to it were out of bounds; we might walk on the Terrace of Windsor Castle, but it was unlawful to be caught in the streets of Windsor which led to the Terrace. The school bounds were marked by a stone escutcheon let into the wall of Miss Gulliver's house (now Mr. Merriott's), that is to say, before you came to Dick Meyrick's, Barnes's, and Webber's. If happening to be out of bounds you saw a master approaching, you had to shirk—which was done by merely stepping into a shop. The master might see you, but he was supposed not to see you; the shirking was accepted as tantamount to a recognition that you knew you were breaking rules, and this was enough to disarm magisterial resentment.

The absurdity of this system was, that to buy anything at the shops in High Street, where all the school tradesmen dwelt, we were obliged to go out of bounds. The hair-cutter's was out of bounds, so was the post-office, where you might have to get a money-order cashed; if your tutor gave you an order for a new hat upon Sanders the hosier, or for

a new suit of clothes upon Denman, the tailor, you would have to go out of bounds to get the order honoured. I myself was returning from Sanders's with a cricketing cap which an Upper boy had sent me to fetch, when I fell into Mr. Durnford's clutches.

It was close upon eight o'clock, and crowds of fellows were hurrying back from the Brocas to be in time for lock-up. I did not notice that the foremost of them kept in a sort of line so as not to advance beyond Mr. Durnford, who was also going towards College. If Mr. Durnford had faced about there would have been a general stampede of about two hundred boys darting into shops like rabbits into the holes of a warren; but masters, who suffered from the shirking rule quite as much as the boys, knew that they must not look round when in the High Street. Mr. Durnford kept his course straight on, fully aware that there were boys almost treading upon his heels; but when I, not perceiving him, and not hearing the cry of *Cave*, which some raised for my warning, rushed by him at full trot close by the door of Webber's, his dignity was offended. He thought I intended to defy him, and he shambled after me, gesticulating with an umbrella.

I think I see him now, poor old "Judy," as we

called him. He was not a picturesque object. He was tall and thin, with a long craning neck, a stoop, and features just like those traditionally attributed to Punch's consort. Old-fashioned in his attire as in his thoughts, his politics, and his scholarship, he habitually wore a swallow-tail coat, low shoes which let his socks be seen, a limp white tie which went thrice round his neck, and his hat was planted at the back of his head. His voice came through his nose, and it was in the most querulous twang that he asked me what I meant by my behaviour, which he described as,—"H'n—utterly—h'n—utterly gross." Uncovering my head, and growing very red, I suppose, I endeavoured to explain, but it was not the slightest use, "Judy" vowed he would complain of me.

Returning to my tutor's, I took counsel with Cherry and the Pug, as to how I could extricate myself from my *mauvais pas.* The Pug did not believe that "Judy" would complain of me; Cherry, who was quite a Tory about school tradition, opined that I ought not to have made an "owl" of myself. "What's the use of baiting a master about trifles?" he said.

"But don't you hear that he didn't see Judy?" exclaimed the more sympathetic Pug.

"It's not the swishing I care about," I remarked

with the forced indifference that was usual in such cases. "Only, you know, it's a bore, when one didn't mean a thing . . ."

"Go ask tutor to get you off," interrupted Cherry.

"Tutor would get you off if it were any master except 'Judy,'" said the Pug, with a shake of the head. "I tell you what, you'd better make up your mind that you are in for it; it isn't any worse than being plumped down five or six times sitting over a clear fire."

My appeal to my tutor was kindly entertained, and Mr. Eliot promised to speak to Mr. Durnford on my behalf. But he spoke to one who would not listen; and Mr. W. A. Carter, whose moods were seldom tender, proved equally impervious to argument. Mr. Carter and Mr. Durnford were perhaps the two hardest masters in the school—not cruel men, nor unjust; but firm upholders of rules, under which they themselves had been brought up as boys, and believers in the old-fashioned notion that there was nothing like the rod for making boys obedient. Mr. Carter whipped me with little less severity than if I had committed an offence which was morally heinous; and I rose from my knees completely hardened as to any sense of shame either in the punishment I had undergone,

or in others of the same kind which I might have to suffer thereafter.

"Gave you five cuts, did he, sir?" remarked Crab, as she was washing up our tea things that evening. "Well, I think you got off cheap." That was an Eton boys' maid's view of the matter.

It stands to Dr. Goodford's great honour that he abolished shirking in the High Street; but he did so very cautiously, and this shows how much opposition he must have had to encounter from contemners of common sense. In 1860, when check nights were done away with, by an arrangement with the captain of the boats, certain privileges were conceded in return, and amongst others that of going down to the river without having to make oneself invisible to masters on the way. At first this boon was only granted to fellows in the boats, and for the summer half; but gradually it was extended to the whole school all the year round. It remained for the present headmaster, by further concessions, granted in a most sensible spirit, to improve away several other abuses which lingered during all my time at the school, and the effects of which in promoting rectitude of mind among the boys, I leave the reflective reader to imagine.

Plainly, under the old system a highly conscientious boy was often put to sore trials. I remember

one who is now a clergyman and a most excellent man, the Rev. V. S. Coles,[1] saying to me with a sigh, when he was a Fourth Form boy: "I loathe this shirking; it seems to me so pitifully mean. I wish we were told clearly what we might do and must not do. What is the sense of making me sneak away like a frightened dog when I am doing nothing to be ashamed of?"

Another boy once made the shrewd remark:—"What would have been said of any Roman Catholic School that had these rules? How Jesuitic we should think them!

[1] Rector of Shepton-Beecham, Somerset.

CHAPTER IX.

A MILL AT THE GAS-WORKS.

I ANTICIPATED events in the last chapter; for I should mention that in the jumping half of 1858 we had some excitement owing to the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia. As great causes produce little as well as big events, the wedding of their Royal Highnesses brought about a fight between me and a fellow nicknamed Dormouse.

It was on the afternoon of the 25th January that the whole school went up to the Great Western Station, at Windsor, to see the illustrious wedded pair arrive from London. Tiers of seats had been erected on the platform, and we were all massed together with the large silk flags of the boats displayed on the wall behind us. As the royal train was not expected till nearly six, we were of course all in our places at three o'clock. It was a fine but piercingly cold day, and an unwarmed terminus

open to the winds was not the pleasantest waiting place for boys who were precluded, by a rule of their own making, from wearing overcoats. We were all attired in our best, and wore white gloves and satin favours; many sported white waistcoats.

But though the lightness of our attire made us shiver and stamp our feet, our spirits were at the highest temperature, and a most opportune entertainment was afforded us by an altercation which arose between the Windsor police, backed up by the Mayor in his furred gown and chain of office, and old Spankie, who at about five tried to gain admittance into the station with a basket of hot potatoes and mince-pies and cans of tea. Spankie had made himself glorious in a blue frock-coat, a white hat, duck trousers, and a favour as large as a cabbage; and had he been content to leave his wares outside, he might have got access to the station as United States' Minister in full dress. But a fussy superintendent objected to his passing in with his potatoes and tea; and the Mayor, on being appealed to against this prohibition, answered with a dictatorial shake of the head—"Pooh, pooh; certainly not." Some of our fellows, however, who from the topmost tier of seats could see what was passing in the station-yard, vociferated encouragements to Spankie in his conflict with the municipal authorities, and

went so far as to cry "Shame!" on the Mayor. Thereupon his Worship, who was not cast in an iron mould, weakly gave in to our clamours, and Spankie waddled on to the platform amidst enthusiastic cheers, which were caught up outside the station by crowds, who imagined that the royal train had arrived.

It arrived about half-an-hour afterwards. As it was drawn slowly into the station by an engine adorned with flags and evergreens, we had just time to see a short young lady in white, and a gentleman with tawny moustache and whiskers, standing up in a brilliantly lit saloon-carriage, and bowing to us. We roared with all our lungs of course; but some of the bigger fellows, ambitious to give still further proof of their loyalty, charged out of the station, not caring much whom they upset, and declared their intention of drawing the Prince and Princess up to the Castle. The postillions made some demur when called upon to take their four greys out of the traces; but they had to submit; and so the landau containing the royal pair was dragged out of the station-yard at a by no means steady pace, and in somewhat perilous zigzags by about fifty Eton fellows.

It was my disapproval of this proceeding that led to my fist duel with the Dormouse. He was

one of those who had converted themselves into beasts of draught. He was a Lower boy, but he had had the good fortune—as he called it—of being borne along in the rush of Upper boys, and squeezed against the pole of the royal carriage, in which proud position he had done his duty. Next morning, as we were going into the Mathematical School, he openly boasted of the gracious words of thanks which he and the others had received from the Prince, and of the champagne with which they had been regaled at the Castle.

Small boy as I was, I could not help seeing that the Dormouse's self-congratulations were a trifle in excess of what his achievement justified; and some fellow having observed that the Dormouse had raised himself to the dignity of a "horse," I ventured to ask laughing, whether "horse" was really the correct word.

The Dormouse was choleric. He took affront at my sarcasm, and dealt me a kick on the shin, saying,—"Take that."

"Take that," I answered, delivering him a parcel of five fingers on the nose by return of post.

Blood started from the molested member, and the Dormouse demanded with an indignant stutter, whether I would take a licking? He was a year

older than I and of heavier build, but this did not make the idea of getting a licking from him any the more agreeable.

"I'll take a licking if you can give me one," was my guarded reply.

"W—well, then, in Sixpenny after four," and it was forthwith arranged that we should meet behind the gas-works after three o'clock school.

The gas-works had then just begun to supersede Sixpenny as a rendezvous for combatants, though it was still the custom to say when defying a fellow to a serious encounter,—"Will you fight me in Sixpenny?"

The place so named after the Sixpenny Club, founded in 1838, by the captain of the eleven, G. J. Boudier,[1] was the part of the playing fields near the wall. The corner formed by the angle with Mr. Stevens's house had been the scene of Arthur Wellesley's memorable fight with Bobus Smith; also of Shelley's mill with little Sir Thomas Style, who gave him a thrashing. There was a white stone in the wall with a defaced inscription, which we all believed had reference to a fight that had terminated fatally. For these reasons Sixpenny should have remained sacred as a battle-field; but it lacked privacy, and though in 1858 the P. R.

[1] Rector of Ewhurst, Sussex.

was still a respected institution favoured by the Prime Minister of the day, the fashion of public fights in great schools was already on the wane. In 1865, while the Public Schools' Commissioners were sitting, they examined a Lower boy touching fights, and asked him if he had any theory to explain why regular stand-up fights had become so rare? The boy answered,—"Oh! I suppose it's because the fellows funk each other."

I do not think that fellows had got to be so much afraid as *ashamed* of fighting. Manners had grown mild, and it was becoming one of the characteristics of Etonians to shun everything that smacked of noisy self-assertion. The announcement of a public mill no longer drew crowds. I have known boys, being aware that a fight was to take place, and yet deliberately abstaining from going to see it, because they said it was bad form. The worst fight that occurred during my time at Eton was between R. E. L. Burton, who afterwards went to Christchurch and pulled in the 'Varsity boat, and Charles Tayleur, who went into the 3rd Buffs. Both were Lower boys when they fought, but big and strong, and they fought with such dogged tenacity that the mill had to be adjourned three times unfinished, after an hour's fighting, and eventually ended in a draw with a shaking of

hands. Opinions were much divided about this combat worthy of the old times, and I heard two or three 'swells,' whose judgment I esteemed, say that the whole thing had been over-done. "Why had Burton and Tayleur made so much fuss? Why couldn't they have sparred for an hour in some secluded spot, instead of calling the attention of the whole school to their differences?"

My own modest little mill with the Dormouse had about a score of Lower boys as spectators, and from the artistic point of view, was a very poor exhibition. Instantly, after we had removed our jackets, we went at each other with heads, shoulders, and fists, without any method of attack or defence. We broke through the ring that had been formed round us, danced hither and thither, drenched ourselves with blood, and finally collapsed one on top of the other, owing to the Dormouse's having stumbled backwards over the trunk of a felled tree. His seconds declaring that he had injured his ankle, the fight could no longer be continued on fair terms, and so we became reconciled. When we had adjourned to the yard of Mr. John Hawtrey's farm, which stood close by, to wash our faces, it appeared that we had done little beyond poking our fists into each other's cheeks. There had been no straight hard hitting from the shoulder, and we had only

slight discolourations of the countenance to show as trophies of our meeting. However, the fight had agitated me somewhat, and when I went into five o'clock school I was hardly in the proper frame of mind for composing Latin verses. I performed a strange feat on this occasion, which I have never forgotten.

Our form master, Mr. Eliot, happened to be unwell, so that Mr. Carter was taking the Lower Greek as well as his own form. Our appointed task on this afternoon was to turn some sense lines into elegiacs, and we were required to do at least four verses in the hour. From time to time Mr. Carter called us up, to see how we were getting on. I sat, turned over the leaves of my gradus, but could think of nothing except the royal bride, the Dormouse, and the castle champagne. Mr. Carter summoned me twice, but I had only a blank page to show him. When three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and he found that I had not done a single verse, he said to me in an ominous voice: "Take care."

Going back to my desk then, I collected all my energies, and did four verses in ten minutes. The performance was almost inexplicable, and when I handed in my composition, Mr. Carter's suspicions were naturally kindled.

"You have been copying," he said, fixing his dark deep eyes on me.

"No, sir, indeed—"

"I am afraid you have." But I repeated my assurances of innocence with so much fervour that he had no option but to take my word, though he did so with evident reluctance. This pained me, for I did not wish to be thought capable of such meanness as deliberately to repeat a lie in order to escape a flogging. However, Mr. Carter showed himself more just than many another master would have done, so that I had nothing to complain of.

CHAPTER X.

CUCKOO WEIR AND ACROPOLIS.

In my first summer half I had to make choice of a profession—to decide whether I would become a dry bob or a wet bob. My tutor's was a boating-house. J. G. Chambers, now editor of *Land and Water*, and one of the most brilliant oarsmen of our generation, boarded there.[1] My messmates, Cherry and the Pug, were aquatic also, and rented a "lock-up boat" between them. The Pug, however, from sheer contradiction, and because he knew that it angered Cherry, used to vaunt the glories of dry bobbing.

"Any muff can learn to pull an oar through the water, whereas it takes no end of time and practice

[1] Chambers was prevented by ill-health from rowing in the Eton eight; but he was in the "Victory" in 1860 and 1861, and would have been in the eight in both those years if the doctors had allowed him to row. He pulled in the Cambridge University eight of 1862 and 1863, and coached the winning Cambridge crews of 1871, 2, 3, 4.

to make a good bat or bowler. Shouldn't I just like to bowl like Lang of Harrow!"

"You be hanged!" Cherry used to answer. "Because you yourself pull like a crab with your shoulders over your ears, you think everybody does like you. Ask Lawless if he learnt to pull in a day. You pass in swimming, Taffie, and then become a wet bob, it's much the jolliest life."

"Yes, Taffie must pass, but after that I advise him to take to cricket; it beats rowing hollow for fun. There's my major, who spends his summers travelling over the country playing in matches."

"And collecting ducks' eggs," observed Cherry.

"I bet he makes less ducks in a season than you catch crabs in an afternoon," yelped the Pug, firing up in defence of his elder brother, who was a noted cricketer.

My choice of a profession was practically settled for me by my new fag-master. Hall had left the school, and I had become fag to a big fellow nick-named Blazes, who was a rare specimen of the muscular, hardy, and somewhat fast-living swell. There were swells of all kinds, but he came of a sporting family, was a hard rider, rower, and mighty beer-quaffer. He was in the eight, and thought no small things of himself. Unlike my first fag-master Hall, he never condescended to speak to a

Lower boy except to give him an order, and he treated his fags just like servants. The good point about him was that he was far too great a swell to scold his fags, or to kick them, if they did anything amiss; but he was not above shotting his language with expletives to give it effective weight. At first sight of me, Blazes had decided that I would do for a wet bob.

"Come here," he said to me one morning, whilst I was pouring hot water into his tea-pot. "Don't be afraid; let's feel your arms; now hold out that kettle. You're learning to swim, I hope?" Then he ordered me to take a swimming lesson every day until I could "pass," after which I was to learn to row, so as to be available for entry in our tutor's sweepstakes. As an inducement to obey this order diligently, I was promised that I should be excused fagging for a fortnight if I "passed." But I was not insensible to the honour of becoming a wet bob under my distinguished master's auspices, as it were. In his high-handed way he ordered that the sweep-stakes should be drawn in May, although the race was not to take place till July, and that all non-*nants* should qualify themselves for starting by passing at least a clear fortnight before the race, under pain of his displeasure. The drawing took place in his room one day after two in this wise:

The name of every boy in the house was written on a small slip of paper, and two lots were then made of the slips which were put into different hats. In one were the names of all the bigger fellows, who were to act as "strokes," and in the other those of the small boys, who were to be "bows." The names being drawn in twos, one from each hat, the pairs thus formed were to be the entries. It may be imagined how I flushed when, amidst derisive laughter and applause, my name was drawn out coupled with that of the great Blazes. He pulled a face, but he had the magnanimity to say that we should row together, and, "Mind you are ready!" he added significantly.

At that time I had not yet learnt to keep my head above water, when suspended in Talbot the waterman's belt; and I remember running down to Cuckoo Weir in trepidation, and offering Talbot half my assets in pocket-money if he could make a swimmer of me within a month.

"Oh, never mind money, sir!" said the honest fellow; "it depends upon you more than on me. Don't be afeared at going under, and you'll do."

Some days after this I learnt to swim all of a sudden. Standing up to my waist in water beside Talbot's punt, and waiting for my turn in the belt, I threw myself forward, trying to achieve a few

strokes alone, and succeeded. This conquest on the water gave me infinite delight. My progress was rapid, for I bathed at Cuckoo Weir so often as I had leisure—sometimes twice or three times in a day. In defiance of all medical theories, I have gone out to bathe immediately after dinner without experiencing any ill results. After three weeks of assiduous practice I was ready for my swimming examination.

If my memory serves me, Acropolis was the name of the reach in Cuckoo Weir where the swimming examinations came off. A punt full of naked candidates moored across stream under the shadow of willows which made the water look quite black, a pole planted at about twenty-five yards from the punt to serve as goal; Mr. Carter and Mr. Wolley, the "passing" masters, seated on the grassy bank, with their feet dangling over the water, and a crowd of spectators behind them—such was the *mise en scène.* The "passers" were justly particular in requiring that a candidate should be able to take a good header as well as swim strongly and gracefully. The boy who, on his name being called, took a "gutter," falling upon the water flat, like a plank, was lost. It was quite right that grace should be demanded, for grace is generally a sign of power in bodily feats. Most

candidates were made to swim from the punt to the pole and back again, to turn on their backs, and to float; in fact, the ordeal, without being excessively hard, was stringent enough to make the examiners feel sure that if the candidate were swamped in any part of the Thames, he would be able to swim to shore.

When all the candidates had done what was required of them, the masters conferred together, and the names of those who had passed were read out. Certain boys, owing to deficient symmetry of action, came up for examination week after week, but I was so lucky as to pass the first time. "Cherry" and the "Pug," who had come up to see me "pass," had moored their skiff at Lower Hope, and I returned with them to the Brocas, taking my first lesson in the manipulation of an oar on the way. What a proud afternoon it was! and how little I recked of the blisters that rose on my palms when I had struggled for an hour in dragging my oar through the water and feathering. The same evening I asked my tutor to give me an order for a straw hat and a flannel shirt, and I wrote home for leave to have a "chance-boat [1] " at Goodman's for the remainder of the season.

[1] The subscription for a chance-boat cost £2 10*s.* for the summer-half, and entitled the subscriber when he wanted to go

"So you've passed, have you?" said Blazes, next morning, when I went to claim my fortnight's exemption from fagging. "Now mind you practise pulling until you can sit in a boat like a gentleman."

A good fellow called Bradley, who was destined to be in the eight in 1859, but who was then a Lower boy, gave me my first serious lesson in pulling by making me row "stroke" to his "bow" in a gig, and fetching me a smart slap on the back every time I rounded my shoulders. One may talk of moral suasion, but these friendly *argumenta ad dorsum* were more potent than a great deal of theory. "There's no hurry," said Bradley. "Take your own time, but if you lean forward without straightening your back, you'll catch it." When I had caught it about six times I became royally cautious in my strokes, and it is almost superfluous to add, wished myself ashore again.

Every now and then Blazes asked me how I was getting on. Sometimes he honoured me with a glance from Searle's raft as I was lolloping by in a gig. He had frequent opportunities of seeing me, for he was constantly sending me up to the Brocas on errands; but he never criticised my perform-

on the river to take any gig or skiff that happened to be on the raft. The subscriber to a "lock-up," who paid £5, reserved a private boat.

ances. It was not a great pleasure to feel that his eye was fixed upon me, for the chances were ten to one that when I stepped out of my boat he would beckon me into his changing-room, and toss me a pair of flannel trousers to be carried to the tailor's, or a straw hat that wanted a new ribbon.

To be the fag of a swell like "Blazes" (I give him the nickname which had been conferred upon him by us Lower boys in deference to the flaming colour of his complexion) was indeed no sinecure. He required a great diversity of smart, punctual, and blindly obedient service. To begin with, his room had to be kept in order; and this involved frequent cleaning of many pewter tankards and silver cups which he had won in races. Our tutor's butler having once scratched a cup of his in the cleaning, Blazes would not allow any of his trophies to be taken down into the pantry, but insisted that his fags should do all the polishing. Of course we felt a little pride in this work though it was dirty and irksome, and we gloried in our fag-master's room generally. When fags came from other houses bearing notes, it delighted us to see the reverent looks they cast round the walls decorated with so many signs of our tyrant's greatness. We never touched his white cashmere cap, we never hung up his light blue flannel coat without such a thrill

as a recruit may experience when handling the cocked hat and sword of a Colonel; and by reason of his achievements on field and river (he was in the football eleven as well as in the eight) Blazes was popular amongst us, though he did give us so much trouble and so few thanks. Any ambitious Lower boy would sooner have fagged for Blazes, who never breakfasted without some troublesome hot dish, and who frequently entertained other swells, than for poor Toler the Sap (this also was a nickname), whose fags had only to set out modest meals of tea and bread and butter, and were always dismissed with a "thank you."

When Blazes gave breakfasts his fags had to work like young niggers. One would be toasting a pile of muffins in the kitchen, and begging other compassionate Lower boys, or haply one of the scullery-maids, if they chanced to be in a good humour, to assist him; the second fag would be making raids upon all the cupboards in the Lower boy rooms to borrow extra cups and saucers, knives and forks, and many a pretty scene arose when the owners objected to these forced loans, and engaged in scuffles to protect their property; meanwhile the third fag would be off to Mother Dell's dairy-cart, which always stood from eight till ten at the corner of Mr. Balston's house (now Mr. A. C. James's), to

buy eggs and cream. When he had returned from this errand it would be time for one of us to scamper off to the "Christopher" for the dish of devilled fowl or salmon cutlets which was to be the *piéce de résistance* at the meal. The dignity of a well-dressed boy does not appear impressively when he is carrying down a populous highway a large covered dish out of which gravy is dribbling on to the pavement; but dignity was a feather which you could only put in your cap when you were in the Fifth Form. I have seen the present Marquis of Waterford cheerfully carrying a dish of eggs and bacon from Webber's for a solicitor's son, and the Earl of Rosebery (then Lord Dalmeny) running swiftly down the High Street with the breeks of a parson's boy under his arm. One morning as I was going "up town," a Lower boy asked me to lend him fourpence, as he had come out without his purse, and had to buy some bloaters for his fag-master; it was the heir of the Duke of Marlborough, the present Marquis of Blandford.

Our consolation for the very menial work which we did in Blazes' service was, that the greatest swells in the school were his habitual guests, and it was given us to hear these heroes talk and jest as they sat at meat with him. They were not all so contemptuous of Lower boys as he was, and we

occasionally came in for a kind word, as dogs for bones thrown under the table. I must add that we came in for the more material leavings of the board, for Blazes was not one of those mean masters who took account of how many sausages were left in a dish, or how many strawberries in a drum.

Sometimes Blazes had a lazy fit, and put himself on the sick list for a day. This was called "stay-out," for the reason that one had to stay in. The indispositions of Blazes somehow always fell upon whole schooldays, but they yielded to two specifics —bottles of Bass for inward use, and *Bell's Life* for external application. One day it happened that I was "staying out" on the same day as Blazes, and with a touch of the same complaint, *diesnefastiasis*, or "whole schoolday fever." A shout of "Lower boy," roused me during eleven o'clock school, whilst I was luxuriating in the perusal of one of Marryat's novels. Being the only Lower boy in the house, I ran down, and found that Blazes wanted some beer. He tossed me a shilling and said, "You don't mind going to tap, do you? Get me two bottles of Bass."

It was kind of him to put it to me as to whether I would "mind going." I did "mind" very much, for it was an errand of great danger. If a man may be said to carry his head in his hands when he risks a crime for which death is the

penalty, I really do not know what part of my person I might have been said to hold when I set out on an expedition which if detected would have brought me twelve cuts at least. However, I went, and returned safe with the two bottles wrapped up in a flannel shirt. The very same day, during three o'clock school, it occurred to Blazes that he should like some claret, and he despatched me to the "Christopher" to buy him some. Again I started forth outwardly brave, inwardly palpitating, and coming back without having met any tutorial lion in the path, was rewarded with the rare praise of being called "a little brick." But from that time I contrived to keep in good health until Blazes left the school. He and I never "stayed out" again together.

CHAPTER XI.

CHECK NIGHTS.—PULLING.—SCULLING.

When I found myself embarked with the mighty Blazes in a skiff at Goodman's raft, whilst a number of fellows stood jeering at the changing-room windows, I dare say I must have wished that sweep-stakes had never been invented. Blazes said laconically as we were shoved off,

"Now, keep your eyes in the boat."

Our steerer added—"Don't funk."

This steerer was none other than the coxswain of the *Victory*, who had tendered his services, expecting some amusement from a race between such ill-matched pairs as happened to be drawn; but he was not indifferent to the prospect of pocketing a guinea if we won, and so gave me words of encouragement when he saw me buckle to my work as if I meant business. There were ten pairs in the entries; and our course lay from Lower Hope, round Rushes, and back to Windsor Bridge. I

have but an indistinct recollection of the race, but remember that, to the surprise of everybody, we won very easily. The boat that had the best matched pair ran into that which had the second best pair, and thus our two most dangerous competitors were disposed of. Blazes, however, was so pleased at his victory that he actually condescended to laugh, and said: "Well rowed, young 'un," as we shot under Windsor Bridge. I was so dead beat that I felt like going to pieces; but it was a great thing to have won £2 in money, and to be slapped admiringly on the back by numbers of the fellows who had laughed at me when we started.

I was more careful about brushing my hat from that time. I made a back parting to my hair, and asserted my opinion knowingly in all discussions about aquatics. I even affected for a while to model my language and manners on those of my fag-master, and the fast set to which he belonged —a set who, if the truth must be told, were not always sober on the fourth of June, Election-Saturday, check nights, and other such occasions.

Check nights fell on every alternate Saturday after the fourth of June, until the end of the summer half. They were supposed to be nights of practice, in full rowing dress, when all faults were "checked." But the custom had arisen of winding

up the rowing with a little champagne drinking, till, in course of years, the practice had become less and less, and the champagne more and more. The Upper Boats used to row to Surly Hall, where the crews dined off ducks and peas, while the crews of the Lower Boats regaled themselves with champagne and cake at the changing-rooms of the boat-houses. All this led to a great deal of tipsiness, and the only wonder is that it did not lead to more.

Let us tread lightly over this matter. Happily, drinking was the exception, and good conduct, with diligent rowing, the general rule in the boats.

In 1858 we had two nights of great excitement on the river and in college. The excitement, indeed, degenerated into a conflict of strong party feeling, and very nearly produced riots. All this arose out of the pulling.

The strongest pair entered for this race were, E. W. Hussey, second captain of the boats, and V. Van de Weyer, captain of the Lower Boats, steered by F. E. Hopwood, coxswain of the eight. It was considered a certainty that they must win, yet they were beaten pretty easily in the first heat by two fellows in the *Britannia*—D. Ricardo and C. W. Campbell, steered by the Hon. H. C. Needham.

It was not in human nature that boys should

forbear to marvel at and rejoice over the defeat of two champions by a pair of comparatively young hands. All in vain was it that the friends of Hussey and Van de Weyer pointed out that the first heat of the pulling meant nothing, and that the winning pair had not been seriously raced by the pair who came in second, and whose only object it had been to get placed, so that they might start in the final heat. These pleas of the vanquished were laughed to scorn. Boys are much like men, and in every crowd of strongly excited men, one may be sure the ignorant and prejudiced predominate. Numbers of fellows went about chaffing and sneering that the eight were, or had become, a *coterie;* that selections were no longer made by merit, and so forth. Those who did not call in question Lawless's[1] fairness of choice, could not help laughing at the discomfiture of the two fellows who were reputed the best oars in his crew.

My friendship for Van de Weyer minor kept me straight in this dispute, which took quite absurd proportions. It used to be customary then for the partisans of the different starters in the sculling and pulling to wear the colours of their favourites. All of us who backed up Hussey and Van de Weyer

[1] Hon. V. F. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, captain of the boats in 1858.

wore slips of Eton blue ribbon in our button-holes, while the friends of Ricardo and Campbell sported crimson.

The riot between our two factions commenced on the rafts as soon as the winning pair shot Windsor Bridge. There was then an explosion of cheers, yells, and positive howls of delight, which reminded one of what takes place at an election when the poll is declared. So vehement was the demonstration, and so unexpected, that certain weak-kneed fellows, carried away by it, furtively removed their blue favours and appeared by and by in red. (I have seen some of these fellows in after life equally prone to change their colours in graver emergencies than boat-races.) When the winning oarsmen stepped from their outrigger, they had to elbow their way through a crowd of roaring admirers, whose weight forced Goodman's raft two inches under water.

While they were changing, this concourse broke up, and the contention about the merits of the race was argued out with the most irrational animation as fellows returned to college. Presently almost the whole school was assembled in the roadway between Barnes Pool and Keate's Lane. Faction fights were going on between Lower boys, who tried to tear the colours out of each other's jackets ;

and it was lucky that the lock-up bells began to ring as the noise was at its height, else some of the bad blood that was boiling might have been tapped pretty freely from noses and mouths.

Throughout the whole of the next day the senseless strife continued. At Brown's, Barnes's, and Webber's over our buns and coffee, under the colonnade just before school hours, in the changing-rooms at the boat-houses, in the streets, on the river, in the playing-fields,—everywhere, in short, the question was discussed as to whether Ricardo and Campbell were not much better rowers than their rivals; and the final heat, which was to come off in the evening, was awaited with intense anxiety. I never saw such a crowd of boys as congregated about the Brocas at the hour of the start. From Searle's to Tolladay's, and thence to the Clump, the rafts and the towing-path were black with them. Lawless, who was wearing his light blue coat and flannels, was quite cool amid the general hubbub, for he never had a moment's doubt as to the issue of the race.

At last he fired the starting gun, and, having to act as umpire, set off to run up to Rushes and back with the boats. Fully three hundred fellows accompanied him hallooing over the first quarter of a mile; but, as usual, numbers began dropping off

after that. The boat-races had their regular *habitués*, who exhibited every gradation of enthusiasm. There were the fellows who would run encouraging their favourites all the way, and disdained to take the short cut across the field at Lower Hope; others went, but cut off the Lower Hope corner going and returning; others again had enough of it at Clewer Point; but by far the greater number, and necessarily all those who bawled loudest at the start, gave in "winded" at the Railway Bridge.

Being small and unequal to a three mile trot, I was one of those who, at the bridge, turned and went back to the rafts to see the boats come in. From the bow-window at Goodman's I beheld the finish of what had been a capital race. But Hussey and Van de Weyer, rowing in the perfection of style, passed Windsor Bridge easy winners. Ricardo and Campbell were gamely rowing a good stern-race, but no more. Their partisans were considerably mortified. After the inflated talk of the previous day, the performance of the second pair seemed to all but connoisseurs to have deteriorated, and it got less praise than it deserved. But Ricardo and Campbell had really done better on the second night than on the first, and Lawless at once put Ricardo into the eight, though he was not even in

Upper Boats. Campbell would certainly have been one of the eight in the following year had he remained at the school; but he left and went to India. He remained famous long after leaving the school on account of his outrigger, which was one of the most narrow ever built.

Lawless's eight was the first that rowed against Radley at Henley. Eton won, but it was a good race, for the Radleians were not quite so over-matched as they have been on every subsequent occasion when they met Eton. Only one of the eight, A. C. Wynne, remained till 1859, and he was captain of the boats in that year.

Now in 1859 the sculling gave rise to a row similar to that which had attended the pulling in 1858. R. E. L. Burton, who boarded at Mr. Carter's, defeated M. Lubbock, second captain of the boats, who boarded at Mr. Joynes's; and as Lubbock was exceedingly popular, a number of his backers took it into their heads to quarrel with those of Burton. Thus one year the school was delighted because two crack oarsmen had been beaten by a pair of novices; and in the next year the school was displeased for the self-same reason. Everybody had expected that Lubbock would win; those who wore his colour—cerise—were to Burton's supporters, who showed dark blue, in the proportion of five to one.

After the race, when three or four hundred fellows were waiting at the wall to join in the customary ceremony of hoisting and cheering the winner, a Lower boy called A. H. Hall,[1] who boarded at Mr. Joynes's, and whose *major* was in that year's eight, swarmed up the lamp-post in front of Mr. Hale's house, and tied a cerise streamer to the ladder-rest. This led to an uproarious shindy. A squad of fellows from Mr. Carter's charged Mr. Joynes's set, got possession of the lamp-post, and put up a blue streamer in place of the cherry one. Some fives balls were then thrown, and the glass of the lamp was knocked to pieces. Next, a Burtonite's hat having been thrown down and kicked by a Lubbockite, both factions "went for" each other's head-dresses, and hats were soon being kicked about in every direction. In the midst of this scrimmage the "swells" came down from the "Christopher," arm-in-arm, according to custom, in two long lines stretching across the High Street; and presently Burton and Lubbock were both hoisted one after the other. Burton got a fair amount of cheering, but the demonstration in

[1] Alleyn Hall won the sculling in 1862, was *bow* of the eight in 1863, and rowed second in the pulling of the same year with Ashby Pochin. His elder brother, C. H. Hall, was in Wynne's eight, 1859.

favour of Lubbock was unique in its enthusiasm. Whatever successes Montagu Lubbock may have obtained in after life, he can never have forgotten that ovation which testified in such a marked and uncommon way to his popularity.

All the Lubbocks were popular. There were five of them at Eton at the same time, all brothers—I mean five in my time, for the eldest (Sir John) was also at the school. B. W. Lubbock was second captain of the boats in 1856; M. Lubbock—Burton's antagonist—was in the eleven as well as in the eight, a thing of very rare occurrence; Frederic Lubbock was in the Upper Boats, and would probably have been in the eleven had he stayed at Eton a year longer than he did; Albert Lubbock played three years in the eleven, and was captain of it in 1863; and Edgar Lubbock, always called "Quintus," was captain of the eleven in 1866. The prizes which the Lubbocks won between them in foot-races, fives, and other contests would have sufficed to stock a family museum at their home of High Elms, in Kent. They were, however, devoid of any particle of conceit. No one ever met with a more pleasant-looking, good-tempered, obliging, and gentleman-like set of fellows than the Lubbocks.

I have chronicled the racing disturbances of 1858 and 1859, because they led to our being forbidden

to sport the colours of the starters (prohibition which must have affected Sanders and Devereux, the hosiers, who had been wont to sell the favours in large quantities), and they very nearly brought about the abolition of hoisting.

This hoisting used always to be preceded by a drinking of cider or claret-cup at the "Christopher." After a race all the "swells" would turn into the "Christopher" to drink the winner's health, and one became a "swell" by the mere fact of being asked to join in this carousal by the captain of the boats, or by earning the right to do so uninvited as winner of a race. Once a swell always a swell; and a fellow who had once gone into the "X" to take his share of the triumphal brews would do so regularly. After the health-drinking it was the practice of the swells to link arms, forming two long lines, and so march back to college. How the Lower boys envied them! and how sharply they watched to see if any fellow having no right to be accounted a swell, tried to intrude himself into the ranks of "swelldom." There were pushing fellows who did this, and who succeeded by dint of calm assurance. They would begin by tacking themselves on to the procession of swells going into chapel. The swells always marched in at the very last minute, just as the bell was about to cease ringing.

Next the pushing one would insinuate himself into Barnes's parlour at breakfast time when the great guns were there; and finally some evening after a race he would tread close upon the heels of the fellows going to the "X," and would walk in without invitation. Unless he were a particularly offensive creature, no notice would be taken of his intrusion, and he would gradually come to be admitted into the best set in the school, although he might have done nothing whatever to distinguish himself. But such a one, at his first walk among the swells on "hoisting-night," had need to keep his eyes and ears shut as he strode through the throngs of Lower boys; for if there was a thing which all Lower boys joined in hating, it was a "sham swell."

CHAPTER XII.

THE TOGATI, OR 'TUGS.'

"OUGHT I to give him one and 'saxpence'?"

"If he carried your bag from the station."

"Eh, mon, but it's a deal of money."

My interlocutor was a red-headed, freckled little boy of eleven, who had come from Aberdeen "to try for Tuggery"—that is, to try and pass on to the foundation as a King's scholar. His family knew mine, and he had brought a letter of introduction to me from my friends, who prayed I would be civil to him, and pilot him about the school during the period of election.

"Eh, mon, but I could have got a lad to carry such a puir thing as that three times round Aberdeen for a saxpence," continued my Scotch friend as he followed me up the staircase of my tutor's house. Mr. Eliot, though he did not know the boy or his parents, had very kindly placed a spare

room in the house at his disposal, so that I was able at once to console him for his outlay of eighteen-pence, by informing him that he would be lodged and boarded gratis during his stay at Eton.

I was mean enough to be ashamed of the fellow whenever I was seen with him; and this not because his voice was loudish, his manners rough, and his jacket of outlandish cut, but because he was going to be a "tug."

I hope that the disdain of oppidans for collegers is now a thing of the past. It had begun to wear away before I left the school, but for a long time it was a very active sentiment, and I am sorry to say was not confined to Lower boys.

Many things tended to promote it:—the collegers were required by the statutes to be the sons of poor men; they wore gowns; they led lives apart from ours; they were debarred from entering the boats, because it was presumed that they could not afford the expense. Then they had to discharge offices which we considered degrading. In the College Hall, three Lower boys had to wait upon the Sixth Form, pour out beer, wipe plates, etc. Why we should have thought this more humiliating than the fagging which we oppidans did for our respective masters I cannot say, but we did. Our antipathy towards the two junior

collegers in the Fifth Form, who acted as holders down, was more comprehensible.

Collegers were always admitted to the eleven; but it was not until 1864, when C. S. Corkran was Captain of the Boats, that one of them named R. G. Marsden was put into the eight. In 1869 J. E. Edwards-Moss being captain of the boats, the right of collegers to enter the boats and to join in all school races was recognised. At about the same time collegers were exempted from the obligation of wearing their gowns except in school, and as I see by the present year's School List (1882) the name of a peer's son on the Foundation, I suppose that the social status of King's Scholars is no longer so lowly as the statutes intended it to be.

But on Election-Friday, 1858, when I was showing the little loon from Aberdeen his way to the Boys' Library in Weston's yard, where his examination was to take place, I am afraid I was sadly imbued with caste prejudices against collegers, and gave him no pleasing picture of the life which "tugs" were made to lead.

"You would not be very anxious to pass if you knew how 'tugs' are looked down upon," I said; "you should ask your governor to send you here as an oppidan."

The Scot was listening attentively, but with

cautious doubts. "'A shood ha' thocht it was guid to be a Keyng's Scholar," he said with a brogue that rubbed upon a Southron's ear like a nutmeg-grater.

"Yes, but it isn't good to dine off mutton every day; to have rolls chucked at you every time you come into a tutor's or dame's house, and to have to go to your tutor's pantry for a pie, which you carry off under your gown in the dark, for fear the fellows should see you and smash the dish."

"I dinna understand about the pie," said the Scot, jerking his red head.

"Oh! it's the tutor's, you know; they give their tug-pupils pies sometimes because of the utter trash that's eaten in tuggery; only you mustn't let the fellows see you coming to fetch anything in that line, or they would set up a tally-ho just as if you were a fox in a poultry-yard."

I was retailing to the Scot my personal experience of the rough treatment which collegers used to get from oppidans. My tutor's college-pupils had an occasional pie baked for them by our cook, and I had seen them slip away with this dainty at nightfall in evident fear lest they should be caught in the act and chevied. As to chucking of rolls, it was a regular thing that a tug who showed himself in any part of a tutor's house except the pupil-room should be received like a dog in a skittle-alley. One day

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my tutor unthinkingly sent up a colleger from the pupil-room to carry a message to some fellow of the Fifth Form in his room. I heard a cry of, Hoo! tug! and running out into the passage had just time to see the wretched little colleger clattering down the staircase with his gown ballooning behind him, and a volley of boots and slippers flying round his hat.

Whilst I was still regaling the Aberdeen with my stories (which I told in good part, for I really pitied tugs, and deemed that a father was taking a mean advantage of any boy in enrolling him in that corporation), we reached Weston's yard, where a little crowd was assembled waiting for the arrival of the provost of King's, and two posers, or examiners, from Cambridge. A landau rolled in presently, and drew up at the little door which leads to the Lower School and to Long Chamber. Out of it stepped two young dons, spruce in the newest of silk gowns and hoods, and the whitest of bands; then came a portly, elderly, plump and proud little don, who strutted as if he had come to open nothing less than a commission of assize in a time of public tumult. He wore a cassock as well as a gown, and was Dr. Okes, provost of King's. So exactly did Dr. Okes realise one's ideal of what an ecclesiastical dignitary ought to be, that the sight of him gave repose to the mind. His gait, his girth, his calm eye,

his well-rounded chin, all seemed to be parts of the proper insignia of his office: there was nothing unexpected in him which you might have been surprised to find in a provost of King's. You could not, with any eye to the general fitness of things, have wished him otherwise than he was. The chapel-verger with his silver wand reverently received the potentate and his suite, and led them across the school-yard to the entrance of the cloisters. Here stood a concourse of boys, masters, and some ladies who had come to witness the meeting of Dr. Okes with the provost of Eton, and to hear the Latin speech which was always delivered on this solemn yearly occasion by the captain of the school. Probably there was some one on the look-out to apprise Dr. Hawtrey of his colleague's coming, for he timed his own appearance so as to meet the provost of King's just as the latter passed under the cloister archway. I had been told that the two provosts would kiss when they met, and was mighty curious to witness so pleasing a sight; but the kissing had fallen into desuetude since the demise of Dr. Hodgson, the former provost of Eton, and Dr. Hawtrey simply greeted Dr. Okes with a bland smile and shake of the hand.

Dr. Hawtrey was called the politest man in England, and Mr. (now Archdeacon) Balston the

handsomest. By what measure it is possible to determine who is the politest or handsomest man in a population of thirty millions it would be puzzling to say; so perhaps it will be enough to admit that Dr. Hawtrey was a very polite, courtly old gentleman. His manners were full of that urbanity which it is natural to find in aged collegiate dignitaries who are rich and much respected, who lead easy lives, and are bachelors. Dr. Hawtrey was unmarried; and having no sons to provide for, no daughters to marry, no family cares to fret about, could afford to be perfectly serene. He had a remarkable appearance, which was capitally depicted in the well-known pencil-sketch, copies of which have been engraved, and which shows two heads of him, one full-face, the other in profile. This is the only likeness of him extant, for he would never let his portrait be taken. He had in his last years long snowy-white hair and deep goggle-eyes; his upper lip was very long, and when he was young must have quite justified the nickname of Monkey-Hawtrey, which was given him at school. The infirmities of age made him walk with the right shoulder slanting much lower than the other; but this slight deformity was attributed by us to the fact that during his twenty years' head-mastership, he had

constantly 'swished' with a peculiar underhand motion of the right arm; and I suspect that it was from this that a belief arose, and became universal amongst us, that it was not lawful for a head-master to lift his hand above his shoulder in wielding the birch. When in plain clothes, Dr. Hawtrey almost always wore a black frock coat with a velvet collar, a low waistcoat which showed a long expanse of starched shirt-front with a short frill, and a hat which looked brand new. In his academicals, his tall stature, the erect carriage of his head, and the benign smile—an enemy, if he had one, would have called it a grin—which was always wreathed round his mouth, made him appear as the very model of a kind old clergyman. When he spoke aloud, however, as, for instance, when he read the Communion Service in chapel or preached, his voice at first disposed one to laugh—it had such a curious broadness, and so many of those inflexions which seem incongruously to put notes of interrogation or exclamation where they ought not to be.

We are supposing that all this time the captain of the school, arrayed in evening dress, with black silk stockings and knee-breeches, has been delivering his cloister-speech with his tutor standing behind to prompt him. At the conclusion of this

ordeal the pair of provosts, shaking their ears at the barbarisms they had heard, retired to have some refreshment; and I, conducting the Scot to the Boys' Library, left him to be rubbed on the classical touchstone by the posers.

When I saw my friend again in the evening, he had arrived at the conclusion that I had unworthily humbugged him about the hardships of college, for he had struck up a friendship with some little tugs, who had depicted the enchantments of their life in the colours of the rainbow. They had shown him the Long Chamber, a dormitory where Lower College boys slept, college studies and mess rooms, the dining-hall and the new buildings in Weston's yard, where each of the first forty collegers had a nicely-furnished room to himself. They had contradicted my statements as to mutton being their only food, proving that beef, veal, and pork all had turns at their board—and, in fact, they had made out that college was the largest and pleasantest of all the boarding-houses, that it had spacious passages for indoor games in wet weather, and that it was a house which could have licked any two of the oppidan houses at cricket, football, or on the river, and which, indeed, sometimes beat the representative eleven of six hundred oppidans at wall-football. Moreover, these proud little

tugs had declared (and this was no more than the truth), that the collegers got better tuition than the oppidans, that they were always foremost in school trials, winning all prizes and scholarships, and that finally the three or four of them who were elected yearly to scholarships at King's were thereby provided for handsomely for life.

Rather stunned by the young Scot's declamations about the superiority of college over oppidanism, I could not but wish him success in his examination, adding the ironical hope that he would find a heavy baize gown to his taste when he had to wear it in summer heat.

But he was flatly rejected by the posers. I met him on the morning of Election-Saturday with a face as long as a fiddle. He had just seen his name in the window of Williams's the bookseller, on the first list of those who had "muffed." He was inconsolable. His tug-friends had excited him by talking of a grand theatrical performance which had been held on the previous night in Long Chamber after bed-time, when the Lower boys had given up their cupboard bedsteads to form a stage for the Upper boys to play on—the performance concluding with a grand amount of beer-drinking (by the Upper boys), and with a splendid though beerless bolstering-battle between the Lower boys

for the amusement of the Upper ones. "Eh, mon, there were fine doings, I hear," said the poor lad with a sorrowful shake of the head. "And I've a sad fear my father willna let me come up here again, since I have missed this time."

"Try and come up as an oppidan," I said.

"Na, na; I'm a fifth son, and canna hope that my father would spend so much money on me. Besides, if I came I'd rayther be a Keyng's Scholar; from a' I've heard, ye oppidans are just nae more than idlers, and I could nae afford to idle if I came to school."

It turned out that the Aberdeener had been rejected in consequence of his Latin verses. The Scotch dominie, from whom he had learnt Latin, and learnt it very well so far as the grammar was concerned, knew nothing of elegiacs, and had taught his pupil to make rhyming verses in the old monkish metre. My friend had shown up a copy of queer lines full of rhymes in *um* and *os*. I should have liked to see the poser's face as he perused them.

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. GOODFORD.—SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Election-Saturday has been abolished now; but it used to be a great day—greater than the Fourth of June. The programme of festivities was the same: speeches in the Upper School at eleven, banquet of dons in the College Hall at two, processions of the boats in the evening to Surly Hall, with fireworks off the Eyot on the return, and finally, sock suppers in all the houses. But the fun on Election-Saturday was always more fast and furious than on the Fourth of June, because the school broke up on the following Monday; and the fellows who were going to leave looked upon themselves as already emancipated. Likewise, jolly dogs who were not going to leave felt that they might go to great lengths without fear of punishment, as there were few masters who would complain of a boy on the day before the holidays.

Two or three among the masters, however, who

took a serious view of their duties, did not scruple to complain of boys whom they had caught drunk on Election-Saturday, and the number of victims thus put in the Bill would often keep Dr. Goodford pretty busy with his birch on the evening of Election-Sunday. Floggings on Sunday? The thing may seem strange to Etonians of to-day, but Dr. Goodford used kindly to attend in the swishing-room at half-past ten on Sunday evening to meet the convenience of boys who were going away by early trains on Monday morning, or who were going to leave the school altogether on that day. The reader who was not at Eton may wonder that a young man who was to be his own master on Monday should consent to be ignominiously whipped on the Sunday night; but if a fellow had refused to submit to punishment whilst he was still *in statu pupillari*, he could not have taken official leave of his tutor or the head-master, and would have been practically expelled.

I remember a fellow nearly six feet high, and with a moustache, who debated in agony of mind whether he should take a swishing on the night before leaving the school. He had actually got a commission in the cavalry; his uniforms were ordered, and he was to join his regiment in ten days; but on Election-Saturday night he got

uproariously drunk, was seen by a strict master, and put in the Bill. All who knew this fellow—a popular "wet-bob"—felt pity for him; but the advice given him by everybody was to take his swishing. If he declined, he could not have his name carved up in his tutor's house or in the Upper School, and on visiting Eton he would never be entitled to call upon his tutor or on the head-master. These considerations penetrating the mind of the gallant officer, he surrendered for punishment, received his twelve cuts with "two birches," and the following day took leave of Dr. Goodford on the pleasantest terms possible.

I recollect another case of a boy who, under almost similar circumstances, refused to be flogged, but a few days afterwards, having discussed the matter with his father, thought better of it, and returned to Eton from Yorkshire on purpose to be whipped. Dr. Goodford had gone away, so the boy wrote after him to make an apology, and to signify that he would await the head-master's pleasure. The version of this affair which subsequently circulated through the school was, that the boy, hearing Dr. Goodford had gone to Switzerland, bought two birches of old Finmore, the birch-maker, and posted off with them to Geneva. Arriving here, and finding Dr. Goodford had departed,

the boy took train for Lucerne; and then (said the fable) a thrilling pursuit began, the boy chasing the head-master from city to city, and always coming too late—till at length, when he was beginning to despair of attaining his purpose, he accidentally stumbled upon Dr. Goodford in the monastery of Mount St. Bernard. Here the head-master, touched by the story of his adventure, generously consented to reward his perseverance, and flogged him soundly in the refectory of the convent amidst a circle of edified monks; after which the penitent, producing his leaving fee of £10, bade his farewell to Dr. Goodford in due form, and was presented on the spot with Murray's 'Guide to the Alps' as a leaving-book.

This was the facetious legend which got invented and was even set to doggerel; but what really happened was simply this—that Dr. Goodford, receiving the boy's letter of submission, ordered him to attend at the school on the first day of the Michaelmas term, then administered to him a little lecture and allowed him to take official leave.

Only once in my time did a fellow persist in the refusal to take a flogging, and submit to expulsion in consequence. This fellow was Morgan Thomas, whose case was discussed in all the papers in 1856; for his father upheld him in his resolve and carried

his grievance to the 'Times.' A long public correspondence ensued, which we Lower boys read with the liveliest interest, hoping it would lead to the abolition of the birch and block; but there was no such luck. At the very height of the controversy, a Scotch boy of excellent heart but warm temper declined one day to be swished, considering that he had been unjustly complained of. "I'd rather leave the school," he exclaimed, with passionate tears in his eyes.

"Have you consulted your father on that subject?" asked Dr. Goodford with a calm arching of the eyebrows.

"No; but—"

"Then, as I stand towards you *in loco parentis*, I decide in your father's name that you *shall* be flogged." . . . And flogged the boy was, for the Sixth Form praepostor intimated to him that if he did not "go down" with good grace he would be laid over the block by force. The boy was very glad afterwards that the affair terminated in this way. He rose to a high position in the school, and often spoke laughingly of the cool way in which Dr. Goodford had faced his ebullition of temper.

Dr. Goodford was an excellent head-master, not a genius, not a fussy autocrat setting down his foot

where a little finger would do, not a stern man delighting in punishment, but equal in his rule and perfectly firm. He worked harmoniously with all his assistant masters, and was well liked by the school, because he was known to be fair and well-disposed towards innovations that were popular, while shunning change for mere change's sake. There was in him the happiest blending of the conservative and the progressist, of the thinker and the man of action, of the pedagogue and the gentleman.

It is no libel to say that Phidias would not have selected his face as a model of classical regularity; but he wore an expression of mighty assurance and dignity. A few days after I came to the school I was questioning our boys' maid "Crab" about the head-master, and she said, "If you've seen him once you'll never forget him." This was quite true; for the first time I set eyes on the Doctor his features became limned indelibly on the album of my mind. Those who like to see signs of character in a countenance would not have complained that Dr. Goodford's lacked originality. Yet it was not a face to make boys afraid. It seemed to say *nemo me impune*, but there was evident kindness and geniality in it. The Doctor could enjoy a joke, and was rather disposed to view

things from their humorous than from their melancholy side. In his facetious moods he dearly loved to puzzle a boy by putting him a question in Latin; and I once tripped out of a scrape by my presence of mind in giving him a punning answer. I was mooning down Castle Hill with another fellow, when at a corner we walked almost into Dr. Goodford's arms.

"*Unde? et quo?*" he asked, cocking his head as he always did when he thought he had propounded a poser.

"*Ex ludo, domine, ad ludum*" (from play, sir, to school), I answered straight out, hat in hand. The pun upon the word *ludus* pleased him vastly, and he condescended to laugh, telling us to continue our walk—which shows that he had more geniality in him than Mr. Durnford, who, as I have already described, had resented in no jocular spirit my accidentally omitting to shirk him.

When Dr. Goodford was not in academicals he always wore his hat at the back of his head, to show as much of the face as possible, as a critic once remarked; his hands were covered with black gloves a size too large for him, which he never buttoned; he was prone to carry his umbrella over his left shoulder, and his short legs had a droll strut sending out his feet edgeways, as if they were

dew-scrapers kicking their way through wet grass. Dr. Goodford, however, only showed himself in plain clothes when outside the College precincts; so long as he was within the limits of his little realm, he dressed at all times in bands black, silk cassock with a broad sash, and a D.D. silk gown with baggy sleeves. He breakfasted and lunched in this attire, he dandled his children in it. I have been to his house at one o'clock to carry a *pœna*, and I have seen him in gown and cassock chucking one of his babies under the chin; I have been there at eleven at night bearing a note from my tutor, and have found him in full academicals, seated by the fire in his study, reading 'Punch.' It was reported amongst us that he wore no clothes under his gown and cassock, but slept in these garments. At all events they became him very well, and when he stood calling absence with the steps of the College chapel to serve him as a pedestal, he looked every inch the Arkididaskalus, the worthy successor of little Keate.

Dr. Goodford and the old-fashioned assistant masters never touched their hats or caps in response to the salutes from the boys; but it was etiquette that the provost and fellows should always acknowledge such courtesies. In 1862, when Dr. Hawtrey died, and the election for a new

provost took place, the Hon. A. F. A. Hanbury Tracey (now vicar of Dymock, Gloucestershire), and I were loitering in Weston's yard, when Dr. Goodford came out from the Lower School passage. We lifted our hats to him; he ceremoniously raised his college cap in return, and it was by this token we knew that he had been elected to the provostship. I wish to draw Dr. Goodford as I knew him, but in so doing to renew my expression of the very sincere respect with which we all regarded him. He held a difficult position as ruler of a school, many of whose pupils were sons of the greatest and richest men of the land; but he was no respecter of persons, and never relaxed rules in favour of powerful noblemen's sons, or overlooked in these boys offences which he would have punished in others less influentially connected. In this he was not singular, for snobbism had no place among the failings of Eton masters. An adventure once befell the late Marquis of Graham which will show how little consideration young "tufts" got when they defied the law, and how sensibly their relatives acted in claiming no favours for them.

The Duchess of Montrose had been on a visit to Windsor Castle, and was going home on the day before the school was to break up for Christmas. Graham was allowed to join her; but whilst he was

waiting on the platform of the South Western Station for his mother to arrive from the Castle, he drew out a catapult and amused himself by shooting marbles among some empty trucks. A master, the Rev. J. T. Walford,[1] caught him in the very act. Catapulting had been expressly forbidden under the severest pains (chiefly owing to the exploits of another nobleman, the Marquis of Blandford), and Mr. Walford thought so seriously of Graham's offence that although he was going up to London and had actually got his railway ticket, he determined to postpone his journey in order to take Graham back to College and complain of him. Graham ruefully explained that, being on leave, he had considered that he might do as he liked; but Mr. Walford answered, that as Graham was not under his mother's eye when he used his catapult, he could not claim that he had ceased to be under tutorial control. In the midst of the discussion, the Duchess entered the station, and her son had to go and tell her that he was under orders to return to Eton for just so long a time as might be required to flog him. Human nature being what

[1] Mr. Walford was brother of Mr. Edward Walford, the well-known antiquarian. He had been master at Harrow before coming to Eton, and shortly after leaving Eton he joined the Church of Rome.

it is, one might have expected that her Grace would intercede for her boy, and that Mr. Walford would not steel his heart against the supplications of a beautiful Duchess. But it never occurred to her Grace that she ought to intercede. She said with the utmost composure that she would go and wait at the "White Hart" until the operation was over; whereupon Mr. Walford and Graham departed together in a fly, and on reaching the Lower School Graham (he was not in the Fourth Form) got twelve cuts and a suitable admonition from Mr. Carter, the Lower Master. Having thus expiated his offence he rode back tingling, but relieved, to join his mother and to commence his holidays.

As I am on swishing anecdotes, I might relate how Dr. Goodford once flogged a certain Smith in mistake for a namesake, and how the glow of the stripes was almost cooled to the sufferer by the charming good grace with which the head-master apologised for his error, and promised that the real delinquent should get off. I might tell how he once "swiped" Sir Frederick Johnstone on the morning of a St. Andrew's Day, ten minutes before the baronet came to breakfast with him, in his capacity as Scotch boy, and how, greeting his guest with exquisite *bonhomie,* he said, "Well, Johnstone, here we are again."

To conclude, however, I will tell how the Doctor's gravity was once fairly upset in the swishing-room at the very moment when he was about to administer punishment with a stern face. A boy—no matter his name, for he sits in Parliament now—a boy who was both nervous and credulous, had been made to believe that a decoction of fresh walnut juice used as ointment would harden any part of the body to which it was applied. Having been complained of on a half-holiday and anticipating that he should have to "stay at nine" on the morrow, he procured some green walnuts, squashed their juice out into a basin, and daubed himself freely with the liquid over-night. Next morning he found to his dismay that he had stained himself to a rich mahogany colour which would not wash off. It was in vain that he rubbed himself with a soapy sponge, and called upon his neighbours to assist him in this operation; the stains would not go; several of his Lower boy friends, however, reassured him by saying that they did not show much, and it was on the faith of these statements that the self-painted one went into school. At nine o'clock he appeared in the swishing-room, and being too shy to give the head-master a hint of what had happened, knelt down without a word. Dr. Goodford fairly recoiled. But when the Sixth

Form præpostor, who had got an inkling of the story, laughingly explained how and for what purpose walnut juice had been used, the Doctor's mirth was too great to allow him to proceed with the castigation. He threw down the birch and hurriedly left the room, while the delighted but slightly abashed culprit received the compliments of the holders down on the lucky effects of his embrocation.

CHAPTER XIV.

CRESCIT AMOR NUMMI.

Another football half had come, with its lock-up at six and its long evenings. We had not yet fires in our rooms; but it was the middle of October, and the evening meal was taken with a sense of cosiness. We were sufficiently far from the beginning of the half to set store by the smallest dainties that could eke out our bread and butter and tea. During the first fortnight of the half, when we ran riot in pocket-money and hampers from home, nothing was too good for our messes. The ham and the tongue would figure on the same table with the pie and the pressed beef, while jam and marmalade, excellent substitutes for butter—as the labels tell us—would be eaten along with butter, and each along with the other. But towards the middle of the half how thankful were we for a tin of sardines, a little potted meat, or a sixpenn'orth of that capital brawn which Brown used to sell. Any-

thing in the nature of a tip at this season made us prodigal as *nouveaux riches.*

I was still messing with Cherry and the Pug, but we were occasionally joined by a comical fellow nicknamed Croppie. This boy was quite a character. He had a close-cropped head and large round eyes; he talked with a precocious quaintness, and knew a great many things which boys do not generally learn, though he hated Latin and Greek, and was often in trouble about his school work. Croppie was far too independent to join any mess, but he sometimes favoured ours with his company to tea.

One evening, as I was laying the cloth in my room, while the Pug, pouring water into the teapot, was deploring the low state of our exchequer, Croppie marched in and displayed to our astonished vision a shillingsworth of ham, a gold coin, and threepence. We were silent and amazed, because the gold coin was not a sovereign, but a guinea.

"How came you by that, Crop?" inquired Cherry at last.

"I have struck a mine," answered Croppie, mysteriously, and as he was a queer fellow, fond of producing astonishment, he set us to make all sorts of guesses before he would satisfy our curiosity.

At length he told us that he had pulled up one

of the boards in his room, and had found the money underneath. It seems that "Crab" and "Drab" had spoken in his hearing of the old times when the boys' rooms had no carpets, but sanded floors; and they had remarked that in some of the more ancient rooms, where the boards had got a little loosened, pennies used often to roll through chinks. This had set Croppie thinking. He determined privately to explore the space under his floor, and the result was that, in his very first haul, he had the luck to find, amid a shovel-full of sand, a guinea, a shilling, and three pennies.

But this discovery wrought in our tutor's house just the same effect as the first finding of gold in California. The Pug, Cherry, and I caught the gold fever at once. We could hardly eat or drink our tea, so impatient were we to commence mining operations, each in our own room. We composed ourselves, however, so far as to decide that it would be better we should all four together finish the mining of Croppie's room before making researches elsewhere. Croppie explained that he had only pulled up a single board in the corner of his floor, and that, for all he knew, there might be "heaps" of guineas lying about in all directions. The prospect was enough to make one loathe all other occupations except that of scraping up sand with

a fire-shovel. Of course we agreed that so important a secret was to be kept dark; not a soul was to be allowed to participate in it.

But souls have a way of finding out things. Croppie and we, his confederates, had just one fair evening's digging together (in the course of which we drew up sand mostly, with lots of bread crumbs, and a couple of brass buttons) when somehow the whole house ascertained how we were employed. The gold fever spread. Croppie's guinea turned every fellow's head. Independent mining-parties were formed; sentinels were placed on the staircases to keep *cave* whilst Upper and Lower boys were lifting up carpets, unscrewing boards, and making unimaginable litters with excavated sand, shreds of paper, and dust. Crab and Drab grew appalled at what they saw, and threatened to inform our tutor if we did not desist; but the work continued with every care to avoid detection for a couple of days, and by that time the contagion had spread to other houses, and circulated like a regular epidemic.

A sudden check was put to it by an accident that happened in the house of Mrs. Drury (now Mr. Salt's). A boy who had pulled up two boards jumped into the opening, expecting to alight upon a solid surface. Instead of that he crashed right through the ceiling of the room beneath his, there

being nothing but a thin coating of lath and plaster to support his weight. The boy was not hurt by his fall; but the fellow into whose room he descended received a shock which he lost no time in communicating to all within sound of his voice. It could not be said of him, "*Impavidum ferient ruinæ*," he howled so loud and so long under the impression that the house was tumbling down, that a general alarm was raised. Then the secret was exploded. Next day every tutor and dame went the round of his or her house to reconnoitre the "mines," and proclamations were issued to prohibit "gold-digging" under the usual penalties. In some the excavations had brought to light no great treasures. In one house a crown of George I.'s time was found; in another a collection of old "cribs" and some empty bottles, showing that a bygone owner of the room had kept a space under his floor as a receptacle for contraband; but Croppie's guinea remained the greatest find. Our tutor good-naturedly bought it of him for its equivalent in modern money, and Croppie thereby found himself rich at a most propitious moment for spending twenty-one shillings, for Windsor Fair had just commenced.

This annual fair, which lasted about a week, always caused great excitement in the school. We

were strictly forbidden to go to it. A boy caught in any part of Windsor while the fair was going on was certain to be flogged; but if seen in Bachelor's Acre, where clandestine *roulette* tables were kept by gipsies and Jews, the least punishment he could expect was to be turned down—that is, degraded to a Lower Form—as well as whipped. Seeing the great disfavour with which the Fair was regarded by the authorities, one might suppose that they took precautions to prevent us from going there. A single waterman, or better still, a Sixth Form fellow, stationed on Windsor Bridge during our play-hours, would have been enough for the purpose. But this would not have been at all the Eton way. Some of the masters actually gave the boys double allowance of pocket-money in honour of its being Fair week; and there was one who, as regularly as he handed his pupils florins instead of shillings, repeated the invariable joke, "Perhaps this is hardly *fair.*"

Croppie, who abominated all laws, and delighted in transgressions, resolved to go to the Fair; and without difficulty he persuaded the Pug and me to join him. One day after twelve the three of us passed over Windsor Bridge in the same condition as the "bold adventurers" alluded to in Gray's Ode:

"Still as they run, they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

On we went up Thames Street and Castle Hill. The booths began at the Hundred Steps, and continued to beyond the Town Hall. Their gaudy wares were attractive enough, but we craved the greater excitement of the Acre with its shows, Aunt Sallies, rifle-galleries, and circus of dogs and monkeys. So far as I can recollect we were not desirous of gambling, but when we had been in the Acre half-an-hour we were naturally tempted to do so. All sorts of pastimes offered themselves to our selection. There were costermongers, who displayed boards stuck all over with pins, down which marbles were made to race, others with "dippers," or bodkins, with which you had to prod so as to find the centre of a slip of flannel wound into a score of coils. But these amusements, in which you stake money against ginger-bread nuts highly flavoured with cayenne, paled before the fascinations of *roulette*, to which you were invited by cads bawling, "Now, my little lords, step this way, there's a bootiful snug place just atween those three tents down there. Yer needn't have cause to fear the masters nabbin' you there. We've a big dorg, who'd pin any parson that tried to come arter yer."

This looked like business. The promise of making a dog fight in our defence, and the assurance that we should pocket all our winnings in money, "fetched" us We were already excited by the rollicking noise of barrel organs, brass bands, and big drums. Croppie, the Pug, and I made a plunge into one of the *roulette* nooks.

We found about twenty Eton fellows punting away with pence and small silver. Everything was fairly done, for the owner of the table had no inducement to cheat, considering that all the odds as banker were greatly in his favour. Winners were paid at once by a *croupier* with a hooked nose and a greasy leather bag; and the ball went spinning round the roulette-box as fast as stakes were laid upon the coloured squares of a dirty piece of oil-cloth, which could easily have been folded and whisked out of sight at the first warning that the police were at hand. But in those days, when prize-fighting and cock-fighting were among fashionable amusements, and when betting agencies did business as openly as banks, the police were not much concerned to put down gambling.

Croppie and I quickly lost some money, won it back, and became enthralled by the allurements of the game. We had been playing for several minutes when the cry of "Master!" was raised,

and before we could disperse for flight the most unwelcome head of the Rev. J. L. Joynes intruded itself into our *buen retiro.* Mr. Joynes had unearthed us by a mixture of acuteness and promptitude—dashing past the cad who was acting as sentry, and defying the dog, if so be that there was one.

Rats disturbed at dinner by a terrier make no swifter use of their legs than we did of ours. We were off to the four points of the compass in the twinkling of an eye. For myself, having Croppie by my side, I started towards the narrow passage that leads from Bachelor's Acre into Peascod Street. Having reached this thoroughfare, Croppie and I both turned round breathless, thinking we had eluded pursuit, when, to our horror, we saw the squat sturdy figure of Mr. Joynes shamble through the passage straight upon our track. As we were the smallest boys, Mr. Joynes had singled us out as the most likely to be caught. He waved his umbrella at us, but once more we showed him our heels, and this time we fled with desperation.

If the reverend gentleman enjoyed sport, he must have acknowledged afterwards that we gave him a capital run. Keeping to the middle of Castle Hill, between the two rows of booths, we were

escorted in our race by a crowd of some fifty Windsor schoolboys and cads, some of whom yelled encouragements to us, whilst others shouted, "Stop thief!" just to heighten the commotion. On reaching the curve at the Curfew Tower we put on a frantic spurt, which carried us to the bottom of the incline, and won us the race. Either Mr. Joynes had reflected that his dignity as a clergyman was not enhanced by his pelting after us in the midst of a crowd which was hallooing, "Go it, old boy! Go it, young 'uns!" or else he had perceived that his legs were simply not equal to ours.

The best of this was, Mr. Joynes had perfectly recognized Croppie and me. He knew our names, and where we boarded, but as he had not actually apprehended us he could not get us punished. He reported us to our tutor, and went the length of debating with him as to whether he might not, under the circumstances, put us in the Bill; but our tutor, who loved fair play, stood up for us. He did not even think it necessary to afflict us with any rebuke; he only asked us at dinner next day what we thought of Mr. Joynes's prowess as a racer.

"I think I should have run you down," he added with a smile.

"If you like, sir, I'll carry your challenge to Mr

Joynes, to race him over our course for a new hat," answered Croppie, amid general laughter.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Eliot had, in his day, been the best runner in the school. He was in the eleven of 1829, and to the end of his life took the keenest interest in all athletic sports.

CHAPTER XV.

"CROPPIE"—FOOTBALL.

Croppie was excellent company for a walk up town; and often tried to beguile me from going to play football in our house-games, after twelve.

"What's the use of hopping about a field for an hour, when you never get a chance of touching the ball? I won't play till I get bigger."

Croppie's views upon football were a cause of standing feud between him and the Upper boys. When ordered to go and play in the house-games, he flatly refused, and if kicked or cuffed, bore these assaults stoically. He was equally obstinate about declining to take swimming lessons, or even to bathe, "because," as he drily observed—"drowning is as good a death as any other," and as to bathing, "he could wash much better with hot water in his own room."

I have said that Croppie knew many things which do not generally interest boys. He could speak

French, he knew all about the state of parties in Parliament; he read history for his own amusement, had a turn for archæology, could play capitally on the concertina by ear, without having learnt music, and was passionately fond of animals. At any place except a public school he would have been accounted a boy of great promise; but at Eton he passed for a dunce, because he had no liking for the classics. Among the boys he was rated as a muff, because the sports he loved were not those which were in vogue amongst us.

Such fellows as he were the quidnuncs, the Bohemians, the *déclassés* of our little world. To enjoy respectability, a boy had need to follow one of the three recognized professions of Dry-bob, Wet-bob, or Sap; to play football and to jump in season; or, if he disdained these vanities, to take high places in the school trials, to win prizes, and to get his verses sent up. It was *chic*, as the French say, to win the sculling or the Newcastle scholarship, to be classed among the high-batting averages in 'Lillywhite's Guide,' or to have a double figure in brackets, and a four-line footnote to one's name in the school list; but little credit attached to those fellows who, however gifted, sauntered through their school life without any regular occupation or ambition. On the whole, the contempt in which muffs were held

—that term being applied indiscriminately to all who, not being professed saps, took no energetic part in school games—was based on well-established experience of the qualities that were required to win honours of any kind in the school. At the same time, I think we were hardly perspicacious enough in recognizing signs of talent among fellows whose favourite pursuits lay out of the beaten paths, and who were quietly developing faculties that were to make them rank high in after-life among the *alumni* of whom Eton is proud. I could name several reputed "muffs" who have done surprisingly well in the world.

Croppie never took me for a walk without teaching me something. "Let's look in at Fisher's," he always said when we had strolled up the High Street; and in the bird-fancier's back-yard, peopled with yelping curs, rabbits, and birds in cages who were learning to sing, he used intently to observe animals, and make remarks upon them which would have delighted Darwin. He was not afraid to take up a common trapped sewer rat, and to stroke him as if he were a sparrow, and somehow rats never resented these liberties. If it rained, he would help Fisher for an hour to stuff birds, or to prepare cases of glazed frogs fighting duels. On fine days he would conduct me for rambles about Windsor

Castle, and to hear him talk about the historical events which had been enacted on this spot or that, was like reading a novel of 'Harrison Ainsworth.' He was on friendly terms with the female custodian of the Curfew Tower, and by her favour we were frequently allowed to rove about the ancient place by ourselves. We used to go down to the vault where formerly the dungeons were, and where it is recorded that many a state prisoner suffered torture. In one cell a wretched prisoner of Edward IV.'s reign had cut a hole about a yard long and two feet deep, but without perforating the wall, and he was hanged (Croppie never failed to express his regret for this catastrophe) before he could complete the work which would have set him free. In another cell, Mark Fytton, the Windsor butcher, was confined after he had been arrested for speaking disrespectfully of Anne Boleyn; and Croppie knew the exact embrasure on the summit of the Tower out of which this ill-starred man had been hanged, whilst Henry VIII. and the Duke of Suffolk were gloating over the spectacle from the neighbouring White Tower. As a proof that Croppie might have earned distinction in athletic sports had he pleased, I recollect that he used to run down the steep staircase of the Round Tower, and also the Hundred Steps, with a giddying celerity. Once

when we were in danger of being late for lock-up, he cried, "Here goes!" and bounded down the Hundred Steps with fantastic leaps like a kangaroo —clearing four and six steps at a time, and hardly pausing between his jumps.

I was rescued from the dangerous fascination of Croppie's society by my fag-master, who warned me that he would have no skulking from football.

"You're bound to play whenever there's a house-game; you don't want to grow up a muff, do you?"

"No-o; but—"

"No, but what?"

I was going to say that I was too small to enjoy the house-games, but my master looked so ferocious that I kept silent. Our house had a field in common with Mrs. de Rosen's, the adjoining dame's, so that in the house-games there were often twenty-five a side. All the playing would be done by a dozen of the biggest fellows, and the rest had to trot about doing nothing. If by chance the ball came between your feet and you made an attempt to "bully" it, the violent charge of two or three big fellows on the other side would knock you head over heels, breathless. I have been pitched headlong with my face in the mud, and backwards beyond the rouge line, with such force that I almost turned a somersault; I have lain in front of goals,

flat as a fried sole, with a score of sprawling fellows above, all squeezing the breath out of me. I have had my shins hacked till they were all blue and bleeding, and caused me the most maddening pain, which of course had to be borne and grinned at. I have suffered all these things in jolly games with big fellows, and have seen other small boys suffer worse. Broken limbs were not frequent (though I think there was a broken leg or collar-bone in the school at least once every year), but sprained ankles and partial concussions of the brain, causing sick, nervous headaches, were of daily occurrence. Why the absurdity of making little boys play with big ones was continued it would be hard to say, for big fellows who were good players found small boys terribly in their way. It would have been thought ridiculous if first-rate cricketers had made little inexperienced fellows stand up to their bowling; but it was quite as much so to make such boys play at football, under circumstances which gave them no enjoyment, and which were rather calculated to destroy their nerve than to make good players of them. Probably the house-games were only kept up as a matter of routine, under the mistaken idea that what nobody liked must doubtless have some inherent disciplinary virtue.

Club-games should have superseded the house-

games. It would have been easy to form half-a-dozen excellent clubs[1] for Upper boys, and as many for Lower boys. I always enjoyed the scratch games that were occasionally got up on the afternoons of holidays among boys of my own size. Those in Mr. John Hawtrey's field were especially pleasant; and having received a general invitation to join in them, I learnt the game as I could never have done in our own field, and soon got put into our house eleven.

There was not yet a challenge cup for house elevens, but the houses used to play for "cock of college," and it was a custom that the tutor whose house became "cock" should treat all his pupils to buns for tea on the night of the match. In 1858 we had a pretty strong team. We could not hope to be "cocks," but we made a very good fight for the second place. It was in consequence of two of our fellows having been disabled in our two first matches that I had the honour of playing in the final one against Mr. Marriott's; and I have cause to remember the match, for I had a shinning bout in it with a Lower boy of the rival team.

I am ashamed to say that although, as I have remarked in a former chapter, fights with fists were

[1] For instance, Upper Division and Middle Division Club, Upper Boats and Lower Boats, etc.

on the decline amongst us, fights by kicking or shinning were but too common. I was in the midst of a rouge, and had got the ball between my feet, when an excited boy gave me three kicks on the shin to make me withdraw from the ball. I was jammed so fast in the rouge that I could not so much as move my legs; but when the rouge broke up, I limped towards my aggressor, and asked him what he meant by shinning me? His only answer was to give me another shin, whereupon I kicked him cordially in return. As we were the two smallest fellows on either side, our proceedings were watched with some amusement, and the two elevens actually rested a moment whilst we kicked each other like a pair of young donkeys. Our shinning match was only stopped when it was seen that neither of us was going to give in.

I never saw any improvement in the public opinion of the school about shinning. Everybody condemned it as a disgusting, unsportsman-like practice; but, as in the case of duelling of old, it was held that if a fellow shinned you, you were bound to shin him back. This remained the opinion of Eton all the time I was there; and I cannot but think that the keepers of the field were much to blame one and all for never having used their undoubted powers to put a stop to shinning in matches.

Any boy who deliberately shinned ought to have been turned out of the School Field.

Talking of football, I cannot but recollect with amazement the annual matches at the wall, which were played between collegers and oppidans. There were only seventy collegers, and the oppidans were about ten times as numerous; yet the match on St. Andrew's Day used to give rise to as much excitement as if the elevens were of equal strength. The collegers, who had always a few good players, never failed to make a plucky fight, but they could never win. After the match the oppidan captain used to be hoisted as if his victory was a thing to be proud of. A proposal was once made that the match should be equalized by allowing four masters to play on the side of college, but nothing came of it. I am glad to see, though, that of late years the collegers have succeeded in scoring some victories.

I am not going to try to describe wall-football. It had its votaries, and when my own turn came to join in it, I professed to think it very good fun. The fun consisted in wearing a kind of smock-frock padded at the chest and shoulders, with a cloth bonnet that was tied over the ears; and in stooping against a rough brick wall, and being shoved and grazed during bullies of ten minutes, in the course of which the ball would be jammed tight under

somebody's foot. A good run down from calx to calx was a thing of very rare occurrence, and on cold days the "behinds" and "corners" who did not form down in the bullies, had to stamp about and blow on their fingers to keep themselves warm.

The football elevens had no distinctive dress till 1860. In that year a parti-coloured scarlet and Eton blue shirt with a pork-pie cap were adopted for the field eleven. In the following year the pork-pie was superseded by a cap of the ordinary shape, and white flannel trousers with scarlet and light blue stripes were added to the costume. The wall eleven took a cap and shirt—dark blue and red in bands. In 1862 all the houses began to assume distinctive caps and shirts. House-ribbons for straw hats only came into fashion some years later.

On the first assumption of house uniforms, the fancy of captains for loud colours ran riot somewhat. White caps with Maltese crosses, blue shirts edged with red, etc., began to be seen; and boys were so pleased with themselves in this finery, that an agitation was started to induce the head-master to rescind the rule which prohibited the wearing of flannel caps about college. Dr. Balston would never consent to this, and I think he was right. The old custom of obliging boys to shirk if they met a master when they were on their way to their foot-

ball fields was certainly absurd; but that custom had fallen into disuse, and no master took notice of a boy in change-clothes, unless he saw him loitering about in them. What the agitators really wanted was leave to lounge about out of school-hours in any attire they pleased; and this would have quite destroyed the distinct *cachet* which marked Eton. The rule about wearing tall hats and white ties, or black ones, may have been irksome at times, but at least it made all the boys in the school look like gentlemen.

Very few boys had good taste enough to dress themselves well if left quite free in this matter. The first care of Lower boys going home for the holidays was to put off the black sailor's knot, which looked so neat and mated so well with the turned-down collars, and to sport coloured ties, the louder the better. This nonsensical usage (which I believe still exists) was so inveterate that I remember a Fourth Form boy telling me of having met another of his species in London, and of having been ashamed to walk in Hyde Park with him, because he was so "caddishly" dressed. He was wearing a black tie and brown gloves!

My *arbiter elegantiarum* would have owned him for a gentleman if he had been wearing a red tie and lavenders.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN FOURTH FORM.

In the football half of 1858 there was an outbreak of scarlatina in the school, and we were all sent home for the holidays about a fortnight before the proper time. Some three hundred fellows had been summoned home by their friends before the rest of the school were regularly dismissed, and for about a week we led curious lives. Some of the divisions were reduced to twenty boys, and two or three of these would have to act as præpostors because of the great number of "excuses" that had to be fetched. Masters were rather afraid to be strict, since it might happen that a boy who did not know his lesson had merely been idle because he was sickening. All day long telegraph boys were racing down to Eton with messages calling fellows home; and from dawn to midnight there was a string of flyes outside Wise's waiting for fellows who might have to go at a moment's notice. I chanced to be

one of the last batch who left my tutor's, and for a whole day Croppie, I, and two other Lower boys had the house to ourselves.

One of the results of our premature dispersal was, that Christmas trials were interfered with, and all the Forms got their removes without examination. In this way I went from the Lower School into the Fourth Form. The promotion was a change from some little work to nearly none at all. From a small division under the experienced and strict Lower Master, I passed into one of more than seventy fellows who were quite beyond the power of any master to manage single-handed.

Our master was the Rev. E. D. Stone, a conscientious, amiable man, who did his best to keep an eye upon us all, but who laboured under great difficulties.

Our lesson-hours were very short. On three or four days a week we had a saying lesson in the morning, and we were supposed to have learned forty lines by heart; but as it would have been impossible to hear every boy repeat all these lines between 7.30 and 9 a.m., the lesson amounted to the mumbling of three or four lines only, which were hurriedly committed to memory just before the pupil's turn for repeating them arrived. The master might have compelled us to learn our saying

lesson by calling us up in no regular order, or else by setting us on at what passages he pleased; but this was not the custom. Mr. Russell Day and Mr. C. C. James were the only masters who "set traps" at the saying lessons, and I am afraid that both were very unpopular for their pains.

It was at the saying lessons that our verses and themes were looked over. Each boy therefore obtained on an average fifty seconds of tuition in prose-writing or versification as the case might be.

On whole school days our other lessons were at 11 a.m., at 3 p.m., and 5 p.m.; but each lesson seldom exceeded half-an-hour. It was the practice of the masters to meet in Doctor's Chambers before school in order to confer about school matters, or to exchange vie vs about the events of the day; and generally they tarried in their conference more than ten minutes. Thus, although eleven o'clock school ought to have begun at eleven, it seldom commenced till a quarter past, and it ended at a quarter to twelve. At the first stroke of the clock we slammed our books, caught up our hats, and rushed out without waiting to be dismissed. In this matter again Mr. Day and Mr. James made themselves unlovable by insisting that the exit should only be commenced when they had given the word; and often when the construing had not

been so good as they desired they kept their forms in till twelve o'clock. What grinding of teeth these departures from old-established custom occasioned may be left to the imagination. An Eton master who wished to innovate had need to possess moral courage; for the best directed efforts, while they met with sullen resistance from the boys, were viewed with a disapproval, more or less openly expressed, by the easy-going masters, who wished the school to jog on in the old paths.

Mr. Stone was one of those masters who knew what reforms were wanted in the school, and would have been glad no doubt to join in introducing them if he could have done so without embittering his days with strife. Talleyrand's advice to a placeman, *Surtout point de zèle*, was one which young Eton masters found congenial to their interests; for I suspect they would have seen their affairs get in some mysterious way out of joint if they had embroiled themselves in a war with routine. The temptation to let things slide must have been very potent to them, for if they made themselves popular their houses filled with pupils, and provided they took pains to push on the select few among these in whom they recognized diligence or aptitude out of the common, they would be sure to get a reputation as good tutors.

To take care of the few and let the many take care of themselves was as much as any master could be expected to do. How could even such an excellent master as Mr. Stone ascertain in half-an-hour that the seventy boys in his form had properly prepared their forty lines of Ovid or Cæsar? All he could do was to call up a few boys at random, and if they did not know the lesson to punish them. But to continually punish was weary work, and if a fellow could just manage to stammer through his construing by the help of crib-borrowed words pencilled over the Latin ones, his halting performance had to be accepted. To deal well by the studious fellows in his form, a master had to bestow as little time as possible in trying to spy out the shortcomings of the lazy ones, for it was often urgent that the master should employ most of the few precious minutes at his disposal in explaining obscure passages, or in dilating a little upon some topic historical, mythological, or literary which would suggest itself in connection with the lesson.

When I call back my Fourth Form days, the image of the Rev. Francis St. John Thackeray always starts up before me. I see him with his spectacles, his wandering look and nervous gait, his college-cap planted on the side of his head, and a strawberry pottle pinned to the back of his gown.

That accomplished scholar and thoroughly good man must forgive me if I have retained the recollection of the enjoyable time I spent in his form, and of the innumerable merry pranks I saw played upon him.

Mr. Thackeray was a man of learning and piety, but he was not equal to the management of small boys: they were cattle he did not understand. To spend a half-year in his form was to qualify oneself for admission into that institution which has been advertised for so many years, and where—"Unmanageable and backward boys are rendered perfectly tractable and docile." I passed into Mr. Thackeray's division from Mr. Stone's, and somehow I remained under him for about a year.[1]

His division sat in the Upper School under the first desk to the right as you go in. The forms under the desk to the left were often occupied by Mr. Stone's division; in the middle part of the Upper School, between the two red curtains, was Mr. James's division, and beyond the furthest

[1] Mr. Stone was of senior standing as master to Mr. Thackeray; but my retrograding to Mr. Thackeray's form was due to the retirement of three masters, whereby Mr. Stone got several steps of promotion. In consequence of such changes it would sometimes happen that a boy, getting his two removes in a year, would remain for more than a year in the division of the same master.

curtain Mr. Wayte's. Now to these three other divisions Mr. Thackeray's was a continual cause of wonder and amusement. If Mr. Thackeray made the smallest joke, we roared so loud and long that a præpostor would be sent out from Mr. James's with a request that we should hold our peace. Mr. Thackeray was always making small jokes, so that our merriment was in a manner chronic; but we also uttered lamentable sighs and groans in chorus if he set anybody a *pœna*, though the *pœnas* which he ordered were seldom shown up. He was very short-sighted, and this accounted to some extent for his strange helplessness in coping with our saucy freaks. Some of his fellows would calmly read novels all through school time; others "socked"; others held conversations in pretty loud tones, or passed notes about, or played practical jokes upon one another. Fellows who were called up regularly dropped their books as an excuse for not knowing where to go on, and two or three times in the course of every lesson boys would ask to go out, saying that their noses bled, or that they had headaches. At our saying lessons we used to pin the page which we were supposed to have learnt in front of the desk, so that every fellow could read his two or three lines trippingly. Alas! when the saying lesson was over the page would

sometimes be torn into a long winding shred like an apple-paring, and be pinned, out of sheer bravado, to the back of Mr. Thackeray's gown by the boy who had said last.

One day Mr. James espied through the opening of the red curtains a boy in Mr. Thackeray's division calmly munching a large apple. That boy was myself. Mr. James stepped through the curtains, denounced me amidst audible murmurs from all the other fellows, who resented this interference, and my apple having been confiscated I was at once called up. I did not know the place where the last boy had left off, I had not learnt the lesson, I had not brought in my written derivations, in fact, said Mr. Thackeray excitedly, "This is a very bad case, and I shall complain of you." I then had the astounding impudence to ask that my apple might be given back to me. Mr. Thackeray sternly declined; and handed a bill to the præpostor, who took it out, and returned in about ten minutes, saying I was "to stay." But he had never carried the bill to the head-master at all. It was not often that a præpostor dared to commit such a breach of trust as this, which was tantamount to the tearing up of a magistrate's warrant by a policeman. If I mention the fact, it is to show that learning, talent, goodness, and sweetness of temper

are not enough in a master, unless he possess that one other quality which makes successful stage-coachmen. It is a hard saying, but boys must be driven along the high road of knowledge.

By a chance, which I thought most auspicious at the time, my mathematical master, whilst I was in Mr. Thackeray's division, was the Rev. George Frewer. A better, kinder man than Mr. Frewer, I may add, a more patient teacher, never put chalk to a black board; but he was really too good. He was a thin, dignified little man, whose features often wore an expression of judicial gravity; and when beginning a lesson he always flustered and threatened a good deal, as if he had suddenly repented of his leniency during past times, and meant to turn over a new leaf from that moment. He would march rapidly into his class-room, seize a piece of chalk before the fellows were fairly seated, and cry fiercely: "Humph! there shall be no more idling in this room. If any boy has not brought his extra work I shall complain of him. Lubbock, where's your extra work?"

"Please, sir, I left it at my tutor's."

"I shall complain of you. Humph . . . Pochin, where's yours?"

"Please, sir, I can't find it."

"I shall complain of you, humph . . ." Here a

pause, during which the two menaced ones would assume sorrowful expressions, while the other fellows would lazily open their sum-books and grin. Mr. Frewer having chalked up the enunciation of a problem or some sums, would whisk round, and noticing the looks of contrition on the countenances of the two boys he had threatened, would emit another Humph! and then address himself to us all in these impressive terms: "If you, Lubbock and Pochin, don't bring your extra work to my pupil-room immediately after school, I shall complain of you; and if any of you—mind, I say, if any of you, humph—neglect to bring your work next time, there shall be no more warnings from me; I shall complain of you straight off!"

This was an old song, and we knew the tune well. Mr. Frewer never complained of anybody; he only got extra work from us now and then, and *pœnas* never at all. Being a very successful private coach, and having many extra pupils who came to him of an evening, the small pupil-room in his house (now Mr. F. Tarver's) was encumbered with books and papers, and *pœnas* if brought there would have stood a good chance of being mislaid. This was our ever-ready and mendacious excuse for not bringing any. If asked for one, we always said: "Please, sir, it's in your pupil-room; you will find

it if you ransack the place." But we knew that Mr. Frewer was not going to waste his time in doing what we suggested.

Mr. Frewer was not short-sighted, absent-minded, or nervous, like Mr. Thackeray; and he was not weak, being a man who ruled his house well. But with all his shrewdness and wit—for he was witty—he had great kindness of heart, and he had no doubt made up his mind that the task of inculcating diligence upon boys should devolve upon their respective tutors rather than upon their mathematical master. Anyhow he let us have a rare fling, and he and Mr. Thackeray together prepared me rather poorly for the spell of hard labour I got when eventually I passed into Mr. James's division for classics, and into that of Mr. Hale for mathematics. But this was not until I had attained the remove. All my time in the Fourth was devoted to amusing myself at an annual charge to my parents of about £200.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOING FOR "EXCUSES."

I HAVE sketched some of our Eton masters; let me do the rough portraits of a few more as—being præpostor for the week—I go the round of their houses to fetch "excuses."

Excuses are the written reasons which a tutor or dame gives for the non-appearance of a boarder in school. The præpostor has to mark in all the fellows in his division, and to make out an account of them under three heads: "Leave," "Staying out," and *ab horâ*, or "Late." After every school all the præpostors assemble in the colonnade and hand in their bills to the head-master. They are the ministers of the school for the time being; a great trust is reposed in them, and it is seldom abused except when under a too easy master the discipline of a form has gone all to pieces.

It was not every boy who cared to be præpostor. The "saps," the very eager "Dry bobs" and "Wet

bobs," and boys who were either short-sighted, very shy, or lazy, disliked the responsibilities of the office. It was held in most divisions for a week, and the boys used to arrange among themselves who should take it: in Mr. James's division, however, the præpostorship was held for half a week only, and the out-going place-holder had to deliver up his list to the master, who committed it to the next boy in school order without allowing the post to be declined. Moreover, in Mr. James's happy division, the præpostor when he had gone his rounds of excuse-getting, had to sit down in his usual place and take part in the lesson. Mr. James almost invariably made a point of calling him up. In all other divisions the præpostors did no work in school.[1] In the divisions that sat in the Upper

[1] By way of wasting time, præpostors of the fifteen divisions got into a pleasant little way of going every one of them the round of all the class-rooms to show up their bills. Considering that a lesson-time lasted barely half-an-hour, it may be conceived how much the progress of construing was facilitated, when in the course of half-an-hour the door of the class-room would open and shut fifteen times, causing an interruption of about half a minute on each occasion. Add to this, that among the præpostors there was frequently some boy of facetious mood who would lay himself out to play the fool *pro bono publico.* He would stumble on entering the room, pretend to have hurt his shins, and limp up to the master's desk pulling such lamentable faces that the whole division would burst into a roar. Walking out

School room they occupied the big desks (except during saying lessons), while the Form Masters walked about; and I remember a sharp-witted boy availing himself of this circumstance to extract a large tip from admiring relatives. He brought them up to peep into the Upper School through a round hole in the door, and bade them observe how, whilst all other boys sat on benches, he had a desk to himself. The relatives looked, saw the boy enthrone himself in the seat of honour, and were mightily impressed.

I, then, am præpostor, and with my excuse-paper in hand walk into the class-room of the Rev. J. E. Yonge, wanting to know what is the matter with the boy called Seale. There is nothing the matter, and I am sent off to Mr. Yonge's great square red-brick house to interview Seale in person. Seale is very ill in bed, reading one of Grant's novels. One Royds, his mess-mate, is on his knees before the fire preparing medicine for him under the form of sausages. A clear case of *diesnefastiasis.* Seale affirms that he had applied for leave to "stay out"

he would find something the matter with the door-lock, drop his hat or books, or wink to the whole form with a drollery that kept them in convulsions. A boy called Ross, whom we nicknamed monkey, had such an inimitable talent as a comic actor, and was so renowned for his pranks, that even when he entered a room quite gravely, his mere appearance was the signal for general laughter.

through the footman of his house, and that it had been granted; moreover, his attack being severe, he means to be excused lessons, so that I need not trouble myself to call upon him during five o'clock school.[1] Thereupon I go back to Mr. Yonge, who accepts Seale's version of the facts as reported by me; but scolds me for having mis-shaped the *S* in the name Seale, and on my taking the lecture with some ill grace, adds sharply: "Can't you write yet at your age?"

> "'Tis John Eyre Yonge,
> With the lisping tongue,
> In Homer shoves you on.
> Says: 'What is this? and what is that?
> And why don't you go on?'"

These lines, written years before I went to the school by one of Mr. Yonge's own pupils, commemorate some of his peculiarities. He had not a "lisping tongue" though. He was addicted to talking irritably, and finding fault, but his bark was worse than his bite. He was very much liked by his own pupils, and he was fated to serve longer as an assistant master than any other man in Eton annals, for, on his retirement in 1875,—when all his

[1] Except when "excused lessons," boys who "stayed out" were required to send a translation of their lessons to their Form masters.

old pupils presented him with a testimonial,—he had been thirty-five years a tutor. When in a good humour, he would address any fellow, no matter what might be his age or standing in the school, as "Little boy." He was a kind-hearted, good man, knowing much of Latin and Greek, but having a sovereign contempt for everything he did not know. Mathematics were in his eyes mere vanity, and French a language which could only engage the attention of a trifler. "Thank you for that beautiful *caddux*" (cadeau), he once said to a boy who had presented Mrs. Yonge with some flowers, and chroniclers state that, having once seen the words *timbre poste* on the stamp of a letter which came from France, he asked why the French printed the words "*timber post*" on their stamps?

Mr. Yonge came of a good Devonshire family (his father had been Lower Master at Eton), and he had married the daughter of a peer; but it was not patrician pride that made him wear such a haughty look towards us boys. The severity which he assumed with his cap and gown was purely pedagogical. It puckered up his nostrils and lips, imparting a vexed expression to an otherwise most benign countenance, and made him break out into querulous ejaculations: "Now then!" "Why don't you go on?" etc. To see

Mr. Yonge taking exercise on a flea-bitten white horse seventeen hands high was fine. Some dealer must have received a commission to keep him constantly supplied with steeds of this colour and size, for when I first went to Eton I saw him mounted on a beast of this description; and when, years after leaving the school, I re-visited the place, I beheld Mr. Yonge trotting on an identical white nag, who looked as if he had been fed on old newspapers.

But I have got my excuse from Mr. Yonge, and must run off to Mr. James, one of whose pupils is also down on my list. It is not likely to be a case of whole school-day-fever here, for Mr. James's boys are no shammers. You have only to look at this master's face to see that he is not to be trifled with.

He has thick red whiskers, light-coloured hair, which looks almost white, and whitish eyelashes, which make his piercing blue eyes seem weak. His voice is loud and peremptory, his manner hard, his speech curt. He is a neat and creaseless sort of man; his shirt collar stands high and stiff; the bow of his white necktie is broad. His general outward appearance would not commend itself to a very tender mother seeking a soft-hearted tutor for her boy. One might say to him, *Te suis matres metuunt juvencis.* You must know Mr. James to like

him; but when you do know him well, you like him thoroughly.

I have said that he was unpopular. He was so much so at his first coming, that one day a crowd of fellows on Searle's raft hissed him as he was sculling down the river; and as some of them got into trouble for this affair, the project was mooted of giving him a ducking in Barnes's Pool. I may say, however, that no boy ever passed through Mr. James's form without conceiving the highest opinion of his character and talents. There is a brass tablet on the outside of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which enumerates the virtues of a buried knight, and says of him amongst other things,—

> "Ye idle parson he did hate."

Mr. James hated the idle schoolboy. Nothing less than hatred was the vigorous antipathy which he showed towards a boy in whom he had detected faults of meanness, slovenliness, untruthfulness, or sloth. He would be at such an one again and again until he had wrought a change in him. Difficult as is the task of keeping an eye upon a class of seventy boys, he somehow used to master it. I have a lively recollection of how promptly he disciplined the disorderly contingent (*quorum ego*) which came up to him from the facile Mr. Thackeray. We were like

a tribe of young Bashi-Bazouks suddenly brought under a Prussian colonel. We felt we had got a master, and (here I speak seriously, and with grateful remembrance) a master who acknowledged his responsibility towards the least amongst us—one who was determined, so far as he could, to set the impress of his own manly nature upon every one of our minds.

Mr. James did more good than he thought, certainly more than was ever attributed to him by those who had never attentively considered what manner of man he was. His bluntly expressed scorn of all that was foolish in our customs, his hearty encouragement of all that was sensible and proper, his strictness in seeing that we all did the work that we were supposed to do, caused his influence to operate in us long after we had ceased to be under his control. One night at Oxford a party of old Etonians were talking about our Eton masters, and there were considerable differences of opinion when we came to a close analysis of the merits of some of these gentlemen; but about Mr. James we were unanimous. We all had to confess that we had derived some good from him.

I am off with my "excuse-papers" again, and enter the corner house on the left of Keate's Lane to see Mr. Day. A little man with tinted spectacles, slow, measured step and quiet, muffled voice, signs

my paper for me. *Parva dies*, as we called him, had weak health, and there was a placidity in his manner which spoke of sufferings patiently borne; but he was by no means a weak master. Shrewd, humorous, methodical in all his arrangements, and quietly firm, he kept his division well in hand. His ways were more winning than those of Mr. James, and he was an entertaining teacher, for his knowledge was extensive and various, and he abounded in anecdotes, sallies, and pleasant jests. A Sixth Form præpostor came one day to his division to say that a boy called Elwes was to "stay"; a few minutes later another præpostor arrived, and repeated this message.

"It's a pity for you, Elwes, that two affirmatives don't make a negative," remarked Mr. Day in his small voice.

It was said that a relative and namesake of his had married a Miss Week, and that he was the author of the following happy stanza,—

"A Day the more, a Week the less,
Yet Time must not complain;
There'll soon be little Days enough
To make a Week again."

How came Mr. Day to be superseded? Many old Etonians must have felt surprised when they heard

Dr. Hornby had promoted Mr. James and Mr. E. D. Stone over the heads of several other masters, two of whom—and Mr. Day was one—are said to have resigned in consequence. After what I have stated of Mr. James and Mr. Stone, I shall not be thought to question their fitness for promotion, nor have I a word to urge against Dr. Hornby's use of his undoubted prerogative. Yet I must remark that at the period when I knew Mr. Day he had few superiors as an instructor. He was an original thinker, and his lessons were always more than mere construings of Latin and Greek. He was one of the masters whom I should have liked to hear preach in the college chapel, if it had been the custom for assistant masters to preach. I recollect an excellent little discourse he once addressed to us, when I was in his division, on the meaning of the first commandment. He had just seen a boy in the street go round a ladder from superstitious fear of passing under it; and he pointed out to us that all superstitions which made us attribute luck or ill-luck to certain things or actions were violations of the commandment: "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me."

A word about the Rev. W. Wayte, who left Eton at the same time as Mr. Day, and for the same reason I believe. We called him "Tolly,"—from

the Latin *tolle*,—and he was renowned for smiling once a day, but no more. Naturally, his smile was sweet from its rarity. Mr. Wayte had a square, massive head, a cultured taste for music, painting, and poetry, and no little courage, for he offered himself as candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby after the collapse of Dr. Hayman—a proceeding which shows that, if he had been brought up in a lower sphere of life, he would probably have been willing to take service in Monsieur Bidel's menagerie, and to look after the young lions. I once saw Mr. Wayte prove himself an unmistakably good fellow by the lenient view he took of an assault committed upon him, unintentionally indeed, but carelessly, by two fellows who were larking. This merry pair, whose names were Bagge and Barrington, fancied themselves alone in the Upper School just after twelve, and were dodging each other behind the first of the two red partition curtains. Mr. Wayte came along, and was pushing the curtain aside, when Barrington, thinking it was Bagge, rolled him up several times in the folds, and smote him enthusiastically over the head with a lexicon. Mr. Wayte emerged from the curtain purple-faced, like the sun from behind clouds, and demanded indignantly to know whether he had been assaulted with intent? But Barrington's features exhibited

such a picture of consternation, that the humorous aspect of the situation suddenly struck Mr. Wayte, who smiled his one diurnal smile and said no more. It was generally admitted that scarcely another master in the school would have passed over the matter so easily.

But who are these two masters who come walking along together as I issue from Mr. Vidal's, where I have been for another excuse? One of them, very short-sighted, walks with his head ducked between his shoulders, and is talking aloud, as if in a high wind. As I accidentally stumble against him, he snatches the paper out of my hand, and cries, without looking at me, but as though speaking to himself, "Eh, what?—a præpostor—let me see if any of my pupils have been shamming? Here's a name of four syllables; how can you expect me to read that?" and so tosses the paper over his shoulder, leaving me to race after it as the wind whisks it away.

This unceremonious master is Mr. William Johnson—an eccentric, a sayer of drolleries, and a doer of odd things. He had all the learning, and much of the sarcastic spirit of Erasmus. He was a gentle cynic, rather out of his place among boys, for a great many of his quaintly humorous sayings, audacious paradoxes, and bitter jibes were lost upon them.

He should have sat in Parliament, or have gone to the bar. He would have been the delight of a circuit mess, and might have become an eminent judge.[1]

Anecdotes about him crowd upon me. He was a layman, at a time when it was the almost invariable rule that Eton masters should be clergymen. He was unmarried, and never kept a boarding-house. His pupil-room was at Mr. Vidal's, and he had a great number of pupils, over whom his influence was considerable ; but it was exactly the same influence as a brilliant university professor exercises over undergraduates. There was nothing parental in it, nor pedagogical ; it did not tend to affect the hearts of his hearers, nor to give them any sectarian direction, but to mould their minds. He taught contempt for cant and commonplaces. His manner was brusque, often amusingly so. He would fall into great rages, or pretend to do so, stamping about his pupil-room with gesticulations, and vapouring off his anger at the stupidity of boys. He possibly liked to be thought a little original, and strove to keep up his character in that respect. One day passing over a bridge with one of his pupils, he

[1] Mr. Johnson is known to many by the name of William Cory, the author of that deep and entertaining book, *A Guide to Modern English History*.

took the boy's gold watch chain from him and flung it into the water, where it was lost; but his reasons for doing this he kept to himself.

He would sit with his legs crossed, and in a curled-up posture, holding his book within an inch of his spectacles, and in the middle of a lesson would break into rambling soliloquies by way of conveying his unconventional opinions upon the heroes of Scripture or mythology.

"Adam—contemptible person, lays the blame of that apple business on his wife. Fancy a gentleman saying, 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.' Eve must have thought him a poor creature." A boy would be reading the story of Lucretia and Tarquin: "Lucretia—silly little woman; I have no patience with her. As if she couldn't have simply boxed his ears, instead of making all that fuss!"

Mr. Johnson had not much admiration for Æneas either. He would laugh at the oft-repeated line—

"Obstupui steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit."

"There's a man for you! At everything that happens to him, he exclaims, 'I was struck stupid; my hair stood on end; my voice stuck in my jaws.' No wonder such a poltroon behaved badly to Dido."

Lessons were never dull under Mr. Johnson. He was a kind-hearted and hospitable man too, who

often invited boys to breakfast, to picnics, and water-parties. Sometimes he would invite a favourite pupil to accompany him during the summer holidays on a tour to the continent, and to travel with a man so well informed and sociable was a great treat.

I have said that a master was walking with Mr. Johnson as I brushed against him coming out of Vidal's: this was Mr. Herbert Snow, now Dr. Kynaston, Principal of Cheltenham College. He was a fine muscular master, with broad shoulders, and a rather mastiff-like expression of countenance. He had pulled stroke of the Cambridge University Boat in 1857, and was also a first-rate player at fives and football. He was a splendid example of the fact that physical and intellectual culture may be carried on together, for he was placed in the First Class of the Classical Tripos in 1857. He was Porson Scholar and Camden Medallist, and won the prize for Latin Ode. He was quite a schoolboy's hero, and Cheltenham has in him a head-master of whom it may well be proud.

I find I have yet another excuse to get, and I go to Mr. Marriott's. He also was a shining specimen of athleticism and scholarship combined, for he had been in the Eton eleven, and though he only took a second class at Oxford, this was owing to an

accident. Mr. Marriott died under very sad circumstances some years after I left the school; but his health began to fail as early as 1860, when he ceased to be a tutor, and became a dominie. He was a very handsome man, and conspicuous amongst other masters from wearing the elegant gown of a B.C.L., which was of black silk, cut like a Gentleman commoner's, and heavily braided. He was reputed to be very strict, but he was less so in his house and with his form than when he took his walks abroad, and espied fellows roving out of bounds, and going into prohibited places. He was an astonishingly fast runner, and delighted in exhibiting his prowess, which made him an uncommonly dangerous pursuer for boys who had reason to fly from him. A couple of silly fellows, who had been drinking, once took it into their heads to hire a dog-cart at Windsor, and drive down to college in it. It was towards night-fall, and as they had put on coloured ties, they hoped they might get down to Eton undetected. Mr. Marriott recognized them in the High Street, and gave chase. They were so foolish as to lash the horse into a gallop, and when Mr. Marriott, seizing the foot-board of the hind seat, tried to hoist himself on to the vehicle, one of them actually clubbed the whip and hit him repeatedly on the knuckles

till he dropped, falling on to his face in the road. Mr. Marriott picked himself up, and had the courage to renew the chase. The tipsy boys then turned the dog-cart round and tried to drive back to Windsor, but Mr. Marriott flew at the horse's head, stopped him short, and being assisted by Mr. Carter, who at this moment appeared on the scene, forced the boys to alight, and marched them back to college. They were both expelled, which was a pity, for a sound flogging would have chastised them more effectually, without punishing their friends.

Mr. Marriott's house is now occupied by Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, who was himself one of Mr. Marriott's pupils. I do not know of any other instance of a master succeeding to the ownership of the house at which he had boarded as a boy. Such cases are necessarily rare, because masters are more often ex-collegers than ex-oppidans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE PUG"—"RUNAWAYS"—BULLYING.

At one time our mess got into luck. The sister of our friend the Pug became engaged to an officer of the Guards, and that warrior showed himself more than kind to the brother of his intended bride. He tipped him again and again, sent him hampers, invited him to breakfast at the barracks at Windsor, and told him to bring a friend or two whenever he liked. Sundays were the best days for these breakfasts, and on two or three Sundays of the Jumping-half of 1859, I accompanied my messmate to the barracks in Sheep Street, where we stuffed ourselves with muffins and sausages.

"I go out of pity for the fellow," the Pug used to say grandly. "He's so awfully spooney, that he wants to be talking of my sister all the day long; and then, you see, my *major* doesn't quite approve of the marriage, and so he's glad to have some one in the family to back him up."

The battalion to which the Pug's future brother-in-law belonged owned a black and tan mongrel who had gone through the Crimean War, had got wounded, and wore a medal fastened to a silver collar. Ben was friendly to all soldiers in uniform, but he had been taught to snarl at civilians. One Sunday morning as we were passing through the barrack gate, Ben was squatting on his haunches beside the sentry, and I unwarily stooped to pat his head, upon which he made a snap at me. The Pug, consulting only the voice of friendship, sped the dog a kick ; but Ben, unaccustomed to such treatment, caught him by the leg of his trousers, and for some seconds could not be shaken off. The sergeant of the guard and several soldiers hurried up to drag Ben away, and in the midst of the scuffle, the future brother-in-law, who was on duty that day, bolted out of the mess-room in full regimentals, and talked of nothing less than slaying Ben with the sword. He was in consternation at seeing the Pug pale, angry, and somewhat frightened, as boys—or grown men too, for that matter—generally are when dogs have tried to bite them ; but the only damage done was to our friend's pantaloons. These were so rent that our host's servant had to stitch them so that the Pug might get back to college without attracting attention. The brother-in-law was so nervous,

however, in proffering sal volatile, and repeating,—"I say, you're sure you're not hurt?" that the Pug ended by grinning, and gave me a nudge in the ribs with his elbow—which being perceived by the other officers who were breakfasting, set them all in a laugh.

"I bet he comes down to college this afternoon to see if I've not got hydrophobia," remarked the Pug, as we were going back to chapel; and sure enough the gallant officer turned up later in the day, bringing with him a medicine which is specific for most human ailments, and has been called Golden Balm. "That's all very well," said the Pug, as he informed me of this new tip; "but I hope this fellow will be as jolly after he's married as he is now. I sometimes think he is helping us too largely to sweets before dinner."

The Pug's misgivings were not justified, for the marriage of his sister turned out very well, and the Guardsman showed himself an unexceptionable brother-in-law. When I think of him I am always reminded of another school friend, whose widowed mother married a good-looking young curate, but with results to my friend very different to those the Pug enjoyed.

The curate before his marriage was quite as agreeable as the Guardsman before his. Let me call

him Mr. Trekle, and my friend the widow's son Tom. The widow had plenty of money, but she felt nervous as to whether Tom would take kindly to a step-father, so before giving Mr. Trekle a definite answer, she sent him on a visit to Eton to see if he could make friends with her boy. The divine having commenced his canvass by giving Tom a dinner at the White Hart, and presenting him with a couple of sovereigns, at once obtained that good son's suffrage. Tom kept saying to all the fellows in his house,—

"I say, my mater is going to marry a regular brick; and I'm awfully glad she's going to re-marry, because you know a lady can't manage an estate by herself."

The truth is, master Tom, being an only son, had been rather spoilt by his mother, and thought meanly of her administrative abilities owing to her having been weak towards himself. He obtained three days' leave to go and see his mother married, and returned in the highest glee with some more sovereigns, and a gold watch and chain. This was in the middle of a school-half, and when the holidays arrived, Tom went home with the gladdest anticipations of the happy time he was going to spend.

But he returned to Eton after the holidays in a

very different frame of mind. He positively scowled when somebody asked him for news of Mr. Trekle's health; then bit by bit the whole horrible story came out. Less than a week after he had gone home for the holidays, Tom had been corporeally punished by Mr. Trekle, for speaking without sufficient respect to his mother. From that time there had been war between the clergyman and Tom, and it raged for months—Tom being systematically sulky, and Mr. Trekle every time his stepson was at home for the holidays, using a riding-whip to correct faults of temper. At last Mr. Trekle resolved that Eton was no place for a boy whose character wanted anxious tending, and so poor Tom was removed to a very strict private tutor's. This so much afflicted him that just before he left Eton he seriously debated as to whether he should not run away and go to sea; but he was checked from taking this course by reading Mr. (now Canon) Farrar's story of *Eric*.

It was not often that boys ran away from Eton. Old Etonians of former generations spoke of this offence as quite common; but it only remained so while the *régime* of the school was hard, when manners were rough and sometimes brutal, and when a good deal of bullying went on. There was very little bullying in the times of which I am

writing, but some isolated cases of it did occur, and with one exception, all the boys whom I knew take French leave of the school, did so because they had been bullied. I think there were half-a-dozen of them altogether.

Two of them were from Mr. Eliot's house, and this was very unpleasant for us who boarded there. The double event threw a temporary disrepute on the house. There were, in fact, three escapes within a few weeks, for the boy who fled first was brought back by his friends, and ran away again a few days later; then the other boy went away. On the evening of this third escapade there was consternation in our midst. We were all silent and pained, scarcely daring to speak of an occurrence which we felt disgraced us all. Our tutor summoned some of the Upper boys singly into his study, and instituted a sort of inquiry; but it led to nothing. The bullying had been of a moral kind—repeated little acts of unkindness producing chronic irritation; but without blows. The culprit could not be punished; he was noxious by nature, like a stinging-nettle; but there was no deliberate purpose of bullying in what he had done.

Two of the other boys who ran away were collegers. They had been badly used by a vicious lout and two or three of his toadies, and having

lately been reading Marryat's novels, they thought they would go to sea. They were absent about a week; advertisements for them were put into the newspapers, and they were captured at Harwich. No punishment was inflicted upon them, as they came back to the school lean and ragged, and it was considered that they had suffered enough. Not long after this a gross case of bullying took place in college, and Dr. Goodford wisely punished the two offenders with exceptional rigour. They were severely flogged, and "turned down" six divisions. From the Upper Fifth they were reduced to the Upper Fourth Form, and became fags again. This well-merited degradation was acutely felt, for the bullies, who were both big fellows, had to sit among the smallest collegers in chapel, and were for some weeks very conspicuous, hang-dog-looking objects.

Eton was fortunate in being free from the monitorial system which has been so egregiously abused in other schools. To hear a Wykamist talk of the Winchester "tundings," or an old Westminster describe how Queen's scholars of the junior election might be "buccassed" (that is, smitten heavily on the ears and cheeks) by seniors—was to make one rejoice at belonging to a school where such inhumanities were no longer practised. The powers

of the Sixth Form in the matter of caning the Lower boys and setting them *pœnas*, had become quite obsolete. The respect with which the Sixth Form were regarded arose from no fear of them, but rather from the knowledge that they would unhesitatingly use their authority to prevent bullying and abuses of power by Fifth Form boys, if occasion so required. In a house where there was a Sixth Form boy there could really be no bullying; for although the Sixth Form boy might not be the equal in physical strength of some in the Fifth Form, the prestige he enjoyed, through being known to have extensive powers, which he might have used at a pinch, gave him undisputed might in protecting the weak.

One of the boys who ran away from Eton did so from fear of a fellow in the Sixth Form. He had not been bullied; it was he who had bullied a smaller boy; and the circumstances having come to the knowledge of the house-captain, who was in the Sixth, the bully had been ordered to attend in the captain's room "after two." The summons so terrified the bully, who was a hobbedehoy, with as little courage as sense, that he took to his heels and went to London. His relatives did not send him back to Eton; but a few days after he had left the school, a funny thing happened, for the Sixth

Form boy whom he had dreaded, being in town on leave, encountered him in Hyde Park. The runaway probably thought that his enemy had been sent to apprehend him; for with a look of dismay he turned and scampered off as hard as he could go, to the wonder of passers-by.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN MR. BIRCH'S FORM.

The difference between boys in the Fifth Form and Lower boys was the same as that between officers and privates; and to get into the remove was like becoming a non-commissioned officer.

The analogy held in every way, for in the Remove the work was harder than in any other part of the school until you came to Doctor's division. I went up from the light work of the Fourth Form, and from the *far niente* division of Mr. Thackeray, and found myself under the tight governance of Mr. James, with all sorts of new and horrid books to learn: Homer, *Scriptores Græci* and *Romani;* and with "Maps" and "Description" to do every week as well as verses and themes.

I have said enough of Mr. James to render it unnecessary that I should repeat what kind of life I led under him; so I may at once pass on to the

time when, being in Upper Remove, I got into Mr. A. F. Birch's form. Here was some repose again: not the ease without dignity one abused under a master whose hand was nerveless, but the relaxation from a very firm curb and from a saddle which sat heavily. Mr. James kept you trotting at a sharp steady pace, which there was no slackening; but Mr. Birch was a master with two or three little whims and fads; and if you humoured these he would let you jog along in your own way, more or less.

Mr. Birch, though he had so many pupils whose names were in the peerage, was himself anything but a "tuft-hunter"; a cool, calm contentment with his own self kept him from feeling the least subserviency towards persons of rank. He had some of the ways—the drawl, the yawn—of the languid swell, and was quite as well fitted to be an officer in a crack cavalry regiment as a clergyman. He had a handsome face, with thick brown whiskers which grew up to the very confines of his upper lip, as if they could hardly be kept back from spreading a military moustache over it. His favourite attitude was to rest his elbow on his desk, twist up tufts of his whiskers and chew them, or else he would run the taper fingers of a lady-like hand through their luxuriant thickness and

comb them. Mr. Birch's hobbies were hero-worship and English poetry of the martial order; his minor crazes were for good handwriting and neatly executed maps.

These maps were a regular nuisance to us. We had to get a blank one every week from the bookseller's, paint its outlines, and fill it up with names. If the names had been modern ones, we might have felt some interest in the work; but they were all ancient names that occurred in our Latin and Greek books, and the copying of them was most tedious. The maps had to be shown up with from a dozen to twenty pages, foolscap size, of Description extracted from a book of ancient geography. Now the boy who wished to stand well with Mr. Birch, would have to bring up maps coloured with artistic nicety, and with the names written like copperplate. Maps that were clumsily coloured evoked an indignant "Pish!" but if there was the least smudge or blot upon them they were "torn over," and you had to do fresh ones. It was the same with the Descriptions. If you wanted to ensure that no errors in your composition should be detected, you had only to copy it in your most graceful hand, and the chances were that it would not be read at all.

Just as Mr. James hated idlers, so Algernon, as

we called Mr. Birch (the name having something to do with whiskers), loathed dunder-heads. He would not hurry the neat intelligent boy who took his work coolly; but in his lofty way he would say cutting, contemptuous things to the boy who was an oaf, who had no soul for poetry, whose perceptions of humour were dim. I had not been long in his division when one summer afternoon, the heat or something making me unusually stupid, I construed the words *tam fœde* (so foully) as if they were *tali fœdere*, and I blurted out: "By such a—a treaty."

"*By such a treaty?*" echoed Algernon, pausing in the mastication of a mouthful of whisker. "Have you just been released from the shafts of Mrs. Dell's cart?"

"*Tam . . . tam*," I faltered, more benighted than ever.

"Oh, oh! this is too much," cried Algernon with a snort. "Sit down; you must be flogged; this stupidity passes belief."

Down I sat with the prospect of being swished in half-an-hour. But the fellow who was called up after me construed very well, so that Algernon was pleased, and relented towards me.

"I should think you might fall on your head without breaking it," he remarked. "I wonder

whether every other part of you is as thick? How often have you been flogged?"

"I was flogged in the Lower School, sir," I answered, amid general laughter.

"But not since you have been in the Upper School? You don't know how Dr. Goodford flogs, then? . . . Wouldn't you like to learn?"

"No, sir," I replied. "*Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.*"

This playing back of his ball was just the thing to delight Mr. Birch. He laughed aloud, and I was quite reinstated in his good graces. I learnt after this to be very fond of him, for his love of poetry and his enthusiasm for all that was heroic were attractive qualities in a Form Master. During the risings in Italy of 1860, he used to rave about Italian freedom, MacMahon, the battle of Magenta, and Garibaldi. We had Garibaldi verses to write, themes upon Silvio Pellico, Daniel Manin, and even Masaniello. Respecting this last hero, a boy named Phipps made an amusing mistake, confusing him with Ugolino, the man who devoured his own children. He showed up a theme in which an account of the patriotic fisherman's rebellion tailed off with some feeling considerations on the ingratitude of the Neapolitans in allowing their liberator to be reduced to so low a condition that

"*caruit cibo et dilectos filios pulcherrimasque puellas non sine lachrymis, eheu! comedit.*"

Mr. Birch certainly did his best to make us acquainted with the grandest English poems, for he occasionally gave us passages from Shakespeare, Scott, or Macaulay's *Lays* to learn by heart, instead of the usual saying-lesson from Homer or Horace. It may have been a result of the refining influences thus brought to bear upon me that, whilst in Mr. Birch's division, I became temporarily mixed up with a literary set, who for a year had been bringing out a School periodical, called *The Eton Observer*.

The *Observer* had been preceded by a publication entitled, *Porticus Etonensis*, the which had been started in rivalry to a general public school magazine named the *Portico*.

The *Portico* was poor stuff, and the *Porticus* was no better, I am afraid.[1] The *Observer*, on the

[1] I have kept in memory the opening lines of the *Porticus*. Like nursery rhymes, such jingles often haunt one for a lifetime.

> "All our writing labours done,
> Out at last is Number One.
> Every boy and mother's son
> Cries 'Success to Number One!'
> Colleger and Oppid*un*
> Please invest in Number One.
> Sixpence loss is really none,
> When you think of Number One.

contrary, had some smart writing, chiefly contributed by its editor, Vincent Stuckey Coles. As the *Porticus* was conducted by some "swells," among whom were J. B. Dyne, captain of the eleven, G. W. Kekewich, and M. Hankey, commonly called Peg-top Hankey (owing to the shape of his pantaloons, which was an exaggeration of a fashion then prevalent), it was thought impertinence on the part of Coles, who was only a Lower boy in Upper Remove, to dare poke fun from the columns of the *Observer* at the other paper. A literary *fracas* ensued. A copy of satirical verses ridiculing the 'Poet Stuckey,' and generally attributed to Dyne, was issued from Williams's, where the *Porticus* was published; whereupon Stuckey shot out an answer quite as satirical from the office of the *Observer* at Ingalton's.

This exchange of amenities formed the nine days' wonder of the Jumping half of 1859; but it was commonly held that Coles had got the better of the encounter. His *Observer* did not last more than a year, for such publications were little supported by the school once the novelty of

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And if when *bought* (excuse the pun),
You despise our Number One—
It's what before 's been often done.
Sold at least is Number One."

the early numbers had worn off. Coles's best assistants were Vincent Cracroft-Amcotts,[1] and W. H. C. Nation, who afterwards became an able journalist and editor of a London magazine.

If I remember rightly, the *Observer* startled the nerves of the reading public in our little world by giving scraps of news touching school affairs. This caused it to be looked upon much as the *Society Journals* were when they first appeared, by partisans of the old decorous weekly reviews. The *Porticus* severely condemned as in execrable taste some lines of reporting about the company which had been present at a concert. As I have sometimes noticed, however, in the case of other papers, since I came to man's estate, its own canons of taste were not peculiarly strict when it was assailing an opponent.

Before I left Eton a stride was made in school journalism by the launching of the Eton *Chronicle*, a regular fortnightly newspaper, which flourishes to this day. Its first conductors were W. W. Wood, J. E. Tinné, Ashby Pochin, and Henry Neville Sherbrooke. The paper was the actual

[1] Of Hackthorn, Lincolnshire. He edited at Eton a short-lived but rather clever periodical, the *Phœnix*, which arose out of the ashes of the *Observer*. He and Coles were called the two Vincents. Coles is now Rector of Shepton, Somerset.

property of its founders, who drew two or three pounds profit from it—each—during its first half; but it afterwards passed into the hands of Mr. Williams the publisher, and now belongs to the latter's successor, Mr. Ingalton Drake.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST OPPIDAN DINNER.

One afternoon in the summer half of 1859, a telegram arrived for an Upper boy in my tutor's house, and Mr. Eliot, sending for me into his study, gave me the message to deliver.

"I think he should have it at once," remarked my tutor, "and I suppose you know where to find him?"

"Oh, yes, sir," I answered demurely. My tutor knew as well as I that the Upper boy in question was dining with the captain of the boats, at the annual oppidan dinner, but it did not suit him to pretend to know anything about it. With the telegram in my pocket I set off for the White Hart Hotel at Windsor.

The noise of the feasters could plainly be heard in the street, for they were dining in the large room on the first floor with all the windows open.

Anxious to see the sight, I did not hand the telegram to a waiter, but ran up-stairs, and boldly entered the room to carry it in person.

It was the last Oppidan Dinner ever held, and that is why I chronicle it here. Wynne, M.A.,[1] as captain of the boats and host, sat in the place of honour, having on his right the captain of the oppidans, the Hon. Robert Duncan[2] (now Lord Camperdown), and on his left the captain of the eleven, the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton[3] (now Lord Lyttelton). The other guests included the members of that year's eight, who were Montagu Lubbock, Robert Stanley Scholfield,[4] John Bradney,[5] R. H. Blake-Humfrey,[6] H. B. Rhodes,[7] R. S. Hall,[8] and R. E. Moore;[9] the members of the eleven — R. A. H. Mitchell,[10] Walter Marsham Hoare,[11] Herbert Hay

[1] C. A. Wynne of Cefnamlwch, Carnarvonshire. Now Wynne-Finch.

[2] Afterwards Balliol Coll., Oxf.; 1st cl. Classics, 1862.

[3] „ Trin. Coll., Camb.; 1st cl. Law Tripos, 1868.

[4] „ Trin. Coll., Camb. Called to the Bar.

[5] „ 14th Hussars.

[6] „ Trin. Coll., Camb.; has changed his name to Mason.

[7] „ 68th Regiment, Light Infantry.

[8] „ Coldstream Guards.

[9] „ Ch. Ch., Oxf.; died 1861.

[10] „ Balliol Coll., Oxf.; now assistant-master at Eton.

[11] „ Exeter Coll., Oxf.: now Rector of Colkirk, Fakenham, Norfolk.

Langham,[1] Philip Norman, C. R. Hornby,[2] and Charles Gilbert Heathcote.[3] Of the four other members of the eleven, one, M. Lubbock, has already been mentioned as being in the eight; and the other three, William Mackworth Young,[4] A. Austen Leigh,[5] and Richard Henry Carter, were collegers.

To write like a court newsman, I might add, the general circle included the Hon. T. G. Grosvenor, who was captain of Lower Boats; H. Garnett,[6] captain of the *Thetis;* Hugh Fraser,[7] captain of the *St. George;* J. R. H. Elwes, captain of the *Defiance;* Frank Edward Hopwood,[8] coxswain of the eight; Lords Newry,[9] Boringdon,[10] Brabazon, and John Harvey, the Hon. T. de Grey, the Hon. C. R. (now Lord) Carington, the Hon. H. C. Needham,[11] coxswain of the *Dreadnought,* and the Hon. J. L. Bertie, coxswain of the *Thetis,*—all of whom, for

[1] Afterwards 1st Life Guards.
[2] ,, Balliol Coll., Oxf.; 30th Regiment, Infantry.
[3] ,, Trin. Coll., Camb. Called to the Bar.
[4] ,, Fellow of King's. Indian Civil Service.
[5] ,, Fellow of King's; 1st cl. Classics, 1863; Browne's Medallist.
[6] ,, 85th Regiment.
[7] ,, 71st Highlanders.
[8] ,, Ch. Ch., Oxf. Now Rector of Badsworth, Pontefract, Yorkshire.
[9] Now Earl of Kilmorey.
[10] Now Earl of Morley.
[11] Afterwards Ch. Ch., Oxf., and Coldstream Guards.

different reasons unconnected with their social rank, were reckoned as "swells."

Oppidan dinner was a banquet in two acts. It commenced at four o'clock; but at a quarter to six the guests had to rise and return to college for "six o'clock absence." This over, they returned for dessert, toast-drinking, coffee, etc., and remained at table till about half-past eight. At the moment when I entered the room the guests were pegging away at their ducks and peas; but the champagne had not gone round often enough to drown anybody's reason. There was a good deal of jollity and laughter, but no uproar. At absence, however, many swells walked as if they found the stones of the school-yard slippery, and Dr. Goodford, as he called the names over, kindly kept his eyes on his list, so that he might not see too much. At lock-up time it was much worse, and I had to assist in putting to bed a swell of our house, who was so mightily drunk that it took half a dozen fellows, our tutor's butler, and two boys' maids to get him up-stairs. He violently resisted our efforts to undress him, and when he had been put between sheets, he rolled out of bed, and wanted to go down-stairs in his night-shirt and shake hands with our tutor. He was going to leave at the end of that half, and there was fear amongst us all lest our tutor should see him in his unseemly

condition. But our tutor discreetly kept out of the way.

Happily, not many of the guests were so drunk as this one; indeed, this last Oppidan Dinner was said to have been the soberest on record. An old waiter of the White Hart remarked in my hearing that he had never seen so few bottles opened, and he said this in a tone implying that an institution which evidently departed from its original purpose was ripe for abolition.

Did many of the Oppidans suspect that in the following year Blake-Humfrey would agree with Dr. Goodford to put down the annual carousal? The majority of those present would probably have voted the suppression, for they were not at all a rowdy set of fellows at Eton that year. The best set in the school had ceased to be the fastest, and it was becoming a sign of the true swell to be quiet as well as manly, temperate as well as strong.

Some facts in connection with the guests at this dinner deserve to be noticed.

No less than six of the eleven (Young, Heathcote, Lubbock, Hoare, Langham, and Carter) were in the Sixth Form—a coincidence which occurred very rarely. Young was captain of the school.

Lubbock, *max.*, was Second Captain of the Boats as well as in the eleven. Hoare, *max.*, was second

choice out of the eight besides being in the eleven; he became afterwards a most famous oarsman, and rowed stroke of the Oxford University eight in 1861-2-3, inaugurating the series of nine victories over Cambridge, which only came to an end in 1870.

The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton,[1] who was Captain of the Eleven in 1859, was to hold the same place in 1860; and Blake-Humfrey, captain of the *Dreadnought*, was to be captain of the Boats in 1860-61. Lyttelton and Blake-Humfrey were both to have a great influence in improving the tone of the school. By their example of excellent conduct they put loud fastness out of fashion, and by the judicious selections they made for the eleven and the eight respectively, they gave encouragement to all patient, steady workers on field and river. Lyttelton was the eldest of eight brothers, who have all won renown as cricketers, and have done Eton good service in many other respects.

Robert Eten Moore, who was in the eight of 1859, went to Christ Church, and died in the follow-

[1] J. B. Dyne played as captain at Lord's against Harrow; but he had already left the school for King's. He had been nominal captain in 1858 also, but had yielded his place to C. L. Sutherland, because he wanted to read hard. Dyne, K. S., won the Newcastle scholarship in 1859.

P

ing year. He was a tall, fair-haired, handsome boy, whose premature death was much regretted.

Frank Edward Hopwood, coxswain of the eight, was to steer the Oxford University Boat in 1862 and 1863. He was to be succeeded, by the way, by Charles Tottenham, "the best cox who ever handled the lines," who steered Oxford in 1864-5-6-7-8, and who in 1859 was a boy in the Upper Fourth.

R. A. H. Mitchell was to be Captain of the Eleven in 1861, and to play four times in 1862-3-4-5, for Oxford University. In those four matches he had seven innings, and made an average of forty-two per innings—no small feat.

The Hon. T. de Grey[1] was to be in the eleven in 1860 and 1861, and to play for Cambridge in 1862 and 1863.

H. Garnett, captain of the *Thetis*, rowed in the eight of 1860, and was very near to being in the eleven of 1861.

Lord Boringdon (Earl of Morley), who is now member of the Governing Body at Eton, rowed in the eights of 1860-61. He afterwards went to Balliol, and took a first class in the Final Schools.

Altogether it will be seen that Wynne's guests formed a pretty brilliant company. Many of them

[1] Now Lord Walsingham.

were boys of great promise, who afterwards fulfilled all the expectations they had raised, and have become distinguished men.

Thinking of them and of others who were heroes of my Lower boy days, I am reminded of the awe with which we used to look upon a Captain of the Boats. He was of something more than common clay. I once travelled in a railway carriage with a gentleman, who fell into conversation with me, and let out that he had been Captain of the Boats years before. I felt really humiliated to see him wearing an oldish coat. It seemed to me somehow that a past captain ought to the end of his life to wear insignia—if only proud looks—to mark him out for the admiration of men. Something of this old feeling recurred to me lately, when I received a letter from one of the most brilliant of our former captains.

The captainship of the boats was certainly an office of great honour and responsibility. It was supposed to devolve almost as a matter of course on the senior "choice" of the eight; but the authorities had an informal voice in selecting the fittest candidate for the post. If the head-master felt that a certain boy was not steady enough to make a good captain of the Boats, influence would be used to get a steadier than he preferred

to him in "choices"; or if this could not be managed, it would be contrived, either that the unsatisfactory oarsman should leave the school, or that some boy who was senior to him should remain an extra year at the school, on purpose to take the captaincy. I remember two or three instances of boys, who had made absolutely sure that they would be captains, being disappointed within the last week of the summer half. One of these was so offended that he left the school a year sooner than he intended to do; another bore his disappointment in a very manly way, and made the authorities regret that they had misjudged him, for he was not only an incomparably better oarsman than the fellow who was made to supersede him, but he was far more popular, and had more aptitude for command. He became afterwards President of the O.U.B.C., and a renowned aquatic coach.

The mistake committed in this case, however, was only one of those which show that schoolmasters are not infallible; generally the influence which they exercised in the selection of a captain was as wise as discreet. All the captains of my time were worthy of the office they held. It was a question often discussed as to whether the second captain of the Boats, if he had rowed in the previous year's eight, might claim to be consulted by the captain

in all matters of administration; and again, whether the captains of the different long-boats, should be quite free to select their own crews, to promote fellows from one boat to another, etc. Before Mr. Warre came to the school, the captains of the Boats did commonly recognize their second captains as advisers ex-officio, and often the captain of the Lower Boats was called into council. In this way the boats had a sort of constitutional government, and the other captains were left pretty free to manage each his own boat, so long as they made no very preposterous selections.

But when Mr. Warre came, it was he who practically assumed all the functions of captain of the Boats; and very little was done thenceforth without his advice, nothing without his approval. This brings me to the events of the year 1860.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

This year 1860 was a very important one for Eton. Mr. Edmond Warre, coming to the school as master, several sensible innovations were brought about through his agency. From these, others indirectly arose, and the year therefore stands marked as one of numerous reforms.

The influence of Mr. Warre upon Eton has been very great; he came to us with a high reputation from Oxford. He had taken a First Class in Classics, and he had pulled in the University eight. He was a Fellow of All Souls. At Eton he had won the Newcastle Scholarship and the Pulling. He was a most handsome man, of fine stature and build, with the brightest smile and winning manners. He had not the air of a don at all, for he wore an eye-glass, and dressed unclerically. Soon after he had come Mr. Stephen Hawtrey said to me,—

"Ah, you have a wonderful master now! If he will only stay, it will be a happy thing for Eton; but his ambition won't be satisfied with school-master's work; I am afraid he'll want to become Lord Chancellor." (Mr. Warre had not yet taken orders.)

Another good judge of character, Harry Goodman, the boat-builder, said to me with a wag of the head,—

"There never was a better gentleman at Eton than Mr. Warre. I said it when he was at the school, and I always felt that he would come to something. I'll tell you two things about him. He never smoked, and nobody ever saw him take a glass too much—not even at Oxford."

It is certain that if Mr. Warre had gone to the Bar, he would have made a figure there; but, contrary to the expectation of those who were acquainted with his great talents, he was satisfied to remain at the school as assistant-master, and this, as Mr. Stephen Hawtrey prophesied, has been a fortunate thing for Eton. For the last twenty-two years Mr. Warre has been the master in charge of the river, boating and bathing; he has been the assiduous coach of the eights, the adviser of successive captains of the Boats; and in these capacities he has not only displayed untiring energy and

devotion, but has exercised the best judgment. His ascendancy over boys is great; he understands them, knows how to manage them, likes them, and is liked by them. Considering how jealous captains of the Boats used to be about any interference with their prerogatives, and seeing how crusty all boys are apt to become if a master mixes himself up injudiciously with their games, it speaks well for Mr. Warre's tact that he should, from the first, have been gladly accepted as a monitor, and that during his now long connection with the Boats. there should never have been any impatience of his control. The thanks of a whole generation of Etonians are due to him, for the really generous ardour with which he has devoted himself to the improvement of rowing at Eton, sacrificing his evenings, night after night, summer after summer, to coach crews, patiently correcting faults, and showing himself invariably cheerful and friendly.

To return to 1860. A chief event of that year was the abolition of Oppidan Dinner and Check nights.

R. H. Blake-Humfrey, the captain of the Boats, carried out these last reforms in unison with Mr. Warre; and as a compensation for the disturbance of old arrangements, obtained from the head-master several valuable concessions for the school: 1st, the

eight were to be allowed to row every year at Henley Regatta ; 2nd, the annual boat race against Westminster was to be revived ; 3rd, the whole of the High Street, as far as Windsor Bridge, was placed within bounds, so that boys going to the brocas or returning from it were no longer obliged to "shirk" when they met masters ; and 4th, "boating bills" were instituted so as to put aquatics on the same footing as cricket with respect to exemptions from six o'clock absence. It was the practice of the captain of the eleven on the afternoons of holidays and half-holidays to hand the head-master a list of the fellows who were going to play in Upper Club; and these were excused from attendance in the school yard at 6 o'clock calling over. It was now permitted that on days in the summer half when there was no five o'clock school, the crews of two eight oars should be excused from "absence" on condition of their undertaking to row to within sight of Cookham Lock. The "strokes" of the two boats were made responsible, on their words of honour, for the fulfilment of this promise.

In the way of other innovations of that year, three days were added to each of the vacations (which made nine days in the year) by dismissing the school always on a Friday instead of on a

Monday. It was in 1860, again, that the Eton Volunteer Corps was established; and in that year also there was a thorough revival of good cricket in the school, thanks to the permanent engagement of a professional, R. Bell, to coach in Upper Club.

This revival was sadly wanted, for the eleven had acquired a habit which bade fair to become chronic of getting well thrashed by Harrow every year. For many seasons the play of our elevens had been slovenly. There were always some good "bats" in it; but the fielding was poor, and the bowling weak. In cricket there is a good style not to be picked up by desultory practice, and our fellows really suffered for want of an expert cricketing tutor to cure them of their defects and to inculcate briskness in fielding. Harrow enjoyed the invaluable services of the Hon. Robert Grimston and the Hon. F. Ponsonby,[1] two "old boys," who made it the business of their lives to coach the eleven, and they were occasionally assisted by professionals who were engaged for a week or a fortnight at a time. As a result of all this, Harrow scored eight consecutive victories against us from 1851 to 1859 (there was no match in 1856), and in its teams

[1] It was Mr. F. Ponsonby who once on Parker's Piece hit a ball so hard that nine runs were made for the hit without an overthrow.

figured such excellent cricketers as W. C. Clayton, and his brother R. Clayton, R. Lang, H. W. Plowden, H. Upcher, A. W. Daniel, R. D. Elphinstone, and the Walkers, E. V., R. D., and T. D.

When Mr. Edmond Warre took the coaching of the eight into his hands, the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, captain of the eleven, roused himself and engaged R. Bell from Cambridge, as above said. Lyttelton had been captain in 1859, and had taken to Lord's a team which, though fairly good, had got beaten in one innings. Possibly he then swore some such oath as Horatius Cocles or Titus Smalls, for the eleven which went up to Lord's in 1860 was one of the finest Eton has ever had, and played one of the most exciting matches on record.

Formerly, that is, before my time, the Eton and Harrow match had been but one of a series of public school encounters that filled up the whole of the first week in August. It was the "Gentlemen Colts" week. From 1825 to 1854 Eton, Winchester, and Harrow came up pretty regularly to Lord's at the commencement of the summer holidays, and tried conclusions with one another, each school playing two matches. From the cricketing point of view this arrangement was good, for no match was ever left unfinished, as it has happened so often of late years. In 1843, for instance, the

Eton and Winchester match was carried on through four days, owing to breaks caused by wet weather. During many years the superiority rested altogether with Eton, which, out of the twenty-two matches played against Harrow between 1822 and 1848, won 16. In 1841 the captain of the Eton eleven, Emilius Bayley, achieved a feat that has never been equalled, for he beat Harrow off his own bat in one innings. His score was 152, while the combined totals of the two innings of the Harrow eleven —98 and 35—reached only 133. It is fair to mention, however, that in those days Harrow was not such a flourishing place as it is now; the number of boys in the school having fallen in 1845 so low as 67. In many matches the glorious uncertainty of cricket was exhibited, but never so ludicrously as in 1831, when each school got a one-innings beating, and secured a one-innings victory—that is, Winchester first beat Harrow, then Harrow beat Eton, and finally Eton beat Winchester, all in one innings.

In 1855 the Public School week at Lord's was abolished, owing to the complaints of many parents, who objected to see their boys remain for more than a week in London under no tutorial control. From that time Winchester ceased to play Harrow; but it was arranged that Eton and Winchester

should meet on the cricket fields of their respective schools alternately. As for the Eton and Harrow match, it ran danger of total suppression, for in 1856 and 1857 Dr. Goodford forbade the Etonians to appear at Lord's. The match played in the latter year was between Etonians and Harrovians who had already left their schools.

When I first went to Eton, there used to be intermittent outbreaks of controversy in the papers about the revival of the match at Lord's. The reason most frequently urged against it was, that if the boys of the two schools were allowed to congregate in large numbers they might come to blows. I do not say that the fear was ungrounded.

In 1854 and 1855 there had been some disorderly scenes, and the terms in which we used to talk of Harrovians, when I was a Lower boy, were hardly less violent than if they had been Frenchmen or offensive Yankees. To such lengths was antipathy pushed, that boys of the two rival schools could not meet during the holidays without saying disagreeable things to each other. In families where there were two brothers, one at Eton and the other at Harrow, the wrangles between them would be so frequent as to become a regular nuisance. As we always affected to be kindly disposed towards Winchester, whose elevens did not

generally beat ours, I suppose that our hostility against the Harrovians can be ascribed to no more chivalrous reason than that they beat us so often.

However, in 1858 promises of good behaviour having been made on behalf of the two schools, Dr. Goodford and Dr. Vaughan allowed the annual match to be renewed; but only on condition that it should take place during the school-term. This suited the non-playing members of the two schools far better than the old fixture during the holidays; for now two days of great excitement were provided for the second week of every recurring July. It was from this time that the match became one of the popular events of the London season, though never whilst I was at the school was Lord's crowded with such multitudes of people as flock to it now. The M. C. C. did not take to erecting stands all over the place till some years later. Every spectator used to be able to walk round the ground with perfect ease, and see the match from any part of it without picking his way through carriages, elbowing himself a passage through a mob, or paying dearly for a reserved seat. The match was made the occasion of a pleasant general meet of old Harrovians and Etonians with the boys of the two schools and their relatives; but there

were no swarms of idlers unconnected with either school.

The defeats of 1857-58-59 had so disheartened us all, that in 1860—good as we knew our eleven to be—few of us would have cared to bet on its success. On the first day of the match about half the school went up to Lord's ; but for some reason I did not go up till the second day, and I was standing outside Williams's when the telegram announcing the result of our first innings was posted up. A telegram had come down earlier in the day giving the score of Harrow's first innings 83 (out of which 21 were extras) ; but now this new message proclaimed that Eton had scored 98. Towards this total R. A. H. Mitchell had contributed no less than 70, a fact which, taken in connection with the 21 extras supplied by us to Harrow, said little for our eleven all round. But never mind ; Eton had got an advantage of 15 on the first innings. Overjoyed by this result, those of us who were left at the school talked hopefully of to-morrow's doings, and I was moved to bet a shilling with a boy called Edwards,[1] who used to declare

[1] Augustus Priestley Edwards, of Fixby Hall, Yorkshire. He was a comical fat little fellow nicknamed "Psittacus," or "the Parrot." His favourite expression was: "Eh, mon, I'm so unlucky." He met with a shocking death, poor fellow, being burned with his father in the Abergele railway accident of 1868.

himself the unluckiest of fellows, and who on this occasion said that Eton could not possibly win unless he, Edwards, contrived somehow to be the loser by it.

On the Saturday I went to Lord's in the afternoon, and from a seat in the front of the pavilion, where I had a former captain and a future captain of the Eton eleven for my two neighbours, I enjoyed one of the finest displays of cricket I have ever seen. My great love for the game dates from that afternoon. I was not to be coaxed away even by the inducement of a jolly champagne dinner, with an adjournment afterwards to the Haymarket Theatre to see Buckstone in a screaming farce. I begged my friends to excuse my moving away from the pavilion until the match had been played out. The gallant struggle of our team in a terrifically uphill match was worth to me any amount of feasting and acting.

The second innings of Harrow had ended for the big total of 274; so that our fellows had to make 260 to win. All of them scored double figures with one exception. The Hon. T. de Grey and J. Round (now M.P. for East Essex) started, the former with 18, the latter with 20. Then followed R. A. Mitchell with 26, Lyttelton with 27, and so on. The runs crept up slowly but steadily; every

player feeling that defence was everything, and that no risks must be incurred to make runs quickly. The hour for drawing the stumps was extended to 7.30, and at that hour the match was unfinished; eight of our wickets were down for 221 runs, but the two "*not outs*," D. Pocklington[1] (41) and W. M. Hoare (16), were so well in that it was quite on the cards they could have run up between them the 39 runs wanted to win. The match ended in a draw, but a most creditable draw, and redeemed the honour of the school after a too long series of reverses.

As disappointed players must needs find excuses when they fail, so it was pretty generally whispered in our playing fields that our eleven would have won this famous match against Harrow if it had not been for the injudicious substitution of L. Garnett for A. L. Ricardo, as eleventh man at the eleventh hour. Ricardo had played in the eleven against Winchester. He was a good bowler on lively ground, and a smart bat, who on certain days would hit away any kind of bowling. Unfortunately Garnett had by some fluke bowled Bell out twice with first balls in a practising match, and Bell had thereupon exclaimed "*Eureka!* I have

[1] Pocklington was as good with his oar as with his bat. He pulled in the University eight of 1861.

found a bowler." Good bowlers are as rare as good tenors; and so for two or three days before the match there had been joy in the school at the thought that a bowler had perhaps arisen who was going to do for us what R. Lang in previous years had done for Harrow. But Garnett never turned out to be a first-rate player, and his performance with the ball in the match of 1860 was poor. After the match Ricardo was reinstated into the eleven, and Garnett did not "get his flannels" until the following year. The ground at Lord's had been in capital condition during the match, and the bowling of the Harrow fellows was of the kind that Ricardo best hit; so it is just possible that if he had played instead of Garnett he would have turned the scale in our favour.

But *if* Harrow had been beaten we should have won: that is the best way to put it.

CHAPTER XXII.

"DRY BOBBING"—FIFTH FORM "TRIALS."

THE match of 1860 led to cricket becoming much more popular in the school than it had been. Those who wonder that a school having often twice as many boys as Harrow should not be able to produce every year a first-rate eleven, are possibly not aware of the detriment done to the pursuit of cricket by the attractions of the river. At Harrow there is no boating. The ambition of all boys athletically inclined is to get into the eleven, or failing that, into the twenty-two; and in order to gratify that ambition, the player who has faults will pluckily strive to correct them. At Eton a "dry-bob" who felt that he was not getting on well with his play would too often take to the river in disgust. The boats were frequently the refuge of those who had failed in cricket; and they were also resorted to by fellows desirous of achieving rapid distinction in the school. One became a "swell" far more quickly

by taking the water road than by going through the playing fields. No honour whatever attached to being in the twenty-two when I was at the school. The twenty-two had not even a distinctive cap; so that a fellow who might happen to be first choice out of the eleven had nothing whatever to show for it. Among "wet-bobs," however, to wear the cap of one of the boats was a visible honour, and a fellow took rank as a decided "swell" if he rowed in any of the long boat-races, if he figured in "choices," or if he even started in the sculling or pulling.[1]

One of the masters, Mr. William Johnson, gave a stimulus to cricket by presenting a handsome silver challenge cup, that was to be played for by elevens of the boarding-houses. "Sixpenny," the Lower boys' club, became overrun with small shavers slogging balls about, or trying to bowl round-hand with frenzied action. The Timbralls, or school football field, was given up to "Sixpenny," as it was found that the playing fields were no longer large enough to contain the rush of cricketers. I myself was among those smitten with the new craze, and I went to ask my tutor to sign me an order for a bat, a ball, and a set of stumps.

[1] The Twenty-two have now a distinctive cap—dark blue and light blue in concentric circles.

My tutor was a slim, curly-headed, anxious old gentleman, whose features almost always wore an air of bewilderment. He looked as if he had received a puzzling piece of news by the last post, and as if the question, which you might happen to put him, had suddenly made a light in connection with the mystery break upon him. He would arch his eyebrows to such a height that they made a thick roll of the skin of his forehead, and he would stare at you for half a minute in silence and seeming amazement. Whatever you might happen to ask him, his face always appeared to say that he was staggered at the exorbitant nature of your demand; but he almost invariably granted what you might desire. He sometimes did so with a piteous little sniff, as if he were putting his signature to a deed renouncing all his earthly possessions in your favour; but if your request were pleasing to him, he would, once his expression of marvelling had subsided, make some fatherly little joke, or improve upon your request with some kindly suggestion. When I asked him for the bat and ball, he eyed me just as if he had been forewarned of this astounding petition in a dream. A moan escaped him.

"I thought you were such a determined wet-bob?" he said.

"Yes, sir; but I should like to try my hand at the other thing a little."

"It's very late in the summer half though; you won't be able to play much this year."

I answered something about joining my county club during the holidays, and Mr. Eliot signed me my order with one of his lamentable sniffs.

"Get a good bat, rather under-sized," he said. "You're not tall enough yet for a full-sized bat, and its weight would cramp your action."

My zeal for cricket survived that half-year. During my holidays I practised in Norfolk, and got some friendly hints about bowling from Mr. H. Fellowes, who was then accounted one of the best among gentlemen players.

Said Mr. Fellowes to me, "Bowling is only to be learned by regular practice. Make up your mind to bowl your eight or ten balls twice a day, every day, summer and winter. If you go out for a walk in the fields take an old cricket-ball with you, toss it in your hands to get accustomed to its weight, and practise catches. As to fielding, get a groom or labourer to stand at two-and-twenty yards from you, and fling you long hops with all his might. Fine yourself a halfpenny for every ball you don't stop, and hand it to the groom, then you will soon find yourself spry."

I followed these instructions to the letter. I got hold of a ploughboy who could throw pretty straight, and who could just handle a bat well enough (something like a pitchfork) to stand up to me whilst I bowled. In six weeks I made considerable progress, and on my return to Eton for the football-half of 1860, I made it my rule to let no day pass without delivering my four overs of balls. I used to run out to South Meadow after early school and bowl at a stump pitched close to the back of St. John's Church. Some fellow generally accompanied me in these excursions; but if I was alone I used to get a cad nicknamed Gaffer, whose cottage was hard by, to come and act as long-stop for me. Gaffer was one of those men who hung about college, and picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the school. He had a shrewd doggy face, with an eye perpetually on the half-cock, which had earned for him among his familiars—including his wife and children—the sobriquet of the "Deep 'un." This Deep 'un assured me, with a solemnity most gratifying to my feelings, that I had quite as good a chance of getting into next year's eleven as H. B. Sutherland and J. Frederick, who were then Lower boys like myself, and not even so high as I in the school. However, the reports of my clandestine practice had got about by this time with the usual

exaggerations, and I allowed myself to be laughed out of a habit which seemed to afford infinite merriment to all those who heard of it. R. A. Mitchell, who was now captain of the eleven, asked me one day at two o'clock absence whether it was true I was going to take the shine out of everybody next season? I was holding a fives ball and he an umbrella.

"Just send me a ball," he said, "that I may see what your style is."

He stood in front of one of the pillars of the colonnade, and I delivered a ball, which he drove magnificently right over the head of Henry VI.'s statue. This put me out of conceit with the style I had adopted—slow round arm—and I unwisely resolved that, when next I began my practice, I would take to swift. For the rest of that half I had other fish to fry, as I had become captain of the Lower boy football eleven in our house, and wishing to try for a "double," I took a spell of sapping, so as to go in for Fifth Form trials in December.

Fifth Form trials! My Lower boy days were about to end, and I was going to enter upon the pleasantest period of my life at Eton, when I should no longer be liable to be fagged, when I should be on the fair way to having fags of my own.

But first I had to pass an examination, and it was with a natural fluttering of the heart that I cast my eye over the first examination paper handed to me, one murky wintry morning, in the Upper schoolroom.

The Upper school used to wear a very grand solemn look during these trials. Many scores of little brown desks were placed about a yard apart amongst the forms, and each boy had one to himself. The two large red curtains, which generally partitioned the room into three chambers, were drawn back on their rods, so that an unbroken view of the whole room was open to the masters, who stood in the different *rostra* keeping an eye on us. If the sky was clouded, the marble busts round the walls wore a sepulchral whiteness, and the thousands and thousands of names carved in the dark oak of the wainscot would suggest reflections much like those which haunt you in a grave-yard. In puzzling over a difficult question you would find your eye rivetted by some such name as *J. Jackson*, 1815, and fall to musing who Jackson was, and what had become of him, and what it must have been like to be at Eton in the year of Waterloo. Then haply nibbling the end of your penholder, you would stare at the marble faces of Wellington, Pitt, Fox, Grey, and Gray Fielding, and ponder upon

what an odd thing it was that they should have sat in that very schoolroom as boys, cudgelling their brains like you to remember the dates of the Punic Wars. And possibly you then came to wondering what it must feel like to be a great man.

Must I own that we cribbed to a large extent in our trials? We should all have thought it dishonourable to crib in any examination for prizes, but when it was simply a question of trying for a remove we felt no scruples. The most ingenious dodges were resorted to for secreting papers of notes in such a way that they might be used without detection. Those who were weak in their mathematics, as I was, brought in fragments of Euclid, and watched for their opportunity to whip them out on the desk. It was a great treat to sit near a master who was short-sighted, like Mr. Thackeray, or who would bury himself in the perusal of a novel, like Mr. Stone, or who had a sort of lordly confidence in everybody, like Mr. Frewer, the mathematical master. The terrible Mr. James of course made all cribbing impossible. Like a sentinel on a rock he would stand upright in one of the desks, and keep a far-seeing look-out. His left eye might roam for a moment over a leader in the *Times*, but his right would be playing like the bull's eye of a policeman's lantern upon the boy who stooped too

often to tie the lace of his boot, or who was using his pockethandkerchief with mysterious frequency. Under such masters as Mr. James, honesty was not the best—but the only policy.

But if the period of trials caused light horrors to shoot through the pulses of the idle and the unprepared, what a much more startling time it was when the results of the trials were announced. "There will be reading over after two in Upper School to-day." This notification, circulated amongst all the forms by the Sixth Form præpostor, was always enough to make you thrill. Whatever you might be doing "after twelve,"—whether you were playing football, or sauntering up town, or working in your tutor's pupil-room,—you felt in a subdued and nervous humour. You tried to be good. You made private vows that if you pulled through this once again, you would work so much better next half and ever afterwards. You looked with envy at Muggles, the "sap," who was so sure of passing, and who was only in doubt as to whether he should get his place among the first five. Now and then the presentiment that you had muffed made your heart take little drops like a plummet, and you thought how grievous it would be to remain Lower boy for another half-year; to lose two places in your house; to sink into the same form as Wriggles and

Wraggles, now your juniors, who would probably distance you at the next trials.

Not much dinner was eaten by boys who were going to be read over. If your tutor was grave as he carved the daily joint, you fancied he had received early news of your having muffed, and was indignant with you for having disgraced him; if he dispensed his slices and gravy with the customary cheerfulness, you asked yourself how he would look presently, when you came to him with the mortifying tale that you had not got a "place."

It was at half-past two punctually that the head-master rustled out of the little door which led into the swishing-room and ascended to the big desk at the end of Upper School. On the day when the division to which I belonged was to be read over, Dr. Goodford began by addressing his audience in reproachful terms. It appeared that a great many fellows had made confusion between words that are spelt in *ei* and those that are spelt in *ie*, as *receive* and *relieve;* and the doctor, jerking his head on to his right shoulder, as he always did when laying down the law, explained to us that words derived from *capio* always take *ei*. I thought he was never going to finish. A fearfully dull boy next to me gave me a nudge, and asked how one was to know a word derived from *capio?*

At last the names of six unfortunates who had muffed were read out, and I was not in the number. My greatest fear being overpast, I listened with equanimity to hear in what order I was placed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself pretty high up. That was a happy afternoon indeed; and a still happier evening, when the cry of "Lower boy" being thundered forth in my passage, I could for the first time loll back in my chair with the air of one whom such calls to menial duty no longer concerned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN CHAPEL.

A PARTY of us sat in my room talking about the holidays.

"I think it's a chouse to make us stay here five days over time," remarked the Pug.

"But they don't," cried Cherry. "Can't you understand that our holidays begin now on Fridays instead of on Mondays?"

"Well, doesn't Friday come after Monday?" asked the Pug.

"But, you duffer, Friday comes before the Monday following," exclaimed Cherry, embroiling himself somewhat in his attempts to elucidate a plain fact. The truth was, that by the abolition of the old-fashioned Election-Saturday in 1860, the summer holidays were lengthened three days, as the school was dismissed on the Friday preceding the day which would have been Election-Saturday, instead of on the ensuing Monday. It was then

arranged that the Christmas and Easter holidays should also commence on Fridays, so that we really gained nine days; but to Conservatives like the Pug, it seemed as though we had been robbed of fifteen days' vacation.

Saturday being a half-holiday it was certainly useless to keep the school assembled for two days, after the work of the half had practically ended on the Friday. Nevertheless, I like the old rule, which made the last day of a half fall upon Sunday. It was well, I think, that the boys who were about to leave should on their last day as schoolboys congregate for a last time with all their school-fellows in chapel. The final day of the term was rendered more solemn and impressive in this way; and a real significance was imparted to the words of the beautiful hymn,—

> "Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
> Those who here shall meet no more;
> Let their seed-time past be yielding
> Year by year a richer store."

The last day of the summer half was an especially solemn time; the coming holidays seemed to be so long, and the changes about to be made by the leaving of so many fellows were always more or less bewildering to our young minds. On the last Sunday of my first summer half I sat wondering

during afternoon chapel how the school would ever get on when all its biggest and strongest fellows were gone. Next half there would be new captains of the boats, of the eleven, etc., and the boys who were going to fill these posts appeared to be so much younger and slighter than their predecessors, that I marvelled how they would acquit themselves of their duties. This feeling never quite wore away as years went on, and somehow we always felt as if the race of giants had degenerated since we were boys.

During my first six months at Eton, the college chapel could contain all the boys in the school. Later, when the numbers increased, the little chapel in the cemetery on the Eton Wick Road was used for the Lower School, except on Sundays, when the Lower master's boys attended the services at St. John's in the High Street. But this arrangement only commenced in 1858. The officiating ministers at St. John's were the conducts of Eton, Mr. Charles Kegan Paul, Mr. Eyre, and Mr. Roper. At the cemetery chapel it was generally Mr. Carter who read the service.

There were not daily services then for the school as there are now. We had two services on Sundays and whole holidays, and one on the afternoons of half-holidays. The chapel was not such a fine

place either in those times as it has become since. There was only one stained-glass window—the beautiful one over the altar. Later, the Rev. John Wilder, one of the Fellows—to whose intelligent munificence Eton owes so much—presented several new windows to the chapel, at the same time as he undertook the complete restoration of the college hall. As to our chapel services, the school did not have a choir of its own until 1868 ; but the choristers of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, used to attend on the afternoons of Sundays, Saturdays, and Saints' Days ; and as there were some capital voices in it (*e. g.* those of Messrs. Whiffin and Barnby) we ought to have had some good singing. We sometimes had ; but in general the performances were slovenly. The boys did pretty well, but the men seemed to think that they were not bound to take so much pains as at Windsor ; and our organist, Mr John Mitchell, who himself sang in the choir at St. George's, had not the same authority over his fellow-choristers as Dr. (afterwards Sir George) Elvey, the eminent organist of Windsor. The morning chapel services on Sundays were very poor ; the choir was composed of a few boys from the High School of Eton, whose head-master was clerk to our chapel. I never heard of a proposal for raising a choir of boys out of our school, though

assuredly many could have been found amongst us who had good voices and a love of music.

We boys seldom joined in the singing except on two days a month—the 28th and 30th—when the psalm tunes were to our liking. The tune to the 136th Psalm played at evening service on the 28th was a particularly rousing one, and the words, "For His mercy endureth for ever," which form the refrain of every verse, would be caught up by the entire mass of the school with an effect that was really grand. A very aged Fellow—whose definition of music would possibly have tallied with that of the late Alexandre Dumas, who told Rossini that it was only the most expensive of noises—was once so startled by the tremendous burst of song that he took it into his head that we were making a mockery of the service, and ordered the tune of the 136th Psalm to be altered. It so happened that shortly afterwards, this Fellow fell so soundly asleep at afternoon service, that at its conclusion he had to be roused by the verger in the sight of the whole congregation, amongst whom not a few smiled and tittered. The saying arose then that this Fellow objected to choral services because they kept him awake; and this being reported to him he was displeased, and let his order about the psalm tune be rescinded.

Who preached to us in our chapel? The only sermon in the week was at the Sunday morning service, and it was delivered by the Fellow in residence, or by the provost, occasionally by the head-master.

Did we hear good sermons? I suppose we did; but there was never amongst us what is called a strong religious movement; and although our preachers were not wanting in earnestness, they rather failed to communicate earnestness to their hearers. Some of them were very old, and had outlived their knowledge of our little world and its ways. I think it is a pity that some of the assistant masters did not take the pulpit by turns; two or three of them at least were qualified to speak to us in language we should have comprehended. Perhaps, too, it would have been well if masters from other schools had occasionally been invited to preach to us. Our curiosity would have been excited, and we should have listened. Might not some good be done if the preachers of the leading public schools were to exchange pulpits from time to time; for a master may hesitate to speak of his own school as he knows it, to boys with whom he mixes every day; and if he sees school abuses that ought to be denounced, he may not like to assail them from fear of appearing over-officious and

prying, not only to his youthful hearers, but to some of his own colleagues. Coming, however, with his experience of his own school to address the boys of another school, he might feel more free, and find bold things to say with benefit to his congregation.

Not long ago I attended a service at the Foundling Hospital in London, and I was surprised to see what educational opportunities were thrown away by not having a suitable preacher to address these poor little people. I heard an old gentleman, whose pulpit so stood that his back was turned to the Foundlings, preach a sermon that would have done very well for a congregation of men and women, but which was listened to with the utmost weariness by the girls and boys behind him. As these children are homeless, friendless, and have but few chances of hearing the utterances of highly educated men, it would surely be advisable that the sermons addressed to them should be of a kind to arrest their attention, and convey lessons grateful to receive, easy to remember.

I am afraid we were sometimes preached to at Eton much as the Foundlings are. We heard scholarly expositions of texts which read like footnotes from our Greek Testament; and we were instructed in mild general terms about the higher

moralities; but few of our preachers appeared to think that we required to be roused to very active religiousness. The best sermons I heard were from Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Wilder, Dr. Goodford, and Dr. Balston.

Even these preachers, however, seemed to stand too far away from us. My recollections may mislead me, and I may be wrong in attributing to others feelings peculiar to myself; but I fancy the sermons we heard had no appreciable influence in shaping our lives.

I say this with my mind rather full of what Mr. Thomas Hughes has written about Dr. Arnold's preaching; and also with reminiscences of what I have heard other Rugbeians tell of Dr. Temple. But it is only just to consider that if any of the Etonian preachers I have named had addressed us Sunday after Sunday, the influence of his spiritual teaching must have been greater than it could possibly become by means of occasional sermons only.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR ROOMS.

Having got into the Fifth Form, I had to persuade my parents that I ought to go into "tails." Mothers do not like to see their sons put off jackets; and as the school regulations about dress did not oblige Fifth Form boys to discard these garments, I had to submit to the parental edict, which decided that I was still too small to wear the clothes of manhood.

I thought myself much bigger than I was, because it had taken me nearly four years to reach the Fifth Form. Eton has altered a good deal since the Lower school has been suppressed, and since the Lower boys have come to form a minority of the whole school. In the days when there were nearly twice as many Lower boys as Upper ones, and when it was not uncommon to see in the Remove boys who had been already four and five years at the school, it was no slight honour to get into the Fifth Form.

Some of us old Etonians may talk of the Eton of to-day much as old-fashioned officers speak of the army since the introduction of short service. The phrase, "Educated at Eton," is now often applied to boys who have spent but two or three years in the school; whereas an Eton education used to mean going to the school soon after you had put on your first pair of trousers, and remaining there until you were obliged to shave in deference to the statute which prohibited the wearing of beards. Dr. Hornby does not agree with Dr. Keate, who used to say,—"Send me your boys as young as possible; they'll only get into bad habits elsewhere." Dr. Keate allowed boys to be entered at seven and eight, while Dr. Hornby does not like to receive them till thirteen, and boys who come thus late to the school cannot be expected to think so highly of their rapid promotion to the Fifth as we did. They are rather like those educated recruits who enter the army now-a-days, and who become non-commissioned officers before they are well through their marching drill.

Returning to my tutor's as a Fifth Form boy, I found I was to occupy a new room. During my first years at the school I had kept to one room, which was at the top of the house at the back, and commanded a view of the college chapel and

grave-yard. Many a night when the moon was up I had stood at my window watching the patches of brightness which lay over tombs and grass that were not under the shadow of the deep chapel buttresses. The grave-yard was not well kept, and by day you could see weeds and long grass growing over it in every direction, with here and there a stray poppy and corn-flower, and lots of tall hemp, the seeds of which had been blown out of the bird-cages kept by boys in the adjoining boarding-houses. I used to wonder why the Eton tradesmen and other local residents, whose relatives had been interred in the place when it was the parish burying-ground, did not turn in now and then to rid the grave-stones of the moss and green mould which obliterated the inscriptions on them. If they were content to leave everything in such neglect, why did they not at least allow the space between the buttresses to be cleared and flagged, so that fives courts might be made there like those on the north side of the chapel, in the Quadrangle?

My new room was on the first floor, and faced to the front, looking over Barnes Pool, the adjacent meadow which was generally flooded in winter, a bend of the Thames with a stretch of park, and the terraces and towers of Windsor Castle in the background. This apartment was much larger than the

one I had had before; it had two windows, and the cupboard bedstead stood in a recess, so that there was no encumbrance from it. It seemed strange to me when I was inducted into this new chamber, which formerly I had never entered without awe, for it had been tenanted by my fag-master Blazes. I had not been told that I was to get such a good room.

"Your tutor thought you would like it, sir," said Crab, the boys' maid, as she called my attention to the new paper on the walls, and to the new carpet, hearth-rug, and table-cloth. There was also a new set of crockery in my cupboard, so that it was almost like coming to the school as a new fellow. "And please, sir," added Crab, "we have had your pictures hung up for you so that the room might not look bare when you came."

"I say, Crab," I exclaimed, laughing, as I sat down and glanced round my new abode; "that solitary pewter of mine will make a poor show in the room where Blazes used to have all those silver-cups. Do you remember Blazes?"

"Oh yes, sir, indeed; but he was a very big gentleman when he left, and you're quite small, you see, just at present. You have plenty of time to grow up, and do as much as Blazes did in the next four or five years."

"Small, Crab? Just shut up that cheek," I rejoined; "I am as tall as you any day."

"That's true, sir; when you stand at the top of a flight of stairs and I at the bottom, we are about of a size," answered the epigrammatical Crab with a chuckle; but the good soul was prompt to soothe my vanity by assuring me that I had reached growing age, and should soon shoot up like an asparagus.

My solitary pewter was the one I had gained in my first summer half by pulling with Blazes in the house sweepstakes. Since then I had several times started in Lower boy foot-races and in tub-races on the river, but had never succeeded in carrying off anything better than small money prizes. As for my pictures, they had been enough to ornament my old room; but they made rather a scanty show in my new one; so my first care was to pay a visit to Runicles' shop, and invest some thirty shillings in the purchase of fresh prints and decorative knick-knacks.

The adornment of our rooms was left to our individual tastes, and you could guess the character of a boy pretty well by his more or less picturesque surroundings. There were boys who wanted all their pocket-money for "sock," and who, having "ticks" to pay at the commencement of every half,

could never disburse a penny on ornaments ; others, neat, methodical, refined in their tastes, began the work of adornment as soon as they arrived at the school, and continued it progressively according to their means, adding a pair of new pictures, fresh brackets, or something else every half. There were boys who bought all their ornaments at Eton, others who brought many of them from home. In one room you would see water-colour landscapes painted by mothers or sisters ; in another masks and brushes of foxes killed after rattling runs in the shires. This boy would reveal his taste as an angler by cases of stuffed fish hung on the wall without much eye to effect ; that one would have a passion for stuffed birds, and suspend strings of birds' eggs over the mantel-piece. Here the instincts of economical furnishing would be displayed by the framing of pictures taken from the illustrated papers ; while next door perhaps the eye of a chance visitor (more of a connoisseur than boys are) would be charmed by the sight of beautiful engravings before letter. Generally the ornaments in boys' rooms were not of a costly description. The wealthiest young peers contented themselves with prints from Landseer, or sporting cracks of Herring's ; and I recollect but one case of a boy having fitted up his room like a boudoir, with lace curtains, marble statuettes, velvet

arm-chairs, and so forth. This fellow, called A. E. Pedder, was the son of a Lancashire banker. He boarded at Mr. Yonge's, and his room was such a show-place that Lower boys used to ask to be sent there with messages so as to get a sight of it. Pedder once exhibited himself in a waistcoat with buttons made of sovereigns, but the success of this experiment was not such as to encourage him to renew it.[1]

I have just spoken of Pedder's arm-chairs: some tutors allowed only Upper boys to make use of these conveniences; others would not allow them at all, nor window-curtains, nor mantel-borders. Being sent once with a message to F. Edward Hopwood, who was coxswain of the eight, and who boarded at Mr. Balston's, I went expecting to see a very nice room adorned with boating trophies. But the room was the barest I ever saw. The only thing on its walls was a printed copy of the rules of the Eton Society. I afterwards learned that Hopwood had some views of his own (possibly æsthetic) about furniture, but having been baulked in the realization of them by his tutor, had concluded to leave his room in such a condition that it should

[1] Pedder's gorgeous room and waistcoat were evidences of boyish eccentricity and not of purse-pride. It is only fair to say this, for there was not an atom of conceit in him.

be a standing reproach to Mr. Balston's want of culture.

Tutors differed in their domestic rules as much as in their notions of ornamentation. In some houses attendance at morning and evening prayers, at dinner and at nine o'clock supper, was rigidly compulsory; in others it was almost optional. Some masters required that all their boarders should be in bed at half-past ten; others allowed the Fifth Form to sit up till eleven. In some houses dinner was conducted like a *table d'hôte*, every boy getting up from table when he had finished; whilst in other houses all rose together after grace. In Mr. Wolley's house there was a rule that no more than three boys should congregate in one room after nine o'clock—this being intended to prevent the waste of time that occurred when fellows assembled in numbers to discuss any engrossing topic of the day; but I never met with this rule elsewhere. Mr. Eliot's was one of the freest houses. You arose from dinner when it pleased you, you might stay away from morning prayers at least two or three times a week, and you might put arm-chairs and even an ottoman into your room.

When I got into my new room, old Hill, the workman from Barton's the upholsterer, waited

upon me, and suggested that I should invest in an arm-chair.

"There's always been arm-chairs in this room, sir, and it looks well for a gentleman to do like others. Have a nice folding arm-chair with red leather cushions; it will be cosy for this awful winter, and cool for summer."

Old Hill was a cajoler, but he was quite right in describing that winter of 1860-61 as an awful one. Extensive floods had been followed by a hard frost which lasted several weeks, and the appearance of all the country round Eton was most wonderful. From Cuckoo Weir to the Eton Wick Road on one side, and to South Meadow Lane on the other, the fields formed one large sheet of ice. As much skating could be had as in Holland, and with no chance of drowning, for in most places the ice was only a crust of a few inches' thickness resting upon the earth. Parties actually came down from London to skate, and it was a fine time for all the "cads" of the district, who established themselves as screwers-on of skates, professors of skating, vendors of hot chestnuts, hot tea and coffee, etc. Some of them rigged up tents in the South Meadow, and made the place look like a fair. Dr. Goodford had serious thoughts of causing all the ice on college ground to be broken up, when an opportune thaw

did the work for him, and brought such a rush of water into Keate's Lane, that during a couple of days access to the mathematical schools could only be had by punts.

One of the incidents of that memorable winter was a snowball fight which took place one morning by Barnes Pool Bridge. It began in a larky exchange between two or three fellows who had come out of Webber's; but others joined in the fray, and in an incredibly short space of time, the number of combatants increased by dozens and scores. There had been a heavy fall of snow before daybreak, and fellows rushing out to take part in the fun, found as much ammunition to hand as they wanted. Gradually two sides were formed, one defending the bridge, the other attacking it. The air was clouded with the volleys of flying balls, some window-panes were smashed; Barnes, old Webber and his son Harry, Dick Meyrick the jeweller, and Mrs. Trone, who kept the Tug "sock-shop," ran out in alarm to put up their shutters. At one time there must have been two hundred fellows engaged in the battle; and the attacking party being the stronger, and driving back the defenders of the bridge, the skirmishing was continued in the High Street, to the disgust of the tradesmen there. One of them, furious at having

his windows broken, and at being saluted with a snowball in the eye when he came out to expostulate, was so ill-advised as to declare that he would take down the names of the principal snowballers and report them to the head-master. The joint energies of the two armies were forthwith turned upon this man and his shop. Crash! went his windows one after another, and meantime a strong party chevied the man himself right through his shop and back-parlour, down a passage, and so into his garden, where the miserable creature, livid with fear, made the most frantic efforts to climb over a wall into his neighbour's garden. He succeeded at length, but not till every part of his person and clothes was covered with fragments of balls that had been hurled with stinging force. Even when he had taken to ignominious flight, the wrath of his enemies was not appeased, and the house in which he had taken refuge would have been invaded, had not a couple of masters, who had been apprised of what was going on, suddenly appeared on the scene in cap and gown and dispersed the assemblage.

This snowball affair had assumed all the proportions of a riot, and was spoken of as a "rowdy disturbance" in the next issue of one of the county papers. Two of the ringleaders were flogged; two others were ordered to go and apologize to the

injured tradesman, and snowballing was interdicted for the rest of that half. I forbear to give the name of the tradesman whose loss of temper caused matters to end so badly, for he was severely punished for his conduct by the complete deprivation during some months of all school custom. He ended by repenting humbly of his errors, and was restored to favour when he had sent four contrite letters—two to the boys who had been whipped for his sake, and two to those who had been compelled to beg his pardon.

CHAPTER XXV.

COLLEGE "CADS."

"Crab, tell Hill that the hinge of my bureau is broken."

"Drab, send Hill to look at that hole in my carpet."

"I say, Hill, you old duffer, why haven't you brought me my brackets yet?"

Old Hill, introduced in the last chapter, was a peripatetic philosopher and upholsterer. He was the man sent out from Barton's shop in the High Street to do odd jobs in the college, and he needed a good dose of philosophy to keep his head cool amid such cries as the above, which greeted him every time he entered a boarding-house, with his dirty white apron on, and his basket of tools slung over his shoulder. Occasionally Hill acted as mute at funerals, his master being an undertaker; and for this reason he always dressed in rusty black

clothes, a tall hat, and a white tie. On Sundays, and on the days when he stalked behind a hearse, clean shaven, and with his best clothes, Hill looked like a highly demure parish clerk, or Nonconformist parson; but on ordinary days he looked like a most disreputable travesty of his Sunday self. His hat was so greasy that a pint of oil might have been boiled out of it, his shiny and patched swallow-tail coat had contrived to lose even its two hind buttons (mysterious loss, which is surely the *ne plus ultra* of ruin in a coat), and his shirt fronts had artificial frills of raggedness. Hill must have had a special lot of shirts, which he bought dirty, for no one ever saw him in a clean shirt with his working clothes, or in a ragged one with his best attire. To complete the vagabond look which his unkempt, unshaven, unwashed condition gave him at ordinary times, he used always in the streets to keep a short black pipe screwed into the corner of his mouth. There was such a difference between the Hill of working-days, and the gò-to-chapel Hill, that if any old lady, after admiring his nice venerable look on Sundays, had seen him during the week loafing outside one of the public-houses in the "High," she must have been struck all of a heap. It would have seemed to her that she was witnessing an awful living example of the results which follow the

sudden abandonment of the Temperance pledge by pious old gentlemen.

But old Hill was a general favourite,—a good-humoured industrious fellow, very handy with his hammer and nails, and doing, in his quiet way, with snatches of songs on his lips, or gossip trickling from his mouth as from an ill-shut tap, far more work than a younger man might have accomplished with more fuss. Among the small social uses to which Hill was put were those of fetching beer from "Tap" for Lower boys who were "staying out," and getting pipes coloured for smokers. You had only to entrust him with an expensive meerschaum and a pound of bird's-eye, and he would bring back the pipe in a week, black as a chimney, and completely spoiled. But it was impossible not to forgive him, when he exclaimed artlessly, as he held up the pipe to the light and eyed it through his silver-rimmed spectacles,

"Spoilt, sir? why I call that a most beautiful pipe, and it tastes lovely to me."

Hill was one of a number of shop-keepers' journeymen, light porters, river-side loafers, field-keepers, and others who were always employed about college, and who were called by the generic title of "Cads." They attached no sense of indignity to the name. Old Hill might not perhaps have

described himself as Barton's Cad, but he would have talked of his friends Joby, Snip, Joey, Sambo, Doughy, *e tutti quanti*, as cads individually and collectively, without any abatement of such esteem as he may originally have entertained towards them.

Doughy (from dough) was the baker's cad, a weakly, pasty-faced, floury, civil-spoken fellow, who was on the tramp several hours a day with an enormous basket, out of which hung a piece of green baize, and which, slung to his back by the handle, bent him double. Doughy's master would have shown himself humane in providing him with a hand-cart, such as bakers' men generally use. A peculiarity about Doughy was that he always wore the cast-off flannel caps of fellows in the boats, and the louder they were the better he liked them. He used to make a special journey to college every day about dinner-time, and go the round of the boarding-houses with his basket full of hot shilling, and six-penny currant cakes. The sixpenny ones were large brown flat things, like overgrown buns, fairly eatable when pulled out hot from their bed of green baize, but hardly better when cold than dry bread. Doughy was a bit of a sporting character, and had a good deal to say for himself about the time of the Derby and Ascot weeks. For a shilling he would

give you an infallibly straight tip of horses who never won.

Another sporting character was Snip—a thin consumptive man, with red cheek-bones and a sunken chest, who was rather too fond of his glass, though he would never be seen drunk except late in the evenings on days when anything important had been taking place. Summer and winter he wore a white straw hat with a black ribbon, and his favourite stand when not actively employed was outside the door of Tap, where he kept the look-out for fellows who dared only make their exit when the coast was clear of masters. When Emily, the little hunch-backed barmaid, opened the green door and cried, "Snip," that worthy cast his eye up and down the street, and gave a jerk of the head if all was right. He could see through a fog so far as espying masters went. In the football half, Snip supplied the goal-sticks and footballs to a certain number of houses; he kept the footballs blown, and brought round the beer-can at the conclusion of the house-games. Joby, Joey, Gaffer, and the Powells —a pair of stalwart brethren like Gog and Magog —shared with him the not unprofitable business of attending to the football-fields, and during the jumping and summer halves they were never at a loss for well-paid work in connection with the school

amusements. The usual animosities, bred of competition in the same trade, kept them all on rather snarling terms with one another; but they formed a united corporation against the rest of mankind, and would have jostled away any stray cad who had tried to join their circle. Whilst I was at Eton I always saw the same cads about.

Joby was several shades more respectable than Snip—a little wiry, grey-headed man, with the head of a rough terrier. Like Snip he always wore straw hats, but was very neat in his clothes, shaved himself daily, and never used bad language. He came in for the better kinds of jobs. He used to accompany the Eight to Henley and the Eleven to Lord's. Active, punctual, obliging, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he was the model of a good servant, and had independence of character enough to give honest advice when he was asked for it. Joby was a shrewd judge of good cricket and oarsmanship, and was listened to like an oracle by small boys when he predicted who would be in next year's Eleve n or Eight. He was seldom at fault in hi prophecies.

Gaffer, or the "Deep 'un," made his best harvest in the Jumping half, when he kept the kennels where the beagles were. He used also to train fellows for the school races. He was an excellent runner,

and would accompany a fellow over every inch of the mile course on the Eton Wick Road at a swinging trot, or if he were training a "wet-bob" for the sculling, he would pound along the towing-path, showing no signs of fatigue in the hottest weather, but shouting clear sensible directions to his man all the way.

The two Powell brothers, "Fat" and "Foot," with their jolly round faces and their immutable brown velveteen coats, looked after the Fives courts. A kinsman of theirs, little Joey, who had a lopsided walk and a defect in his speech, which made him squall every time he opened his mouth, was in a manner custodian of the Upper Club cricket-ground. He superintended the pitching of the great marquee on tent match days, and would fetch from the house where the Captain of the Eleven boarded the sheaf of dark blue silk flags, which were used for marking the ground. On common half-holidays, when practising matches were played, he used to lay the cloth of the long tea-table, spread under the trees of Poet's Walk, where the principal "dry-bobs" took their evening meal; and at a certain moment in the afternoon, when it was time to make the tea, he had always to go through an ancient ceremony. Coming from the lodge at the further end of the Lower Club ground with a big kettle, he would yell

with a laudable effort to intone the words tunefully, "Water boils!" upon which batting and bowling would cease for an instant, while the whole field of ins and outs responded in the same sort of rhythm as *Amen* was chanted to in old-fashioned churches, "Make te-e-ea!"

Joey had not the same sort of bluff frankness as Joby; he should have been born at Court, for he had the tongue of a flatterer. In that queer loud-pitched voice of his, which now and then cracked right through the middle, he would bawl compliments to everybody about anybody.

"Oh yes, sir, Mr. Gibbs is a fustrate player—ay, that he is; and Mr. Gubbs too. Oh, certainly, sir; ay, ay, there's few to beat Mr. Gubbs," saying which, Joey would bob his head impressively, as if he had lain awake all night from thinking of Gubbs and Gibbs, and how safe it would be to back them to score a hundred apiece in the next match.

The cads I have named were all on active service when I knew them; but there were others superannuated, who had done their work for former generations of Etonians, and who wandered about begging for alms, and bearing little of the venerable attributes of age about them. Possibly drink had done more than years to hasten their decrepitude. There was a toothless bandy-legged old fellow called

the "Poet," who shambled about like a lame old raven looking for worms, and who, on the payment of twopence, would caw you an extempore rhyme in a broken voice. It was said that in the days of Montem he used to compose odes and sonnets, which were printed on little bits of paper and thrown into the carriages of ladies by boys in costume, who begged for "salt." However that may be, the Poet's Muse served him grudgingly in his old age, for one cricket-match day, when I feed him to make me a rhyme, he could only, after anxious cogitation, deliver himself of the following—

> "To-day, sir, the weather's a very fine day,
> And I hope the Etonians will win the day."

Even more broken down than the "Poet" was old Picky (or Piggy) Powell, who had once been professional bowler to the school. There were marvellous stories circulated by himself of his prowess with the ball. "In the days when we bowled straight, sir, and didn't ch-chuck our arms about like w-windmills." Picky had, during the period of his glory, fought at Lord's with little Billy Warner, the Harrow professional; and in 1858 some fellows played him the cruel joke of taking him up to Lord's, that he might renew his fight with his old enemy. It was a sorry thing to

see the worn-out veteran, whom gin and rheumatism had converted into a tottering sot, stagger about the ground with a troop of Lower boys at his heels, in quest of "that blackguard Bill." The pair met, and Billy, who had as much spirit as an aged and moulting bantam cock, took off his coat at once and croaked defiance at Picky. But no pugilism was allowed to take place, and Picky was fain to vapour off his valour in hiccoughing threats to smash Billy another day. Presently he was led off the ground speechless drunk, with his pocket full of shillings and half-crowns, bestowed upon him by old Etonians, and I am told a ludicrous scene occurred at the gate of Lord's, when Picky, perceiving Dr. Goodford, lurched towards him with the complimentary purpose of shaking his hand.

Dr. Goodford was always deliberate in his movements. He seemed to go with the steady bobbing motion of a float on the water; but this time he skipped through the turnstile with anything but ecclesiastical solemnity.

I once saw Dr. Goodford nonplussed by another "cad," whom many old Etonians must remember. I mean "Silly-Billy," an idiot who lived upon college alms, and was allowed the privilege of attending all the services in the college chapel. He sat in a corner by himself, making hideous

grimaces, which kept the Lower boys, who were his nearest neighbours, in continuous fits of suppressed titters. Silly-Billy could repeat several prayers of our liturgy, and was therefore reported, as a matter of course, to know the whole of the prayer-book by heart. He generally shuffled about with a cotton pocket-handkerchief under his arm, containing his Bible and some scraps of broken meat. His was in very truth the head of an idiot, with sloping forehead, large ears, snoutish nose, and small eyes so close together that they seemed to form but one eye. When rude boys teased Silly-Billy he turned round to spit at them and revile them, for he had a violent temper; but as a rule he mumbled civil answers to people who addressed him kindly.

Now one day as I stood amongst a batch of præpostors who were giving up their "bills" to the head-master, just outside chambers, at the conclusion of chapel, Silly-Billy came hopping and skating down the Colonnade. Dr. Goodford, being minded no doubt to set us a good example as to how idiots should be treated, smiled a broad benignant smile to Silly-Billy, and asked him for news of his health. Silly-Billy turned at once and began to spit—such spitting and such language! We præpostors were at pains to preserve our gravity, while Dr. Goodford, blushing red as his

own hood, made a sign to old Tom Bott, the college constable, who chanced to be passing, to remove the irreverent jabberer.

Rare old Tom Bott! He was an old soldier of Waterloo, where he had received a bullet in the thigh, which had never been extracted, and which made him limp a little sometimes on rainy days. His costume was an Eton blue frock-coat with silver buttons, and a silken escutcheon of the college arms embroidered in colours on his left sleeve. He was constable in the days before the county police had been organized, and somehow he did excellently by himself the work which, under the new system, an inspector and half-a-dozen policemen were told off to perform. There is a story of a mayor who offered a colonel of Dragoons the escort of two policemen to protect his regiment as it rode through some streets which the mayor considered dangerous. In the same spirit as this civic dignitary did the justices of Bucks act when they sent a squad of policemen to take care of Eton, which could well take care of itself. The police were not wanted to keep order in the fields where the boys played, and as for watching to see that no vagabonds prowled about College with evil intent, the new police have never succeeded in this task so well as old Bott, whose conspicuous uniform was a terror to tramps,

whom it scared off whenever it came within the line of sight. Yet Bott was not consequential and harsh; he knew how to discriminate between deserving paupers and tramps; and again between tramps who were sturdy rogues, and others who were simply gay vagabonds out of luck, and who might be not undeserving of a little indulgence. Bott was not always threatening to run poor people in; he had no promotion to expect for excess of zeal, for, like a field-marshal, he was at the top of his tree; and a wave of the brass-headed walking-stick upon which he leaned was always enough to secure him obedience and respect. Good old Tom Bott! The *nom de guerre* by which he was known amongst us was formed by a transposition of his own names, which made him homonymous with the most popular character in *The Midsummer Night's Dream.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SHOPS UP TOWN.

My friend Croppie was to leave at Election, 1861, and in his latter days I humoured him by going pretty often in his company for walks. In ascending to the Fifth Form, he had discarded none of his old characteristics; he was, indeed, more of a loafer than ever, for being no longer amenable to fagging, he could spend his time in his own way. When he had not leisure for a long excursion, he would moon up and down the High Street, looking into almost every shop-window, and finding some excuse for entering about a dozen of the shops. He was a perfect *flâneur*, and worthy to have been born in Paris. Dangling an umbrella quietly in one hand, keeping the other hand buried in a pocket of his trousers, and softly humming to himself as he went along, he had an eye for every new thing exhibited, and would pause for inspection

if there were only so much as a pair of new cricket-shoes put into the window of Joel's. When racing cups or medals were displayed in Sanders's shop-front, it was a good time for Croppie, who would flatten the tip of his nose against the plate-glass and take a long enjoyable look—after which he would lounge into the shop to have his hat ironed, and to chat a bit with lean Miss New and her pretty rosy-cheeked niece, Miss Lingwood.

You could walk into any Eton shop and wile away ten minutes without being expected to buy anything, and there were several establishments on which you could bestow a good deal of custom without opening your purse. I do not mean those which allowed "tick," but those where things could be done for your supposed necessities by your own order, and put down in your parents' bill. Croppie's watch, for instance, was always requiring to be looked at by Dick Meyrick, and his hair to be cut or shampooed by Frizzles. When his hair had been set right, it might occur to him to go and have his hat renovated as abovesaid; and on the way home he would pop his head into Denman's the tailor's, and give orders for some clothes of his to be cleaned or re-lined. Watch-mending, hair-cutting, hat-ironing, and clothes-repairing were not paid for with ready-money,

else it is probable that we should have indulged less often than we did in these adjuncts to happiness.

Although most boys at Eton were amply provided with pocket-money, it was a habit amongst us to buy nothing for ourselves which we could get put down in the bill, or for which we could procure written orders from our tutors. Stationery and pocket-pencils were articles which our parents might have fairly expected us to buy out of our own funds, but we always got orders for them,[1] nor did we pay our own postage, but allowed the butler in our tutor's house to stamp our letters for us. Flannel caps and shirts, straw hats, umbrellas, neckties, and gloves were things for which we always begged orders. I have shown how I got an order for cricket-bat and ball, and I have known fellows who were assiduous fives-players get orders on Frizzles for a dozen fives-balls.

Frizzles (otherwise Mr. Ferry) was the only hair-cutter and perfumer in my time. During ten years he enjoyed the exclusive patronage of the school, with all its masters and their wives, and he

[1] At the beginning of every half-year, my tutor invariably wrote for me in Williams's book an order for—pens, ink, paper, note-paper, envelopes, note-book, pocket-pencil, blotting book, and india-rubber. About twice a year I used to get an order for a pocket-knife.

must have thought Eton a pleasant place to live in. He had come to the town like a troubadour of old, with nothing but his good-looking curly head, his glib tongue, and his talents; but he was of French extraction, though not French born, and with the gallantry of his ancestral race, he lost no time in winning the heart of Miss Rose, who had inherited the hair-cutting establishment from her father. The firm had been "Rose and Jennings," but after Mr. Rose had died, Jennings departed also, and Frizzles reigned in the stead of both. He was one of those men who deserved good fortune for the gushing gratitude with which they bear it. He seemed to have realized the fact that in making him sole hair-cutter, perfumer, and brush-vendor to a school of 800 boys, Fortune had dealt kindly with him, so that he was always on the grin, and his prayers to the Fates must have amounted merely to this, that they would deliver him from a plague of competitive hair-cutters. I should have been sorry to see his face on the day when he learned that a former butler of Mr. Carter's was going to set up in the same trade as himself, with promises of support from several of the masters.

Who would not have been an Eton tradesman? Could any berth have been pleasanter than that of E. P. Williams, who supplied books to the whole

school? A new boy's outfit in books cost two or three guineas, and nearly the same sum had to be paid on getting into the Remove and the Fifth Form. Now, there were on an average sixty new boys every term, and twice a year, when Removes were made, some 300 boys walked into Williams's dark little shop, and handed to honest Giles, the assistant, an extensive order for new books. I say nothing of the sale of stationery, maps, boxes of colours, school lists, and term calendars, of which Mr. Williams had a *quasi* monopoly.[1] Well might he dress himself like a clergyman with a white tie, and walk erect like a Canon of Windsor. He was much respected by masters and boys, and was a gentleman of most entertaining conversation, with whom Upper Boys found it pleasant to chat about old Eton days and celebrities. As he had been educated at the school, and as his son was an oppidan there, he was as sturdy an Etonian as the best of us. In promoting school publications conducted by the boys, and indeed all schemes in which the boys were interested, he was always most liberal, and he is worthily imitated in this respect by his successor, Mr. Ingalton Drake.

[1] In this matter, as in others, there has been a change. Williams's successor does not enjoy the same monopoly as he did, nor does he sell under such profitable conditions.

Dick Meyrick also had a pleasant berth. His small shop next door to Barnes's was a regular lounge of the "swells." The side-posts of his door were all hacked and chipped by the carving of names, and the number of books which fellows left on his glass counter on their way to the Brocas might have given a chance customer to suppose that the old man traded in second-hand books as well as in jewellery. What were the fascinations of Dick's conversation, which drew so many fellows to his shop, I never could understand. He was a white-haired old boy, with a shrewd droll look, and a faculty for expressing himself sententiously on all questions, which made him a capital butt for small chaff. Dick was continually impressing upon his customers that he would give no "tick," and one of the favourite methods of baiting him was by obliging him to break through his rule. A fellow would get a watch mended at Dick's, and then say that, as he had neither an order from his tutor nor ready-money, the repairs must be set down to his private account, which he would settle when he had time to think about it. Or a fellow would have a ring engraved, and then give Dick the option between tossing him double or quits, or going without any payment at all. Dick never lost a penny by these

pleasantries, but they made him foam at the mouth, for his temper was short where money was concerned.

Going over Barnes Pool Bridge, the first shop to which you came to the left was that of Tom Brown, the deaf tailor. One must speak of him in the past tense, for he died young. He used to say with brisk politeness,—

"Want your trousers made a little fuller at the knee, sir; quite so; I know just what you want."

"No, no; I tell you that I want them tighter at the knee."

"All right, sir, that's just what I was saying to myself. You'll find them just to your taste."

Brown's principal rival, Denman, was over the way. There was nothing to note in him except the infirmity common in all tailors of promising the punctual delivery of clothes which he knew could not be ready on the day appointed; but considering that Denman used to return from his Monday morning rounds of the boarding-houses, with tremendous armfuls of coats, jackets, and pants, all needing repairs, and which their owners expected to be executed within twenty-four hours—it is not surprising that he should have put his own private construction on the meaning of a verbal contract.

Opposite Denman's lived the worthy Runicles,

a good little man of sad face exceedingly polite. He sold pictures, chimney ornaments, bats, foot-balls, and had a large workshop at the back of his premises, where the pleasure of turning at a lathe could be enjoyed for a shilling an hour. When first he set up this school for amateur turners, the craze for turning seized upon all Lower boys more or less, and Runicles' twelve lathes used to be occupied at all hours during play-time. I had my brief fit of carpentering madness, during which I acquired knowledge as to the comparative hardness of different kinds of wood, and the staining properties of varnish smeared on the fingers and clothes. Some fellows, who persevered longer than I, became excellent mechanics, and filled their rooms with nests of boxes, ringstands, and twisted wooden candlesticks, which were neither useful nor ornamental, but which at least appeared to give pleasure to those who had made them.

The moment to see the High Street at its gayest was after four on a fine whole school-day. The time being too short for boating or cricketing, most of the fellows turned out for a stroll up the "High," and so did the masters, often accompanied by their wives and daughters. In the days of shirking these young ladies must have been amused

by the sight of boys flying hither and thither from the path of their papas; but they must have been the first to appreciate the change which enabled the boys to meet their tutors boldly in the "High," and their tutors' daughters not less boldly. If ever there was a boy a little sweet on his tutor's daughter, what a provoking thing it must have been to see the youth take to his heels so soon as he sighted his enchantress from afar! A boy could not stop to speak to his tutor's wife or daughter in the street, lest a master suddenly coming round a corner, he should have had unceremoniously to turn tail and stampede. If a fellow chanced to be in a shop when his tutor and tutor's daughter walked in, he had to shirk by making himself as small as possible. Perhaps a glance might be shot at the beloved over the edge of the handkerchief with which the youth veiled his countenance, but on the whole the old system was not favourable to flirting.

Not all the shops in the "High" lived on the school; there were some into which the fellows never penetrated. It was enough that a shop should have a mean appearance, and boys kept aloof from it without being expressly enjoined to do so. Only two shops were prohibited—a toy-shop where the "cribs" were sold, and Kitty

Fraser's, the tobacconist; but into these boys did not scruple to enter after taking precautions. Buxom Mrs. Fraser had her circle of customers, who knew that they risked swishing by honouring her with their patronage, and accordingly emulated the prudent ways of Nestor, king of the Pylians, in all their dealings with her. She had at one time a dark-eyed little assistant, who conceived tender feelings for a smoking hobbedehoy in the Fourth Form; but the young lout being disdainful, the damsel planned a terrible act of revenge. With unexampled treachery, she allowed him to walk out of the tobacconist's straight into the arms of one of the masters. She had previously put out her wicked little head to see if there were any masters in sight, and had slyly said to her Æneas, "All right, sir," so that there could be no doubt about her having shoved him into the trap. Whilst Æneas, bareheaded and with anticipatory wriggles, was revealing to the master his name, address, and other particulars requisite for the framing of a bill of indictment, Dido ran back to her counter, and had a good cry over her villany. One cannot say that this seasonable burst of emotion produced any soothing effect upon Æneas, for, having been flogged with all the vigour which Dr. Goodford in his most rageful moods could put forth, he took

a sudden distaste for tobacco, and never crossed Mrs. Fraser's threshold again.

There were boys who smoked, and boys who swigged beer, but never did those who defied rules on these points patronize any of the public-houses of the High Street, though assuredly they would have been made welcome in most of them. There were at one time thirteen of these houses in the "High," and no doubt many of them had bar-parlours which could have been used as snuggeries by boys so disposed. But the risks would have been too great. It was risk enough to go into the "Christopher" or "Tap," both of which were half-tolerated by the authorities. Somehow fellows were continually being caught coming out of these houses, and as a rule swishings were the result—at least for fellows who were not "swells"—but expulsion would have been the penalty for frequenting an ordinary public-house. Upper boys are now allowed to go to "Tap," which is a well-conducted little refreshment-room.[1]

[1] Beer is the only strong liquor sold at Tap; and no customer can be served with more than a quart of it. Chops, steaks, and bread and cheese are to be had there, and the strictest order is maintained in the place by the observance of a few rules framed by different captains of the boats. No smoking or swearing are allowed under pain of fines and ejection. The maximum of liquor supplied to one customer ought, however,

Formerly the funniest scenes took place outside its doors. A master, issuing suddenly from a neighbouring house, would find himself in the midst of a whole troop, marching out of the little "pub"; some of them starting back in a panic would jostle one another, trying to rush through the green baize door; others, who were too far on the pavement to execute this evolution, would stand still reddening, and brazen it out. What was the master to do? He knew that a great deal of the business of boating and athletics was transacted at the "tap," and it would have been absurd of him to complain of fellows in the eight, who had possibly been arranging the details of a race, and had not put beer to their lips. So he often closed his eyes and plunged madly through the throng; but depend upon it, that if on another occasion he caught some quiet boy, who was not exactly a "swell," coming out from a mild luncheon of a chop and glass of ale, he would have that boy flogged without pity.

From the shops in the "High" let me pass to the last shop of all—a little one ensconced at the foot of some stairs hard by Windsor Bridge. Here poor Bob Smith sold his famous fishing-

to be reduced to a pint. A grown man can easily fuddle himself with a quart of beer, much more so a boy.

tackle. I say poor Bob Smith, for I heard after leaving the school that he had come to sore trouble, but he used to be one of the merriest of men. He acted as clerk at the cemetery church, and was perhaps *ex officio* sexton, for he appeared at all funerals. But the sedate physiognomy that he wore on these occasions matched ill with his natural mood, which was one of the breeziest philosophy. His fishing-rods had made the "Eton mark" renowned amongst all the anglers of the kingdom; his tackle was perfect, and connoisseurs said that even his worms had magic properties not to be found in others of their species.

When I think of Bob Smith I am always led to reflect how very long-lived a small joke may be. The first time that I entered Smith's shop, before I had been a fortnight at the school, there was a savoury smell coming from his kitchen, and I asked him what he was going to have for dinner. He answered, laughing,—

"Oh, sir, the Smiths in their mansion always dine grandly. To-day the bill of fare is turtle and venison, and lots of iced punch."

After that, for years, in all seasons and weathers, and under every possible circumstance, whenever I saw Bob Smith, this joke about his dinner was renewed. If he met me in the street, he touched

his hat, saying gaily,—"I am going home to my lamb and peas, sir." If I entered his shop, my invariable question about his midday meal was answered by a list of the dainty dishes which he said he was going to eat. On my last day at Eton, as I was going to the station, I halted to bid Smith good-bye, and to take away a fishing-rod I had ordered. He was looking poorly, for the first symptoms of the disorder which overtook him were beginning to manifest themselves. But he brightened up as he handed me my parcel, and replying to my inquiries about his health, said, with a smile—

"Well, sir, the fact is, I have eaten too many good dinners since you were at Eton; now you are going I think I shall diet myself."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ETON R. V. C.

THE first time that I ordered a Lower boy to fag for me gave me a pleasing sensation. I cannot but remember with pleasure the good feeling that was always evinced by Lower boys in obeying fellows who had newly reached the Upper Lower Fifth. They were bound to obey, but they seemed always eager to acknowledge in the most cheerful way possible, the rights which an Upper boy had acquired by his promotion. I wish I could say that our fagging powers were used with discretion: I think, however, that we too soon fell into the ways of pashas, doing as little for ourselves as we could whenever there was a Lower boy at hand to serve us.

If he could help it, an Upper boy would never carry his own books back to his tutor's after school, nor fetch his own corrected verses from the pupil-room, nor go down a flight of steps to drop a letter

into the post-box. It was Lower boy here, Lower boy there, and consideration for the time, the legs, and the tempers of the urchins who were sent galloping up and down-stairs to run errands for us was generally wanting.

I enjoyed the services of two fags in our mess long before I was entitled to one on my own account, for Cherry and the Pug, who were now in Middle Division, had each one. It was not often that a mess lasted so long as ours had done, especially a mess of three, and one in which two of the members were never of the same mind. Cherry and the Pug continued to wrangle every morning and night, and also by day, for they had a lock-up together every summer half, and used to dispute as they practised on the river; but I believe this exercise of the jaws had become as necessary to them as their meals. Nothing could be less affectionate than their outward demeanour towards each other; but they were such inseparable chums that never a threat was made by one or the other to "cut mess." Once when the Pug caught the measles, and had to be taken to the Sanitorium, Cherry went mooning about as if all his worldly affairs had gone wrong. He and I scarcely exchanged a word at mess, but sat with open novels beside our plates as we ate. When the Pug came

out of hospital Cherry's face turned to deep crimson as he gripped his friend's hand in silence; but ten minutes later the pair were disputing about the gravity of measles.

"I had a narrow squeak for it," remarked the Pug. "There was a day when the matron thought I was done for."

"What bosh!" retorted Cherry. "Everybody gets through measles; and as for the Sanitorium, it's chicken and jelly all day long, so far as I can make out."

"I hope you may get a taste of it then," said the Pug.

"I don't, for it would spoil my rowing weight; you have actually come out fatter than you went in."

"Hark to that now!" cried the Pug. "Why, I have lost a stone's weight, if I have lost an ounce! What bungs you do tell!"

Cherry and the Pug had got into Lower boats, and by dint of practising together in a pair-oared outrigger, were becoming very pretty oarsmen. I generally steered them, for pair-oars did not cease to carry coxswains till 1863. In 1861 I was asked to steer one of the long boats, but declined by my tutor's desire, as the captain of the boat who had invited me was somewhat fast and addicted to

champagne dinners at Monkey Island and Maidenhead. On the fourth of June, however, I steered as a substitute for one of the regular coxswains who was absent, and wore a fancy midshipman's dress with white "ducks" and gloves, patent leather shoes, and an enormous nosegay. On my way back to college, being merry, I drew my dirk and ripped up the umbrella of some man (name unknown), who had taken the liberty to prod me playfully in the stomach with that weapon, just to see how I would bear myself.

At about this time I began to take an interest in volunteering, having joined our school corps soon after entering the Fifth Form.

The Eton R. V. C. had been founded in 1860, at the height of a French invasion scare. Mr. Edmond Warre was the prime mover in starting it. Under his auspices no difficulty was experienced in enrolling almost the whole of the Upper boys; but at first no Lower boys were admitted into the corps. The captains and lieutenants originally appointed to the six companies were "swells"; and even the corporals were boys of some standing in the school.

Our first commandant was H. E. Chapman, who boarded at Drury's. He was the best football-player at Eton—a short, squat, sturdy fellow, with powerful legs, whose kick-offs in the field always

provoked exclamations of wonder. He had nothing military in his appearance, but he showed himself an uncommonly good officer, and infused zeal into all who served under him. The captain of the company to which I belonged was R. Blake-Humfrey, captain of the boats. The divisions of the corps were at first made by stature, the fifty tallest boys forming the 1st company, the next tallest the 2nd, and so on; but the officers were chosen and allotted irrespective of height, care having been taken to select fellows who, by the prestige they enjoyed, were best fitted to exercise authority. By-and-by, under the too lax administration of another commandant,—a fellow with some odd fads,—the corps was reorganized under a kind of territorial system, houses being grouped together to form companies, and the officers and non-commissioned officers of a company being chosen exclusively from that company. The corps was declining when this experiment was tried, and Lower boys were admitted to recruit its ranks; but the innovation checked promotion, brought commissions to some fellows who had no status, whilst keeping in the ranks others who stood high in the esteem of their schoolfellows; so that gradually all the "swells" deserted the corps, and it very nearly came to grief. The officer who was

the cause of all this, though a good fellow, was not in the least apt to command a corps, for he was himself no observer of discipline. He affected never to touch his hat to masters, and accordingly abrogated the rule by which volunteers had to salute their officers. About a fortnight before he left Eton, being rebuked in school by Mr. Durnford, in whose division he was, he coolly shut up his book and walked out of the room, although the lesson was not half over. Everybody marvelled and sat aghast at this act of courage; but it was not exactly the kind of courage by which officers set an example of subordination to their men. Agreeably to his easy-going principle of no compulsion, the commandant in question objected to having fellows fined for non-attendance at drill, and this also helped to make the corps lose strength and efficiency. But I am anticipating events, for the Eton Volunteers were well commanded when I joined.

The uniform of the corps was from the first pretty much what it is now—a whitey brown tunic with light blue facings edged with red cord. Dr. Hawtrey, the provost, wanted the facings to be velvet, but this suggestion was over-ruled on the score of expense. The first lot of uniforms were supplied by contract with a firm of London tailors,

in Jermyn Street; but as the 300 and odd suits took some time to make, and as many of the boys were growing fast at the period of their measurement, the first grand parade of the Corps in uniform was not so satisfactory a spectacle as one could have wished. Tunics that were baggy at the chest, and bell-mouthed trowser-legs, which would not fall correctly over the instep, were far too common. The original caps too—limp and badgeless—were not pretty. Afterwards stiff *kepis* fronted with the Eton arms in white metal, were substituted with much better effect. On the other hand, the officers' uniforms sent from London were richer than those made subsequently. All the braiding on the sleeve was in silver lace instead of in blue worsted cord, as now.

The captain of my company was strict in enforcing attendance at drill—that is, he always rebuked a truant, and would sometimes fine him. The whole corps used to drill from 8.15 to 9.15 on Monday mornings, prayers in the houses being retarded a quarter of an hour for this purpose; and again on Fridays at 4 p.m. In addition to this, there were parades of the different companies singly for drill by their own officers. So long as the volunteer movement was in its freshness all this worked very well; there was a full muster at the

parades in the school yard; the masters and their families, officers from Windsor, a concourse of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood used to assemble to admire the spectacle, and there was also a fife and drum band of one of the battalions of Guards in attendance to discourse music and speed the corps on its march to the playing fields. It was the opinion of many that the authorities made a mistake at the outset in not asking Mr. S. Evans, the drawing-master, to take command of the corps; and in not making regular drills part of the school course. Drill is now compulsory in the principal public schools of the continent, and a good opportunity of making it so at Eton existed in 1860, when the enthusiasm for things military was so great, that the whole school would cheerfully have accepted two hours' compulsory drill a week, if some slight compensation had been made them—say, in suppressing one of the repetitions at morning school. The advantages that would have accrued from thoroughly drilling the thousands of boys who have passed through Eton during the last two-and-twenty years need not be insisted upon.

The chief events which marked the early years of the corps, were the presentation of colours on Election-Saturday, 1860, by Mrs. Goodford, and

the presentation of a silver bugle in the football half of the same year, by Lady Carington, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Bucks. The bugler who received the handsome gift at her ladyship's hand was Lionel Muirhead, who by dint of practice soon became a very good player indeed. When he stood in Weston's yard to summon the corps on parade days, his lusty toot-tooting had a true martial sound.

In 1861 the corps was reviewed by Lord Elcho, who came down in plain clothes, and apologized for doing so, saying that if he had expected to see us so advanced in our drill, he would have brought his uniform. The excuse was not very felicitous; but the Colonel of the now famed London Scottish gave us some good hints as to holding ourselves correctly in the ranks, and stepping smartly on the march. After inspecting us in the playing fields, Lord Elcho visited the armoury, which had just been established in the lodge of the college stables. At first a brass plate with the word *Armoury* in large letters had been affixed to the door, but Mr. T. Carter, the venerable vice-provost, thought the plate had an incongruous look within ecclesiastical collegiate precincts, and had it removed.

It has been said how much the Eton volunteers owed to Mr. Warre. He always found time to attend their parades and drills, to give an encouraging

word to the officers, and to keep the corps up to its work by judicious criticisms or praises. He also most kindly took charge of shooting-parties, for whom he used to obtain leave to practise at Windsor butts. The first appearance of a shooting team from the corps at Wimbledon took place in 1861; when an eleven competed for the Public School Challenge Shield, presented by Lord Elcho. They did not succeed in carrying off this trophy, but Lord Spencer's cup for the best marksman in all the public school teams fell that year and the next to Etonians. The winner in 1861 was private Kenneth Howard; in 1862 ensign the Earl of Eldon. Both these crack shots boarded at the Rev. F. Vidal's. In 1863 the Eton corps won the Elcho shield for the first time. The late Prince Consort took a great interest in our corps, and in October, 1861, we were invited to spend a day in Windsor Park, and to shoot at the butts of the Windsor corps, near Queen Anne's Drive. This was a very merry day indeed. The corps paraded at nine o'clock with a brass band of the Grenadier Guards, and marched off through Eton and Windsor to the Long Walk, where a halt was made, after which we proceeded without further stoppage to our destination. We were followed by two or three carts with provisions of bread, cheese, cold meat,

and beer, for we were to lunch *al fresco.* The shooting was for two prizes—a field-glass given by Dr. Goodford, and a rifle presented by one of the masters. The first was won by E. S. Hope, and the second by F. Ponsonby Johnson.[1] As there were not above twenty entries for the shooting, the rest of the corps amused themselves by getting up extempore athletic sports, running, hopping, etc., or by dancing to valses and galops played by the Guards' band. Good order prevailed in spite of the general jollity. Rabbits started up in every direction in the warren through which we wandered, but we had been ordered to let them alone, and were obedient. The only case of poaching was almost involuntary, for a drummer of the Guards killed a rabbit by throwing half a quartern loaf at him. It was long after lock-up when the corps marched back to college, to the strains of "Cheer, boys, cheer!" which brought to the windows of the boarding houses all the boys who did not belong to the corps, and excited in their minds the liveliest regrets that they had not been with us to spend such a pleasant day.

[1] E. S. Hope, afterwards of Christ Church, Oxford, son of Hope of Luffness, late M.P. for Windsor.

F. P. Johnson, afterwards of Magdalen College, Oxford, eldest son of Captain Johnson, of Watton House, Carlisle.

Our commandant at this time was Arthur Chandos Arkwright,[1] who had succeeded Chapman. Soon after our day in Windsor Park, intimation was conveyed to the head-master that the Queen and Prince Consort would review our corps. No day was fixed at first, but it was understood that the review would take place before the Christmas holidays, and Her Majesty graciously commanded that the corps should dine at the Castle after the review. This of course gave a wonderful stimulus to drills and recruiting. Scores who had no taste for drill at ordinary times now wanted to join the corps; but Arkwright properly decided that nobody should appear at the review who was not efficient. The review was held on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of November, and all we who took part in it have good reason to remember the event, for it was the last occasion on which the Prince Consort appeared in public. It has even been said that he caught at this review the cold of which he died. The day was a chilly one, and so much rain had fallen during the forenoon that we feared the review would be countermanded. The sky cleared up towards one o'clock, however, and there was no more rain for the rest of the day, though the sky

[1] A. C. Arkwright boarded at Mr. Wolley's; was afterwards in the 2nd Life Guards.

remained overcast. We fell in by companies in the school yard at two o'clock, and the inspection of our clothing was of course very minute. Every belt had to be buckled tight so that it might sit straight, and we were earnestly adjured not to fumble with our chin-straps. The brass band of the Grenadiers was in attendance, the men wearing their best uniforms and bearskins. Not a few officers of the Windsor garrison were present also in undress uniform, and fell in beside some of our own officers on the march. We were all on our mettle, determined to do our very best, and we stepped, I believe, extremely well. Arkwright marched at our head, with the adjutant, Lord Parker, to his left. Behind them came Arthur Rickards, the serjeant-major, with four silver stripes, surmounted by the Eton arms in silken colours on each sleeve; and Muirhead, the bugler, with his silver instrument slung to his side by a cord of Eton blue silk. The two ensigns bearing one the royal standard, the other the flag of the corps with the school arms beautifully embroidered on a blue ground, marched between the third and fourth companies with a colour party of two sergeants and two corporals.

We reached the Home Park at about three o'clock, and halted on the lawn which is overlooked by the

south terrace. Half an hour was spent in making the companies dress up at equal distances from each other, and while this was being done, our adjutant gave us a word of caution which was much needed, and did us all good : "Remember," he said, "the Prince has been accustomed to see boys of the German military schools drill, and they flatter themselves that they do it much better than the regulars. So it is not a question for us of marching very fairly, we must try and do better than any school corps or troop the Prince has ever seen ; and we shall do better if every one of you fellows recollects that a single mistake or piece of slovenliness committed by one volunteer produces as bad an effect as if the whole company were going wrong."

Punctually to the time appointed, the Queen and the Prince came down the path from the Orangery attended by several members of the Royal Family, and a suite of ladies and gentlemen. The Court was still in mourning for the Duchess of Kent, who had died that year. The Prince Consort walked to the left of Her Majesty, giving her his arm. None of us noticed that he looked poorly ; the Queen looked very well, and smiled with a motherly graciousness as Arkwright advanced to deliver a paper containing a list of the officers and of the

movements which we were going to perform, after having made a salute to Her Majesty with his sword. We were all proud to see how well Arkwright executed this salute, and with what ease he bore himself throughout an ordeal which must have been more trying to him than to any one of us.

The review did not last above twenty minutes. We formed into line and square, marched past in quick and slow time by fours in column, and by companies in line, and the newspapers reported next day that we had done honour to our instructors. After the march past we formed into one long line of two rows, with the colours in the centre to give a final salute, which Her Majesty acknowledged with a deep curtsey; after which the word was given for three cheers, and we gave about three times thirty, bawling and waving our caps on our bayonets whilst Her Majesty retired. The review being thus over, we marched to the Orangery, which had been converted into a banqueting hall for the occasion. Arms were piled on the gravel path outside, and then we filed in to enjoy a very well-spread dinner, with champagne unlimited. The Orangery presented to our boyish eyes a glorious appearance with its masses of greenery, its long tables covered with fine plate, and hundreds

of wax candles in gilt candlesticks. There were powdered footmen in black liveries to wait upon us, and the band of one of the regiments of Life Guards played to us all through the dinner.

Many can remember how well everything went off, how the Queen, the Prince, and Princesses circulated between the tables and talked to some of the boys whom they knew—how the Princess Helena dropped a camellia blossom, and how it was picked up by a boy, who prayed permission to keep it[1]—how Arkwright, rising in his place at the officers' table, proposed the health of Her Majesty with three times three, and how after this conclusion of the festivities we all marched back to college as steadily as we had come, but feeling happier from the thought that our review was over and had not been a failure.

A few days after this, Sir Charles Phipps wrote, requesting that a list of the full names and Christian names of all who had taken part in the review should be sent to the Castle. It was said that Her

[1] The permission was not granted without a little banter: "What will you give me in exchange?" asked Her Royal Highness. The boy holding the flower, blushed, not knowing what he could offer. "Will you give me one of the buttons off your tunic? No! Then you do not care a button for my flower;" and the Princess went away laughing, leaving the boy a little disconcerted, but in possession of his floral treasure.

Majesty intended to present each of us with a card or photograph by way of *souvenir;* but whatever may have been the Queen's kind purpose, it was put out of mind by the death of the Prince Consort, which occurred within that same fortnight. This sad event is so inseparably associated with the review of Eton volunteers, that I can never think of our day at Windsor without recalling the feelings of loyal sympathy with which the whole nation heard of the Queen's bereavement.

The Prince died a few days after our Christmas holidays had commenced. When the school reassembled in January every boy wore mourning, and addresses of condolence were sent up from us, which conveyed in sincere language our sorrow for the death of one who had always been a good friend to our school, and whose many noble qualities were known to some of our number by personal acquaintanceship, to all of us by public report.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROVOST HAWTREY—DR. BALSTON.

We had scarcely put off our mourning for the Prince Consort, when we had to assume it again for the death of Provost Hawtrey. Provosts have but little to do with the boys; we had sometimes seen Dr. Hawtrey in chapel, and some of us had breakfasted with him, for it was his practice to invite batches of boys, at haphazard, out of different divisions. I had once been invited in this way rather to my surprise; but to the greatest number amongst us Provost Hawtrey was almost a stranger when he died.

We saw in what general esteem he was held by the laudatory things that were written of him in the Press, and by the number of old Etonians who attended his funeral. He was buried in front of the altar of the college chapel, and a striking sight was presented by the nave of the chapel, with its hundreds of boys all in black. The day was observed

in the school as a Sunday, and no games were played in the houses or in the open air. Black gloves were worn all day by boys of every form.

It was soon known that Dr. Goodford would succeed to the provostship. The Queen herself selected him for the honour—not much to his gratification, for he was in all the vigour of manhood, and it is said he would have liked to enjoy the splendid income of the head-mastership for a dozen years longer, and afterwards to have become a bishop. To a man with a large family promotion from an income of about £6000 to one of £2200 was hardly an unmixed boon.[1] My tutor made some remark on this point at our dinner table on the day when Dr. Goodford was elected; and he observed that probably Dr. Goodford would have become a bishop but for this advancement. Whereupon a Lower boy at the foot of the table interposed,

"Oh, no, sir; Dr. Goodford is not qualified to become a bishop."

"Why not, pray?" asked Mr. Eliot, with his habitual air of bewilderment.

[1] The bulk of the head-master's income was derived from entrance fees and leaving-money. Commoners paid 10 guineas on leaving the school and on entering it; noblemen 15 guineas, and sometimes more. The eldest sons of Dukes paid £50 or £100 on leaving.

"Because, sir, St. Paul says that a bishop must be no *striker*."

This argument, which would have militated against the whole race of schoolmaster bishops so called, did not weigh against Dr. Goodford's appointment to a post which, not less than a bishopric, requires that its holder shall be "sober, discreet, no brawler, the husband of one wife, and given to hospitality."

The important question now arose as to who would be our new head-master? It was not much desired that Mr. W. A. Carter, the Lower master, should get the vacant office. Though a first-rate tutor, and much respected by his pupils, Mr. Carter was not exactly genial or popular. He looked harder than he really was, and had a dry voice, which he never tried to modulate into softness.

Manner goes so far towards establishing a head-master's influence and usefulness, that Mr. Carter would have started under a disadvantage. I do not say that he would have made a bad head-master; but if his election had been put to the vote of the whole school, he would have had a majority against him.

The election might pretty safely have been left in the hands of the Upper boys, who would have chosen with quite as much discrimination as any quorum of fellows or governing body. Our votes

would have been given almost unanimously to the Rev. Edward Coleridge, if he had consented to accept the office, and if not, to the Rev. Edward Balston, who was eventually selected. Mr. Coleridge was one of those men whom all boys love and trust at first sight. His handsome, kindly face, his sweet smile and hearty laugh, were outward evidences of a character at once strong and gentle, earnest and good-humoured. But Mr. Coleridge was a Liberal in politics, and for that reason stood very little chance of being elected by the Fellows, though he was personally beloved by them all.

Mr. Balston was quite as popular with us boys as Mr. Coleridge. His election was practically decided by the *Times*, which recommended him to the Fellows in terms which were tantamount to a *congé d'élire*. Mr. Balston had himself been elected a Fellow in 1860, and, foreseeing that important reforms were impending in the school, he was not desirous of accepting the head-mastership. For some days it was doubtful whether his scruples would be overcome; but at last, to our immense satisfaction, his name was proclaimed as that of the man who was to sit in Dr. Goodford's room.

Easter fell late that year, and Mr. Balston did not enter upon his new office till the beginning of the summer half. Dr. Goodford retained his

authority till the Easter holidays; but it was noticed that a great change came over him once he had been raised to the provostship: he discarded that bluntness of speech which he had copied from Dr. Keate, and evinced a great courtesy of demeanour towards all boys, and especially towards those of his own division. He flogged no more. During three weeks the birch cupboard remained locked, and old Finmore, the birch-maker, moped about with his occupation gone. Whether it was that masters purposely refrained from complaining of delinquent boys, or that somehow the conduct of the school got suddenly improved—certain it is that for those three weeks, at the end of the Easter half, there was a cessation of corporal punishment.

At the commencement of the summer half the captain of the school went through the time-honoured ceremony of presenting the new head-master with a birch tied with Eton blue ribbon and rosettes. For this he was entitled to a fee of a guinea. Mr. Balston, in accepting the implement of correction, expressed the hope that he should not often be compelled to punish with stripes. He was careful to say *not often* instead of never, and thereby dispelled a rumour which had arisen (and which generally accompanied the accession of every new head-master), to the effect that he meant to intro-

duce some more modern method of punishment. Mr. Balston was never fond of flogging, but he rightly believed that this punishment is more efficacious with boys, and consequently more truly kind than any other; so he introduced no innovation, and old Finmore, if he had felt any qualms of uneasiness, must have given a happy chuckle at finding that his wares would be in as great request as ever.[1]

Old Finmore had been servant to Dr. Hawtrey when the latter was head-master. He was a shambling old fellow, whose face was covered with eruptions like grog-blossoms, though they were not evidences of any want of sobriety on his part. He was door-keeper to the head-master's chambers, but he held the still more responsible office of rod-maker, for which he was paid a fixed salary. It was his business to see that there were always at least half-a-dozen new rods in the cupboard of the "library" (for a rod was seldom used twice); and Dr. Goodford

[1] Dr. Goodford, during his last year of office, had introduced the rule that a boy was not to be flogged for idleness, or any moral offence, without his tutor's approval; or at all events without his tutor having been informed of the complaint against him. This was obviously just, as a boy's tutor is best qualified to furnish evidence as to his character. The new rule was made in consequence of a boy having been flogged upon an erroneous charge of falsehood. His tutor afterwards testified that he did not believe the boy capable of telling a lie.

was apt to get very angry if an execution had to be adjourned for want of birches. Finmore used to make the rods at his own house, with the assistance of a tender and devoted wife; and he brought them to the library clandestinely after lock-up, or in the morning before early school. To be quite on the safe side, Finmore ought to have arranged that there should be a dozen new rods in the cupboard every morning, for there was no calculating the number of floggings that might be inflicted in a day. Sometimes days passed without any boy being in the Bill; but there were other days when more than a dozen boys would come up for whipping, and the offences of some of them might require the use of two birches. If the supply of rods ran short, Finmore might have to bring in fresh ones in the middle of the day, when all the boys were about, and this was always a perilous undertaking.

Once under Dr. Goodford six boys had to be flogged after three o'clock school; but there were only three birches available. The Doctor, who never liked to see his justice go *pede claudo*, flogged three of the culprits and adjourned the others till six o'clock; but he ordered the Sixth Form præpostor to be sure and tell Finmore that the cupboard must be replenished before six. The message was de-

livered ; but some Lower boys hearing that Finmore was bound to come to the library with new rods between four and five, lay in wait for him. Presently the old boy was seen hovering near the top of Keate's Lane, empty-handed, but walking suspiciously near to a grocer's cart. The cart made its way towards Weston's Yard, Finmore hobbling after it, and it became evident that the rod-maker had prayed the driver of the cart to give his contraband merchandise a lift. In a twinkling a shout was raised, and fifty boys scampered off to the end of the Long Walk. The cart was stopped as it turned into Weston's Yard ; the boys surrounded it yelling, and extracted from it six new birches wrapped in a cloth. Thereupon Finmore, breathless and almost choking with emotion, made an appeal that his rods should not be destroyed. They were not destroyed, but half a dozen boys ran off with one a-piece, and Finmore was left moaning,

"Oh, gentlemen, what a silly job this is! what's the use of getting me into trouble? The Doctor 'ill wallop you all the same, and you'll only get it all the hotter if you keep him waiting till to-morrow morning."

Finmore used to make money by selling birches as mementoes to boys who were leaving. He was eventually relieved of his duties by Dr. Balston,

because in extreme old age his hand lost its cunning, and he made birches which were so ill-tied that they fell to pieces when used. A compensation was paid him, when a younger college servant was appointed lictor in his stead.

I have mentioned that when Mr. Balston became head-master, he knew that great reforms were impending in the school. In 1860 Sir J. T. Coleridge[1] delivered a lecture at the Tiverton Athenæum, showing up some of the deficiencies of the Eton system of education ; and in the following year Mr. Matthew Higgins, better known as Jacob Omnium, commenced a sharp attack on the school in the columns of the newly-founded *Cornhill Magazine.* His articles were signed *Paterfamilias.* Mr. Higgins had been at Eton for a short time as a boy —just long enough to learn all about it, but not long enough to cherish any affection for its abuses, and these he divulged without any pity. The newspapers caught up his cry, and in 1861 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the administration, endowments, and efficiency of the nine great public schools. Mr. Balston saw from the first that a commission was not likely to turn its eyes on Eton without discerning there a great many things that called for alteration. As a

[1] *History of Eton College*, by H. C. Maxwell Lyte.

matter of fact, the Commissioners found more to condemn in Eton than in all the other schools together.

Mr. Balston was so enlightened a man that his opposition to reforms was known to proceed from no narrow-minded inability to see what the reformers wanted to achieve. He saw it very well, but he deliberately preferred the Eton of the past to the Eton such as it was proposed to make it. He had no ambition to see it develop into a mere rival of one of the new schools. Though himself a man of varied attainment, and one who encouraged all forms of culture, he thought that the education which aimed at making a boy a sound Latin and Greek scholar was the best, and that a boy had better be left to choose and study whatever other subjects he might like of his own accord. Mr. Balston did not believe in the universal-smatter-boy, who passes from natural science to French, from French to Greek, and from Greek to Algebra, all in a day. He held that to master the two dead languages was to lay the surest, broadest foundation on which to build up other knowledge subsequently. Whether he was right or wrong in his opinions is a question which nobody could decide without having heard him state his own case himself. He feared no controversy. He could as earnestly as any party-leader

give reasons for the conservative faith that was in him; and though he might have the force of numbers against him, he would never acknowledge that as a sufficient cause for modifying any of his own views.

Mr. Balston enjoyed the rare honour of being cordially loved, admired, and trusted by boys of every sort whilst he actually held office. There are plenty of masters who become very popular when they have resigned or have died, and when books have been written to explain what their doctrines and virtues were; but Mr. Balston's face said more for him than any book can have urged, and to have once read in that noble countenance the lines of goodness, truthfulness, and manly courage was to learn a lesson never to be forgotten. No boy ever alluded to this head-master by any nick-name; none ever spoke of him with animosity, none ever impugned his justice. Those who best knew him, of course loved him best; but those boys who were seldom brought into relation with him, all felt that it would be a privilege to know such a man intimately, and to be guided by him. Of commanding stature and stately mien, he had no need to employ the arts by which pompous little men try to swell their importance. He was dignity itself; his walk was no strut, his voice was

at all times natural, quiet, kindly, and pleasant to hear.

Mr. Balston had no children, but he loved boys and understood them ; he did not often smile with the lips—there was indeed an habitual shade of melancholy in his expression, but he always smiled with the eye in speaking to us. Big and small, we all knew that there was in him no fear, no pettiness, no impatient spirit: he would listen to anything that was said to him with wakeful attention ; no boy could ever say that under any circumstances he had failed to obtain from him an impartial hearing, fatherly advice when sought, or indulgence for a fault when sincere repentance was pleaded.

I can remember of Mr. or Dr. Balston nothing but what was good. I recollect his kindly nods of approval, so valued—his shakes of the head, so potent as rebukes, because of the sad reproachful glance which accompanied them. In fact, memory has confirmed and strengthened all the feelings of affection and reverence with which I regarded our head-master when I was a boy under him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ETON *v.* HARROW—LONG GLASS.

I HAVE not undertaken to write these reminiscences of my life at Eton as a romance of which I was the hero. Writing only things that are true, introducing none but characters who lived, and who, in most cases, are still living, I had not at my disposal the materials for weaving a continuous story of adventure. I could not describe any boy as having stood to me in the relation of bosom friend, and I could not speak of my tutor as having exercised over me that influence which it is customary to attribute to tutors whom one has regarded with affection and esteem.

I made many friends, but was of that happy disposition which causes a boy to include under that denomination almost all his habitual playmates. Says Molière,—

> "Sur quelque préférence une estime se fonde
> Et c'est n'estimer rien qu'estimer tout le monde."

That may be so as regards men; but boys of cheerful temperament manage to distribute a good deal of friendliness and affection around them, without always bestowing an excessive measure of these sentiments upon particular individuals. As to my tutor, it would be affectation to pretend that I ever looked to him for guidance. He corrected my themes and verses; he spoke to me at dinner; at the beginning and end of every half he shook hands with me. Our relations scarcely went beyond this. When I read of tutors who moulded their pupils' opinions on religion, politics, art, and social ethics, I can only wonder whether mine ought to have done all this, and whether I should have liked him any the better if he had tried to do so?

I do not think I could have liked him more than I did, for it was with real sorrow that in 1862 I viewed his retirement from the post of assistant-master. He was elected Fellow in that year, and this event led of course to the breaking up of his house and to the dispersion of all his pupils amongst other houses.

I felt how fond I had been of the quiet, kindly gentleman and patient master when I was going to lose him; and I felt also how strong were those apparently slight links which bound me to my

fellow-pupils, since it caused me so much pain to see them broken.

My parents left me free to choose my new boarding-house, and I settled this question by arrangement with the Pug. Cherry decided not to remain at the school after the breaking up of Eliot's, which was to take place at election. He was going into the army, and thought he might as well prepare for his examination at a private tutor's. The Pug and I, after some deliberation, determined to go and board at a dame's, and we chose the same tutor. I think we made good selections, but not from such motives as would have guided very industrious boys. Our new tutor was more popular than strict. At our dame's there were a good many lower boys and few upper ones, so that we found plenty of fags. This dame was also held in esteem for keeping a liberal table, and for never "going rounds" after lock-up.

In 1862 I got into the boats, but devoted more time to cricket than to aquatics, and played in most of the Lower Club matches. I began once more to practise bowling. That year dry-bobbing received a mighty encouragement from the victory which our eleven gained at Lord's over Harrow.

Our captain was S. F. Cleasby, who died in

India three years afterwards. He was a steady cricketer who never made long scores, but had a good defence, and he had excellent judgment in managing his team. The match was won for us principally by the bowling of A. S. Teape. We won by fifty-four runs; but just before the last wicket fell, one of the most brilliant players in our eleven missed an easy catch from making too sure of it. I think I can hear now the explosion of furious "*oh's*," mingled with jeers, which took place at this. If F—'s piece of bungling had lost us the match, we should have been in the humour for lynching him; however, in the next over Teape sent a middle stump down, thereby inflicting on the Harrovians their first defeat since 1850. The thousands of Eton partisans on the ground fairly rose at Teape. He was borne off his legs, carried round the ground, cheered, patted, punched, and shaken hands with, till he grew stupid. Several of our other players came in for similar demonstrations of rough hero-worship. Etonians of to-day, who hold their own better against Harrow than we did, will hardly be able to realize the frantic excitement into which we were thrown by winning this match.

The eight of 1862 also acquitted themselves well; they beat Radley at Henley in the first

heat for the Ladies' Plate, and rowed a capital race against University College, Oxford, in the final heat. Their easy victory over Westminster at Putney can hardly be accounted to them for glory, because Westminster had become a very small school when the race with Eton was revived in 1860; and it was with some difficulty that the Westminsters put an eight on the river at all. They always rowed very pluckily and in excellent style; in each of the crews that raced against Eton in 1860-1-2-4, they had two or three oars who were equal to those in the Eton crews; but they were altogether overmatched in weight and strength. In 1863 there was no race, but the Westminsters came down to Eton on Election-Saturday, and supped with the boats at Surly Hall. They wore pink flannel coats, and straw hats with pink ribbons. Rowing back from Surly, they very nearly met with a bad accident, for their coxswain steered to the wrong side of the posts above Boveney Lock, and had he not fortunately heard the shrill cry of warning that was shouted by Charlie Tottenham, the steerer of the Eton eight, he would have made his boat shoot the weir.

The relations between the Etonians and Westminsters were always very cordial; but this was more meritorious to them than to us, for it showed

how good-naturedly they could accept defeats. At the beginning of the Christmas holidays in 1862, our football eleven played that of Westminster in Vincent Square, and there was a good match, though a mongrel set of rules had to be contrived for the occasion, as the Westminster game and the Eton one were not alike. One of our team, I think it was the Hon. N. Lyttelton, broke his collar-bone in this match.

It was expected all through the summer half of 1862 that Albert Brassey, who was captain of the *Dreadnought*, would be captain of the boats in 1863, but when "choices" were published at the end of the summer half, W. R. Griffiths was found to have been placed above him, and also above W. T. Trench, captain of the *Thetis*, who had won the pulling of that year with H. P. Senhouse. This surprised everybody, for Brassey and Trench had both been above Griffiths in the choices of 1861; but in the course of a year Griffiths had shot up wonderfully in stature, and had become undeniably the best and strongest oar of the three. Brassey, Trench, and Griffiths all boarded at Marriott's.

I cannot help telling an anecdote about W. R. Griffiths which will show what manner of fellow he was. Whilst I was in the Fourth Form Charles Ashley Teape, brother of A. S. Teape, was speaking to me about schoolwork when he exclaimed, point-

ing to Griffiths (who was also in the Fourth Form), "We all get on better since *he*'s come here. You have no idea what a fellow he is; he keeps us all up to our work. We do our derivations and themes with him, and it becomes quite a pleasure to work with him to coax and shove you on."

Charles Teape was in the eleven of 1863, and possibly owed this to the influence of his energetic friend, who urged all around him to exert themselves heartily in whatever they were doing.

Mr. Warre and Lawes were quite right to place Griffiths [1] so high as they did in choices, and their action met with the approval of the whole school, though a good deal of sympathy was felt for Brassey, who was popular. On the day when choices were published I happened to have been invited to drink at "long glass" after two; and seeing both Griffiths and Brassey at tap, I remember how very well they both behaved—Griffiths quite modest in his triumph, and Brassey perfectly cheerful to show that he bore no rancour. But the disappointment was very bitter to Brassey. An Etonian may have several chances of becoming

[1] Griffiths pulled in the Cambridge eights of 1865-6-7. He was president of the C. U. B. C. in 1867, and when he took his degree was placed first in the first class of the Law Tripos.

Prime Minister, but he can only get one of becoming Captain of the Boats. Brassey decided to leave the school at the end of that half.[1]

What is long glass? It was a glass nearly a yard long, shaped like the horn of a stage-coach guard, and with a hollow globe instead of a foot. It held a quart of beer, and the ceremony of drinking out of it constituted an initiation into the higher circle of Etonian swelldom. There was long-glass-drinking once or twice a week during the summer half. The *invités* attended in an upper room of Tap after two, and each before the long glass was handed to him had a napkin tied round his neck. It was considered a grand thing to drain the glass without removing it from the lips, and without spilling any of its contents. This was difficult, because when the contents of the tubular portion of the glass had been sucked down, the beer in the globe would remain for a moment as if congealed there; then if the drinker tilted the glass up a little, and shook it, the motion-

[1] Good luck as well as merit was necessary to make one Captain of the Boats. Griffiths rose *per saltum* from an oar in the *Victory* to the Captainship of the Boats, because the four choices above him in the Eight of 1862 happened to leave; but R. A. Kinglake, President of the C. U. B. C. in 1866, had the bad luck to row three years in the Eton Eight—1860, 1861, 1862, without being Captain of the Boats.

less beer would give a gurgle and come down with a sudden rush all over his face.

"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

There was a way of holding the long glass at a certain angle by which catastrophes were avoided. Some boys could toss off their quart of ale in quite superior style, and I may as well remark that these clever fellows could do little else.[1]

[1] It is a comfort to reflect that the greatest beer-topers whom I knew at Eton fell far short of the students in German schools and universities. At Bonn a *Fuchs major* (*lit.* bigger fox or "swell") was pointed out to me, who could empty forty *schoppes* in an evening. A trough would have suited this fellow quite as well as a "long glass."

CHAPTER XXX.

LEARNING EXTRAS.

THE private tutor with whom my friend Cherry was going to read for his Army Examination lived in Paris; and about a month before the end of the summer half 1862, Cherry tried to form a four to accompany him to the French capital during the holidays, and pull in the regatta of the Paris Rowing Club. Having obtained parental leave, the Pug and I agreed to be of the party; but in our letters from home, hints were thrown out that we had better brush up our French for this festive occasion; and this we accordingly did after a fashion.

French, which now forms part of the school course at Eton, used to be taught as an extra. A great many fellows learned it simply to have the pleasure of going out after lock-up on winter evenings. During the summer half Mr. Henry Tarver's class-rooms were not assiduously frequented; but this popular gentleman being ill-supported by the

authorities in his attempts to enforce regular attendance at his classes had to let his pupils take as many or as few lessons as they pleased.

Most of the extra masters went on the plan of not worrying their pupils.

Alone Herr Schönestadt, the German master, was very strict in requiring both punctual attendance and diligent work, and the result was, that extremely little desire existed among the fellows to learn German. I took lessons of Herr Schönestadt during one half-year, but finding, to my amazement and disgust, that he actually regarded his native language as not less important than Latin and Greek, I removed my name from his books.

Please to note here how the duty of certain masters was at conflict with their interests.

A teacher of extras, who acted with severe conscientiousness, was sure to suffer largely in pocket. I call to mind two mathematical masters equally accomplished, equally good as coaches; but one, who was strict, had scarcely a dozen extra pupils; while the other, who was lax, had about fifty. As extra mathematical lessons were paid for at the rate of six guineas a term, one may reckon how profitable it sometimes was to make things pleasant all round. The question as to whether a boy

learned extras or not was one which he generally settled with his parents, and in which his tutor interfered little. If a boy chose to leave off his extra lessons without alleging the true reason for so doing, he had only to tell his tutor that they interfered with his school work, and no objection would be made. Some tutors looked with a positive aversion upon the learning of French, regarding it as an utter waste of time.

Herr Schönestadt might have sat to any comic artist as the type of a German professor. He wore spectacles of course; he had a red face, a little round red nose which seemed to abhor the English climate; and an air of benevolent pedantry was spread over his features. His step was slow; he was always dressed in a long black frock coat, which descended to his knees, a white tie which went twice round his neck, and grey thread gloves. He carried a stick with an ivory knob, and when saluted in the streets by his pupils, he acknowledged their politeness with a military kind of formalism. This question of saluting was always a sore point with extra masters and mathematical masters. Their status was not the same as that of the classical assistant masters, and the boys were not compelled to bow to them, still less to remain uncovered when speaking to them in the open air.

At all events, a touching of the brim of the hat was considered sufficient in their case, and they were expected to return this cavalier salute; whereas in bowing to a classical master, a boy lifted his hat right off his head, and not so much as a nod was vouchsafed to him in response.

Herr Schönestadt's pupil-room was a comfortable apartment in the Cloisters; Mr Tarver's was composed of two chambers which had formerly been the Coffee-Room of the old Christopher Inn. The fumes of thirty thousand dinners may have left on the walls microscopic traces enough to feed flies in summer; but there was not so much as a print in the place to recall the primitive destination of the room to our eyes.

I was a pretty constant attendant at Mr. Tarver's rooms, and learned there just enough French to keep me from falling into the mistake of the Etonian who, in an Army Examination, translated "chest of drawers" into *poitrine de caleçon.* Mr. Henry Tarver had himself been educated on the Eton Foundation; whether he spoke French with a Parisian accent or

"After the scole of Eton-atté-Slough,"

I cannot say. He was quite an Englishman in appearance and conversation, and was as cheerful, good-tempered a tutor as any set of idle boys

could wish to have. The number of his pupils being continually on the increase, he occasionally had genuine Parisian assistants; and one of these in my time bore the distinguished name of D'Assas.

If we ignorant turbulent boys could have known how honoured was the name of D'Assas in French military annals, we probably should have shown more respect for the poor gentleman who bore it. He was a regular Frenchman, lean, swarthy, addicted to strange hats and coats, and smelling strongly of tobacco; but gay, kindly, full of native dignity, and sensitive as a mimosa. He deserved better than to have foolish jokes made by mispronunciations of his name, and once he felt bound to assert himself very sharply by way of reducing us to respect. It was one evening whilst he was taking a class composed of fellows of all ages and sizes. The tumult was great, and M. D'Assas, having borne with it for some time, at last stamped his foot and screamed for silence. Some pleasantry was launched, which put him out of temper, and, rendering a French expression in English, he cried,

"Listen you all; try not to make de mustard mount to my nose."

This exhortation provoking some titters, Monsieur D'Assas, like a brave man, instantly selected the strongest, most influential, and, I may add, the best

behaved boy present to be made an example of. Striding up to a fellow called M—, an Australian, who was in the Eight, he dealt him a swinging slap on the cheek, which knocked him clean off his form. We sat aghast. For a full half-minute we could hardly realize that we had seen such an incredible thing as a fellow in the Eight cuffed by a French under-master. When M— struggled to his feet we quite expected that he was going to annihilate the Frenchman. The two glared at each other, but Monsieur D'Assas kept his hand ready poised for a second slap, and M—, properly willing to avoid a fight which would have done him no good, contented himself with saying that he should complain to Mr. Tarver, and left the room. Nothing came of the affair save a great deal of talk; but from that day until the time of his departure, which occurred soon afterwards, all the pupils of the French classes viewed Monsieur D'Assas with a cool and careful eye. The mustard was no more made to mount to his nose.

Lately reading the life of Chateaubriand, who was French master in an English school during the first revolution, and who had many indignities to put up with, I was reminded of Monsieur D'Assas. Chateaubriand, who had been made to dine in the servants' hall of a school at Fulham, returned to England in later years as ambassador from the king

of France. I wonder what became of Monsieur D'Assas. Did the political tornado of 1870-71 whirl him into any post of honour and emolument? I am sure I hope so, for he was the kind of man to bear himself with spirit in any position.

Some inducement to the study of modern languages at Eton was afforded by the late Prince Consort's yearly prizes; but there were always very few competitors for the German and Italian prizes. The latter were sometimes not awarded at all, for want of proficient candidates, and it often occurred that in the German competitions the first places were carried by boys who had learned all the German they knew under Herr Schönestadt's careful tuition. The like thing seldom happened in the French competition, by which I mean that the winners of the French prizes were frequently, if not always, boys who had learnt most of their French at home. V. Van de Weyer, whose father was a Belgian, the Hon. G. (now Earl) Cadogan, who had spent part of his boyhood in France, Henry Tufton (Lord Hothfield), whose parents resided in France, were among the French winners of my time; and among the other thorough French scholars could be named Lord Clanmaurice (now Marquis of Lansdowne), and his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, whose mother was French, the Hon. F. A. Wellesley,

whose father, Lord Cowley, was ambassador at Paris, and several other boys whose fathers held posts in the diplomatic service. Against such competitors as these the boys who had learnt all their French from Mr. Tarver found themselves heavily handicapped—not because Mr. Tarver was an incompetent instructor (for he taught very well those who chose to learn), but because the time at his disposal for lessons was so short. The entries for the French contests were always very numerous, and it was worth while to have a first-rate examiner down from London to decide upon them. For some years Monsieur Delille, author of many well-known educational works, discharged the office; but afterwards came the Rev. Thomas Marzials, pastor of a French Protestant church in London, a patriarchal old man, with a noble head, a broad-brimmed hat, and white hair flowing over his shoulders—just the type of pastor one sees in the illustrated editions of Erckmann-Chatrian's novels.

Among the extra masters who were at Eton I can say nothing of Mr. Samuel Evans, the drawing-master (beyond bearing a passing testimony to his popularity), for I was never brought into contact with him. Nor can I speak of Signor Volpe, who was for years set down in the school list as Italian master, and who to most of us was a myth. But I

have many recollections of worthy Mr. Angelo, the fencing-master.

Mr. Angelo taught at Harrow, Westminster, and a good many other places. The subscription lists at his rooms in St. James's Street were covered with an array of notable names; and it is no disparagement of him to say that he loved a lord. I saw him painfully excited once because Lord Wallscourt, who had recently left the school, omitted to return a bow of his, being short-sighted. Mr. Angelo was a rotund, pompous, affable, dressy little man, with a Jewish nose and a military swagger. He had always a good deal of watch-chain, coral buttons to his waistcoats, which he wore low, and shiny hats with curled brims. The time to see him in his glory was at Lord's on the Eton and Harrow match days, when he strutted about the ground renewing his acquaintance with noblemen, his former pupils, and endeavouring to collect as many of them as he could to come and have a champagne luncheon at his house in St. John's Wood, which he described as "my little place, close to here." Mr. Angelo could never suppress the words, my lord, when addressing any one who bore that title. He rolled them in his mouth, and made them sound aloud like little boys who, sucking lollipops, put out their

tongues to exhibit these dainties to less lucky little boys who have none. One day I saw him standing in front of the pavilion in the midst of a circle in which were several peers, who were all laughing heartily at one of the stories which he told so well, for a merrier tongue than his never wagged. I am sure if Mr. Angelo could have been photographed at that instant he would have sighed *Nunc Dimittis* the moment afterwards. However, his fondness for the aristocracy was only one amusing little weakness in a character essentially kind, pleasant, and honourable. Mr. Angelo was a universal favourite. He came to Eton once a week, on Thursdays, and remained till Friday at twelve. His large room next door to Marriott's was always very well attended on winter evenings, and the lessons given by himself, and by his chief assistant, Mr. McTurk (who afterwards succeeded him in his business), were careful and good. Fencing, however, was never cultivated with anything like the ardour bestowed on school games. I only recollect two or three fellows who showed such a marked talent in swordsmanship as would have enabled them to fence against champions of a foreign public school in any international foil contest. One of these was Montagu Lubbock, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter; the other was Alfred Dent, son of

the chief partner in the well-known firm of tea-merchants. Dent fenced with *furia*, and if ever in after life it fell to his lot to have encounters with riotous Chinamen at Shanghai or Foo Chow, his dexterity with his stick must have astonished them, for he wielded the stick as brilliantly as the foil; and his boxing was equal to his sword-play. Boxing, however, was not taught at Eton. Those who wished to learn it repaired to the rooms in St. James's Street during the holidays, when a certain crooked-nosed Adams, retired from the P.R., would instruct them in the "noble art."

A curious adventure occurred to me in connection with Mr. Angelo, which I will mention here for the benefit of those who like ghost-stories. In March, 1869, alighting from a train at Buckingham, I saw Mr. Angelo get out of a compartment next to mine, and walk across the platform in company with a couple of young fellows, who were very gay and frolicsome. One of them gave the other a push, upon which the latter said, "*Isn't he behaving badly, Mr. Angelo?*"

I intended to accost Mr. Angelo, but thought I would await until he had parted with the two gentlemen, who were strangers to me. Presently they both entered a private carriage, which had come to the station for them, and drove off, but

when I looked round for Mr. Angelo I saw he had disappeared. Imagining he had entered one of the waiting-rooms, I lingered about the entrance to the station for a quarter of an hour, but he was not to be seen. I thought this rather strange at the time, for the Buckingham Station on the arriving side had but one approach, and Mr. Angelo could not have walked away along it without being noticed by me.

In the following week I was at Harrow, and lunching at the King's Head with a young relative of mine, when the conversation fell upon fencing, and the boy casually alluded to his fencing-master as being the successor of Angelo, who was dead.

"Dead?" I exclaimed. "How very sudden! why, I saw him not a week ago."

"You couldn't have seen Angelo, the fencing-master," answered the boy, "for he has been dead some years."

I really stared. If there had only been the evidence of my eyes as to Mr. Angelo's appearance on the platform of Buckingham Station, I should have concluded at once that my sight had deceived me, but I had distinctly heard Mr. Angelo addressed by name. I had the plainest recollection of having heard one of the two young men, in whose com-

pany he was, say, "*Isn't he behaving badly, Mr. Angelo?*"

On my return to town from Harrow I went to St. James's Street, and had the fact of Mr. Angelo's death some years previously amply confirmed by Mr. McTurk. Here the story ends. Nothing ever came of the apparition I had witnessed. It brought me no portent; it had not been preceded by any thoughts about Mr. Angelo, and it was followed by no circumstance which can throw the faintest light upon it, so that of course I am bound to submit to the inference that I was labouring under an optical and acoustic illusion.

Still I am not convinced of this myself, in my private mind, and I have always thought of the incident as being one of those mysteries which are perhaps thrown into our lives to make us wary of scoffing too readily at strange things reported by others.

But to return to my practice of French in view of the trip to Paris.

Cherry was not successful in making up a four, as the Regatta of the Paris Rowing Club was not to begin till the 15th of August, and the fellows whom he wanted to row with him could not make it convenient to be away from England at that time. He succeeded, however, in collecting a

scratch Cricket Eleven to go over and play the Paris Cricket Club in the first week of August.

Only six of us were from Eton. Of the others three were Oxford men, one an officer in the 9th Lancers, and the other a young attaché on his way to Lisbon.

We made a very pleasant party, and formed ourselves into a club for the occasion, under the name of *Maccaronis*. Half our party alighted at the "Hotel du Louvre;" the others, I among them, were very hospitably received by Cherry's future private tutor, who lived at Sévres, just outside Paris. We were somewhat disappointed, however, in finding that all our opponents except two were to be Englishmen. The exceptions were Germans. The Paris Cricket Club—though it had the late M. Drouyn de Lhuys for its president, and several eminent Frenchmen amongst its honorary members—was altogether an English Club, and made few foreign proselytes. We heard some amusing stories of young Frenchmen who had tried to play at this and other of our national games, but had soon renounced the experiment, not liking it.

One of these who had been coaxed into taking an innings provided himself with a single-stick mask, saying that his head ran as much danger

from the ball as his legs and hands. Another who had been induced to play football wanted to pick a quarrel with a man who had accidentally shinned him, declaring that he would not stand the indignity of a kick, and must have satisfaction. A well-known French writer, trying to give his countrymen an account of cricket, gravely wrote that it was a game *atrocement dangéreux*—"Imagine eleven men throwing a hard wooden ball weighted with lead at a man, and the unfortunate endeavouring to defend himself with a piece of wood like the back of a hair-brush."

The Paris Club had a beautiful piece of ground, close to the famous Restaurant called the *Château de Madrid* in the Bois de Boulogne. The Eleven they pitted against us was not a very strong one; but we were not strong either, and we were beaten by three wickets. I am afraid my bowling, on which some hopes had been placed, was not equal to the occasion. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs, most kindly invited the two Elevens to dine at his official residence on the second day of the match. In face and carriage he bore some resemblance to Lord Palmerston, and we were as much charmed by his urbanity as surprised by the fluent, correct English which he spoke. Of cricket

he said—"My love for that game is altogether platonic."

It seems that somebody must have sent a hoaxing account of our match to a Parisian newspaper; for the *Constitutionnel* reported that some of the best cricketing champions of England had been beaten by the "representatives of France," and the writer added,—"*Ah! messieurs les Anglais sentent cruellement disparaître leur suprématie dans les choses du sport.*"

Returning from Paris the Pug felt he had mastered the language of France enough to make free translations of its proverbs. Being in trouble with the head-master for having come back to the school, after Christmas holidays, on a Friday—6th Form day—instead of on the Thursday, he was reminded of the saying: *Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.* "That's true," observed our friend,—"*Everything comes to a point to him whose seat is tender.*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE QUEEN AND COURT.

In 1863 the marriage of the Prince of Wales was a joyful event for us, as it brought many diversions to the Easter half. For some time there was a discussion as to whether the marriage would be solemnized in Lent; and then there was a debate as to whether it would take place at Windsor. *Punch* was very sarcastic about the proposed arrangements. It wrote—

"As the marriage of the Heir-Apparent to the Crown is to be solemnized in an obscure town of Berkshire, why not have the event announced simply as follows?—

"*On the* 10*th March, at St. George's, Windsor, by Dr. Longley, assisted by Dr. Thomson, Albert Edward Guelph to Alexandra Holstein. No Cards.*"

We were only interested in the discussions in so far as they affected the chances of the wedding taking place under circumstances which would admit

of our seeing it. If the opponents of Lenten marriages had prevailed it would have been held during our holidays; if the advocates of Westminster Abbey had had their way, we should have been equally disappointed of witnessing a fine sight. To our great satisfaction, it was ordered that the wedding should be celebrated on the 10th March, and in the town which *Punch* was pleased to call obscure.

The vicinity of Eton to the Court has always made Etonians fortunate in having their share of royal festivities. We were not quite so lucky as our predecessors in George III.'s reign, who used to be invited *en masse* to balls at the Castle; but if any State pageant occurred at Windsor, facilities were afforded us for seeing it; and in one way and another we saw a good deal of the Queen and Royal Family, especially while the Prince Consort was alive.

The Queen visited Windsor then more often than she has done since her widowhood. Bands used to play on the Terrace every Sunday, not only in summer, but whenever the weather was fine and not too cold. It was our privilege to consider Windsor Castle within bounds, even when all the approaches to it were forbidden ground, and when we strolled about the Terrace, we had not to run away from masters.

I have often seen the Queen walking up and

down the Higher Terrace, and listening to the music, with the Prince Consort and the Court. The Prince wore that Windsor uniform, consisting of a dark blue tail coat, with red collar and cuffs, which looks so much like a footman's livery. He always walked on Her Majesty's left, giving her his right arm, and the suite followed in pairs, making a pretty long procession. When the Queen reached the end of the Terrace, she would bow in a marked manner, and the Prince would lift his hat, first to the sentry, who presented arms, and then to the crowd assembled to stare; meanwhile, the Court of Princes and Princesses, ladies in waiting, maids of honour, equerries and guests, would form in two lines and make profound obeisances to Her Majesty as she turned to go back. These polite manœuvres, repeated at either end of the Terrace every four or five minutes, varied no more than the figures of a quadrille, and there was the same punctiliousness in Her Majesty's twentieth bow to her people as in her first. Fenians had not commenced their pranks in those days, and the public were allowed to approach within hand-shaking distance of the Sovereign. Not unfrequently the Queen would stop if she recognized among the Eton fellows one of her pages, or the sons of any of her private friends, and she would kindly talk with them.

We always had some Royal pages at the school. They went up to London for Drawing-Rooms and Levées, and figured at St. James's Palace in gorgeous apparel of the fashion of Edward VI.'s reign. I cannot say whether these favourites of Royalty were selected for their good looks, but most of them were very pretty boys, and mighty saucy into the bargain. Some were a little spoilt, and gave themselves airs as they spread out the trains of ladies entering the Throne-room, and "chucked up" the same when the wearers retired. They dared not take these liberties with Duchesses and other great peeresses, but they were often very rough with the millinery of ladies whom they fancied to be of no high standing in Society. One of these was so indignant at having a costly train rumpled and flung into her arms as if it were a bundle for the wash, that she exclaimed aloud in the Throne-room,—"You rude boy, you!" The page returned to Eton rather crestfallen, for he was afraid that notice would be taken of his conduct, and this might have cost him his commission in the Guards. I knew a page who was cashiered for catching flies when he ought to have been attending to some more important piece of Court business.

I was indebted to one of the pages for a sight of all the interior preparations that were made at Windsor Castle in view of the Prince of Wales's

wedding. This page was a very nice little fellow, a steerer to one of the Boats, and a general favourite by reason of his sweet temper and perfect manners. He was not one of those who behaved uncivilly to ladies, though his winsome face drew upon him more admiration and kindness than could have been safely received by a boy having less rectitude of character than he.

Overtaking me as I was walking up town about a week before the wedding, B—— told me he was going to take afternoon tea with one of his relatives, a lady-in-waiting, and as I was known to this lady, he invited me to join him. We were made welcome in a drawing-room decorated with Gobelin tapestry and Indian vases ("æstheticism" was not yet born), and commanding one of the loveliest views imaginable of the Home Park, the Thames, and Eton. Wonderfully fragrant tea was served to us in little cups of that yellow Dresden ware which used only to be made for the Electors of Saxony, and was bestowed by them in presents to other Sovereigns. Our hostess had some amusing things to tell us about the difficulties in etiquette which had arisen incidentally to the wedding. The Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain were much exercised as to how they should lodge and place in strict order of precedency in the pageants the numbers of

German princes and princesses who were coming to England. We also heard how Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice, aged ten and six respectively, had shorn off the tails of a uniform coatee worn by a small Serene Highness, who enjoyed some military rank though he was not yet in his teens.

Persons who know Windsor Castle must wonder why it should be so little favoured as a Court residence. Its magnificence as a royal palace is unsurpassed, but it would also offer the most comfortable and lovely seclusion to a sovereign fond of privacy. The landscapes to be viewed from its highest towers and lowest terraces are of enchanting beauty; it has walks full of charm, through woodland, over lawns, and among noble avenues, where a royal wanderer might feel as if miles distant from the noise of men. The Castle, moreover, has apartments of all sizes, and so furnished as to suit every manner of taste. The privilege allowed to the public of visiting the State apartments when the Court was away was one which Eton fellows much appreciated, and many is the "after twelve" I have spent roaming through the grand halls and drawing-rooms amidst excursion parties from London; and afterwards going the round of the luxurious stables. I had almost got to know all the horses by name, and might have instructed any freshly appointed Master

of the Horse as to the number of vehicles under his jurisdiction. I remember four delightful little ponies presented by the late Emperor of Russia, and hardly bigger, though much sleeker, than St. Bernard dogs. They led easy lives, unridden, eating sweet hay, and going out once or twice a day for gambols in the park or the riding school. There were four sorrowful Nubian horses too, gifts of Napoleon III., who were as idle as the ponies, but who evidently had no more relish than diplomatists or major-generals for being unemployed. Then among the royal carriages there were some curious things—a lot of sledges sent by different Czars, in some pious but unfulfilled hope that England might be visited by a Muscovite winter; and a stupendous *char-à-bancs* presented, goodness knows why, by Louis Philippe. The French king must have had it built in the pre-railway days, under the idea that it would serve to convey him and the whole of his large family beyond reach of his affectionate subjects as soon as they grew tired of him. His economical mind suggested it as a suitable present for our Queen, when the progress of steam convinced him that the best vehicle in which a monarch can leave Paris is, after all, an express train.

In the days before her bereavement the Queen used often to take country drives round Windsor,

in a chaise with four small greys and postilions. It was no uncommon thing to see the royal cavalcade with its scarlet outriders dash through Eton, evoking a cheer from the Lower boys who might be lounging about the Wall, and causing old Spankie to strike an attitude of reverential self-abasement. Sometimes Her Majesty rode; and it may interest the curious in such matters to know that she generally wore a long blue habit, white gauntlets, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat with a feather. It was during one of her rides in 1860, that the Queen being caught in a shower of rain on the Slough Road, two Etonians—Ponsonby and Salt—who were passing by offered their umbrellas to protect Her Majesty and the Prince. The loan was thankfully accepted, but probably by the blunder of some Court official, the boys received the same afternoon £1 a-piece, instead of a line of thanks with the Queen's signature, which would have been the most suitable acknowledgment of their courtesy.

The Prince of Wales during his boyhood very often came to Eton.

In 1856 and 1857 Professor Pepper gave a series of evening lectures on popular science in the mathematical school, and the Prince attended these with his tutor, Mr. Birch. By the Queen's desire, no fuss was made about H.R.H.'s reception: we were

enjoined not to stand up or cheer when he entered —a necessary caution in the case of Lower boys, who were for giving tongue, like puppies, on the slightest pretext. Frequently the Prince went to the Brocas to see our boat-races, or came to the Field to look on at football matches. We lifted our hats to him, but took no other notice of his presence, and he was never mobbed. Generally some swells were presented to him, and he fell into conversation with them. One day, having come down to the Field in the middle of a match, he joined the crowd, who, as usual, had strayed beyond the rouge line. The ball coming down towards goal, the fellows who were keeping the field ran about with their canes, crying, " Stand back there ! " One of them called Lennie, not recognizing the Prince, gave him a rap and pushed him behind the line pretty roughly. He was rather dismayed when he learned whom he had molested, and he came cap in hand to apologize ; but the Prince laughed and enjoyed the incident, though he might well have said, like Henry IV., receiving a spank destined for some one else,

" Well, but even if you didn't know me, what was the use of hitting so hard ? "

When the Prince went up to the Universities— first to Oxford, then to Cambridge—he mixed a good deal with old Etonians, and these brought, to

their friends and relations who were still at the school, stories of his good nature, generosity, and manliness. So H.R.H. was really well known to us all and much liked. On the occasion of his marriage we gave vent to the heartiest good wishes for his happiness and that of his lovely bride.

The State entry of the Princess Alexandra into London took place on Saturday, 7th March. Never was seen such a concourse of people as thronged the streets, and never was such general enthusiasm witnessed. From London, the Prince and Princess, with the Princess's father and mother, came down to Slough by a five o'clock train, and drove through Eton. A triumphal arch had been erected across the Slough Road, near Weston's Yard, and another close to Barnes Pool Bridge. The Eton Volunteers were drawn up in line on either side of the road, and Dr. Goodford, in lavender gloves, with a black crowd of Fellows and masters around him, stood by the Wall in front of the school yard gate, ready to present a voluminous address tied up with Eton blue ribbon. Unfortunately the rain began to fall in torrents just before the *cortége* arrived. The royal landau swept by us in a deluge of water with the hood up. The postilions did not stop, and Dr. Goodford had to race after the carriage and throw in the address through the window. This address

had been signed by every boy in the school, except one—a droll kind of fellow who loved to singularize himself. When asked for his signature, he had inquired whether it was compulsory that he should "waste his handwriting on a document which was only going to serve for the amusement of the mice in Marlborough House?"[1]

On the evening of the 7th there were some illuminations in Eton and Windsor, and parties of fellows went out with their tutors, after lock-up, to see them. But the display was not much, because the rain had made it impossible to light the designs made with oil lamps. On the next day—Sunday—

[1] This fellow pushed his love of singularity very far. He was the only boy, I think, who was ever turned out of the Boats for sheer insubordination. He had been put into the *Britannia*, but, like Midshipman Easy, he insisted upon arguing every point with his captain. After his expulsion he set up a "four oar" of his own, and adopted a blue pilot coat exactly like that of the Captain of the Boats, except that its buttons were bronzed instead of gilt. He would have rowed in the Eight of 1863 but for his escapades. Having grown a beard, and being told that he must shave in conformity with the statutes, he held a long disputation with the Head-Master, in Latin, as to the correct meaning of the statute which compelled him "to sacrifice a natural adornment." Being silenced with the argument, "Well, you *must* shave," he bought two razors on credit, and sent in the bill to the Provost. At Cambridge this pleasant fellow was selected for trial in the University Eight, but he had to be discarded because of his mania for doing nothing without argument.

we had a great throng of visitors at afternoon chapel. The Castle was full of guests, and a number of people had come down from London on the chance of being able to see the Princess at Windsor. Being disappointed in this hope, they fell back upon Eton. After chapel, one of my fags told me, laughing, that a Cockney had said to him,—"Hie! my boy, you shall have half-a-crown if you give me up your seat in chapel."

Lord Palmerston, the Premier, was amongst our visitors.

On Monday, the 9th, we were all summoned to the Upper School, and Dr. Balston informed us that we were invited to go to Windsor Castle that evening, to see the fireworks that were to be let off in the Home Park. He suggested that we should all march up in columns by fours, and caused some amusement by adding that if we liked we could have policemen to guard us on our march. Later there was a meeting of the captains of houses at Mr. Warre's to make arrangements for the march; but a proposal that we should carry the Boat flags to serve as rallying points for the different companies met with no favour, as we did not desire to look like a number of private schools out for a treat. However, the anxiety of our masters lest our march should become disorderly was not so ill-founded as

we imagined; for the streets were infested by roughs and cadgers, who had tramped from London on the chance of being able to turn an honest penny or a dishonest twopence out of the festivities.

In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, with the present King and Queen of Denmark, kindly drove down to Eton to thank the Provost for his address. They were in an open carriage, and stopped for about five minutes opposite the Upper School, but without alighting. When the carriage drove on, a cad who sold apples at the Wall, pelted after it two or three hundred yards up the Slough Road, bawling with frantic loyalty snatches of inscriptions which he had read on the triumphal arches—"England's 'ope, hooray! Rose of Denmark, hooray!" He paused at last for want of breath, and returned to college with his loyalty rather damped, because the Prince had not flung him "at least 'arf a sov."

About an hour after the royal party had passed, I was at the Boys' Library, in Weston's Yard, when a lady and gentleman entered, in whom I recognized the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. They had walked from Windsor to see the school, and were unattended. There were a couple of collegers in the library besides myself, but they did not know who our visitors were, and I said nothing to

enlighten them. The Prince asked me a question as to whether the College Hall and "dormitory" could be seen; and I guessed that I should best meet the wishes of their Royal Highnesses by feigning ignorance as to who they were. But I took them to the Hall, and thence to the Long Chamber, the Lower School, Upper School, Chapel, in fact, all over college. I was about an hour with them, and hope I succeeded in answering the Prince's many and intelligent questions to his satisfaction. H.R.H. showed a great interest in hearing about our school work, the drilling of our Volunteer Corps, etc.; though from his occasional smiles and arching of the eyebrows, I inferred it was his opinion that we neither worked nor drilled enough. The Princess was more interested in hearing of our domestic arrangements, or boarding-houses and messes. I offered to take her over a boarding-house, and was already planning to regale my companions with some tea; but they could not afford the time. We were just then in the Playing Fields, and the Prince, glancing at his watch, remarked that it was rather a long walk back to Windsor. In unbuttoning his frock-coat he had disclosed the orange ribbon of the Black Eagle, which peeped over the edge of his waistcoat; so I thought it would be affectation to pretend ignorance any longer as to his identity—the more so as

I was able to tell him of a short cut back to the Castle.

"If your Royal Highness likes to cross the river," I said, "I will fetch the waterman, who will take you over in his punt, and land you in the Home Park."

The Prince and Princess smiled and gratefully accepted my offer. They sat down and waited on Sixth Form bench whilst I ran and fetched Jack Sparrow, the waterman, who was at the Lodge. That worthy was not told who his passengers were to be, but he ferried them safely over. I stood at the water's edge until I saw them landed, and the Prince and Princess several times waved their hands to me, as the punt glided away with them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S WEDDING.

The fireworks in the Home Park on the evening of the 9th March were fine enough, but not extraordinary. Anybody may have seen as good at places of public entertainment; the real grandeur of the sight consisted in the lighting up of the park and river by the gleams of red and blue fire every time there was a discharge of Roman candles. All the Fellows in the School, the masters and their families, the officers of the Windsor garrison, and some other guests thronged the terraces, which were converted thereby into an animated promenade. Everything went off (I am not alluding to the rockets only) without hitch, and we all returned to College as we pleased, without any marching in procession. Absence was called in the houses at a quarter to eleven, and hot suppers were served afterwards.

Tuesday the 10th, the wedding day, was a *non*

dies. We had a short service in chapel at nine o'clock, and this over, everybody went up to the Castle.

For many days previously the hosiers' shop-windows had been filled with wedding-favours. We all sported these emblems, with white gloves and new hats; and the proverbial Queen's weather was propitious to our elegant attire, for the day was a lovely one—full of sunshine and balmy. The streets of Eton and Windsor, with their many triumphal arches, and their display of bunting from house-tops and windows, presented a very gay appearance; but as to this I am bound to say, that I have seen in foreign towns of less pretension than Windsor, and on occasions far less important than the marriage of a monarch's eldest son, street decorations incomparably finer than those which Windsor and Eton put forth. Our corporations and parochial authorities understand dinner-giving better than artistic arrangements. They should go to some of the Belgian cities—Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, and take lessons.

The organizers of Court pageantry, whoever they were, were not much happier in their inventions than the municipal authorities. The spectacle which we were admitted to view within the Castle precincts was, in truth, no great sight. A

succession of chariots with gorgeous coachmen and footmen drove at intervals from the grand entrance of the Castle, facing the Long Walk, to St. George's Chapel ; but they went by too fast for the crowds to get any clear sight of their occupants. There was no regular procession. Some of the most popular personages in the kingdom (who could not boast of the same rank as German Princes) went by on foot, walking in groups quickly to avoid notice. It was thus that Mr. Gladstone shambled past us in a gold-lace swallow-tail with a cocked hat like a half-moon, and a sword sticking out straight behind him, like a spike to keep petitioners for diminution of taxes at a distance. Charles Kingsley, in gown and hood, abashed his admirers by wearing the head-dress of Cambridge professors—a sort of dripping-pan covered with black silk.

The sight within the Chapel (which is too small for such State ceremonies) was no doubt worth viewing. I might have been a spectator of it, if I could have mustered as much effrontery as two of my friends,—cool hands both,—who secured excellent places in the Chapel without having been invited. One took a lot of music under his arm, and was admitted without question through the east door in the Cloisters. The policeman who saw

the words—*Mendelssohn's Wedding March* printed on the scroll held up before his nose, imagined that the fellow was carrying up Dr. Elvey's music. My friend, who had gone early, chose for himself the best seat in the front row of the organ-gallery, and there stuck fast like an oyster on its bed. My other friend got in among the choristers, having borrowed from a Colleger a surplice which he carried over his arm. Demur was naturally made to his sitting among the Choir, but he pleaded with so much good grace, that the choristers kindly agreed to let him join them, on the express condition that he should not attempt to sing.

After the wedding was over, when the bride and bridegroom had driven back to the Castle, amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs, cheers, pealing of bells and thunder of cannon, we all returned to College so as to dine early and come again to the Castle to see the Royal pair depart at 3 o'clock. Windsor was like a fair, and to behold State dignitaries, foreign attachés, officers, and special correspondents of newspapers elbowing their way to or from the railway-stations, amid crowds of costermongers, loafers, and nigger-minstels, was a novel thing. The shop of the Brothers Layton, Confectioners, had been invaded like a baker's in a famished city. People were fighting for buns

there. All down Castle Hill, barrels of beer were being broached on the pavement, for the Licensing Laws were in suspense, and anybody might sell ale who pleased. This did not prevent the public-houses from overflowing. As for organ-grinders, Hatton Garden had sent out a legion of them. They milled out tunes from the *Trovatore*, grinned hatred at one another, and reviled the non-paying public in Italian.

Our dinners scamped through, back we came to Windsor, trooping by tens and twenties, in a hurry, to lose nothing of what remained to be seen. Lord! what stomachs we had for sights!—as good Mr. Pepys would have said. Some of our fellows, however, were in chagrin. It may be remembered that subsequently to the Princess Royal's marriage I had fought with a boy about the propriety of bipeds playing at horses; well, after the lapse of five years, here was this same Dormouse—grown to whiskers and a man's voice—heading a deputation that went into the Castle to pray that the Prince and Princess might be drawn down to the Great Western Station by Etonians. There are persons who must feel that they have a grievance against nature for denying them four hoofs.

The permission to unharness the Royal barouche was declined, and the newly-wedded pair were

drawn down to the station by four greys. The Princess looked her best. Spoonbill bonnets were in fashion then, and that of H.R.H. formed a very bower of white lilac blossoms to frame her pretty face. The wonder was to see how well the Prince and Princess discharged their task of bowing again and again to the people without a sign of fatigue. Yet what a tiring thing it must be to bend the head and salute with the whole physiognomy all day long. How many times did the Princess incline her neck, and how many times did the Prince lift his hat during that four hours' drive through London on the Saturday before the wedding? Of what stuff are the brims of Princes' hats made, and how long do they last?

The line was not well kept by soldiers and police, for as soon as the Royal carriages had passed, a rush was made by some three hundred Eton fellows, who charged through the triumphal arch facing Peascod Street, and tried to force their way to the station. This was not at all fair, for we had had our own full share of such spectacle as there was, and ought to have let the people in the streets have theirs. However, the rush was so torrential that it carried the unwilling with the willing, and I was borne along like a cork upon a stream, till I bumped against a tall handsome man, with flowing white

hair and clerical attire, who was trying to combine dignity with precipitate speed in drifting towards the "White Hart."

This was the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, who had come down to the wedding as Special Correspondent for the *Morning Post.* He was at that time incumbent of the Bedford Chapel in Bloomsbury Street, and I knew him at home.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with that bright laugh and peculiar loud silvery voice of his; "what a scrimmage this is!" But before he could utter another criticism, a surge of the popular wave almost lifted us off our legs and landed us on the very steps of the "White Hart."

"Now I should like to know how I am to write a five-column article in this place," was Mr. Bellew's first comical ejaculation, as he passed his hands over his limbs, "feeling the prints of people's noses and chins all about him," as he said. There was indeed in the crowded hotel very little of the quiet which literary work demands, and it was perhaps fortunate for Mr. Bellew that chance threw me in his way, for I was enabled to take him to the house of some friends who lived near the Long Walk. Here a study was cheerfully placed at his disposal, with absolute quiet and some strong tea. I believe he then wrote for five hours without stopping, and his

description of the wedding was one of the best that appeared.

A general illumination in Windsor and Eton brought the proceedings of the wedding-day to a close. All the fellows in the School were allowed to be out until 10.30 p.m.; but there was no absence at that hour—only gala suppers. At my Dame's we were well treated with oysters, champagne, and other delicacies. I hope they did us good. My last recollection of that exciting day is the getting up in the middle of the night and drinking half the water out of my jug in the dark.

* * * * *

The Prince's wedding brought us something like a four days' holiday in the middle of the School half. We also obtained an extra week in honour of the event, but it was tagged on to the summer holidays. Soon after the Easter holidays it was announced that the Prince and Princess would visit Eton on the fifth of June. They could not come on the fourth, as they had appointed to see the Gold Cup run for at Ascot on that day. It was arranged that the customary festivities of the fourth should be held on the fifth, and a prize competition was opened for an ode in English to be recited before T. R. H. at the Speeches.

The prize was won by Lord Francis Hervey,

who was not in Doctor's Division. I can quote from memory two of the lines of his ode, which had a tuneful ring.[1]

> "Sweet as the dews which kindly zephyrs bring,
> To deck the bosom of the virgin spring."

It proved unfortunate that the day of our School *fête* should have been altered, for the weather on the fourth was beautiful; whereas on the fifth it rained almost uninterruptedly from noon till dusk. We had made great preparations for taking the Prince and Princess to Surly Hall. They were to have been rowed thither in a fine barge by the Eight; but all this came to nothing, as the rain sent our illustrious visitors away early in the afternoon. Our procession to Surly in the evening was a miserable affair. The boats started in a drizzle of rain, the crews wearing their jackets with the collars turned up; and our supper at Surly was *al fresco* with a vengeance, the rain soaking our hats and diluting our wine with water in proportions that would have satisfied a teetotaller.

An old friend reminds me of a tragic affair that

[1] Lord Francis gave promise of becoming a poet. In Moderations at Oxford, having to translate a difficult passage in Greek, he did it in verse. He had not time to do much, but what he did was so good that he got full marks, and obtained his First Class. He was one of the few Oppidans who have won the Newcastle Scholarship within the last quarter of a century.

took place on the eve of the fourth of June, 1863. Four fellows of very high standing in the School, one a peer, another in the Eleven, and a third the captain of a long boat, were whipped for going to Ascot. They had been "nailed" by Mr. Day. The case of the wet-bob was especially pitiful, for he was a Colossus, taller than the Head-Master, extremely dignified, and in general a model of good behaviour. He tried a remonstrance with the Head-Master, praying that he might not be treated as a small boy.

"But if you chose to behave as a small boy, you must be treated as such," was Dr. Balston's inexorable answer.

The hardest part of the matter was that poor P—'s friends at home were made acquainted with his punishment by a letter from his tutor, and the indignity was more felt by them than it was by himself. The unhappy fellow had also to submit to a good deal of bantering in the hunting field next winter, and doubtless to some twitting by Wiltshire belles at county balls.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DISTINGUISHED ETONIANS.

In my last year at Eton, there was a mild craze for starting clubs with no particular object. The choice of some pretty ribbon to deck straw hats withal seemed to be in most cases the determining motive. We had *Ramblers*, *Peripatetics*, *Amethysts*, *Corianders*, and *Maccaronis*, with some others. I have never heard what became of these clubs. The *Maccaronis* arose out of the match played against the Paris Cricket Club in 1862. Towards the end of the Summer half, 1863, they had a grand champagne breakfast at the "White Hart," to celebrate their foundation. About eighty of us sat down to this entertainment, and the chair was taken by Charles Legard,[1] who, in a facetious speech, prophesied for the Club glorious destinies which I hope have been fulfilled.

The starting of the *Eton Chronicle* in that same

[1] The present Baronet of Ganton Hall, Yorkshire.

Summer half was a more important event, as it supplied the School with a really useful publication, by means of which all occurrences interesting to Etonians have since been put on record. Files of the paper will be consulted with profit by future historians and biographers, and it is only to be regretted that the paper was not launched many years earlier instead of some of those weak periodicals, which led struggling existences through a few numbers, and died of what one may truly call dry-rot.

It has been stated that the founders of the *Chronicle* were W. W. Wood, J. E. Tinné, A. Pochin, and N. Sherbrooke. The first name is probably destined to make a figure at the Bar, as he has begun very well there. He is a grandson of the late Mr. Justice Wightman, and was educated at Eton in the fullest sense of the word. I think he was nine years at the School, working his way up from the Lower School to the Sixth Form. He rowed in the Eights of 1863-64, and was Captain of the Lower Boats in the latter year. His nickname was "Sheep," as his facial expression vaguely resembled that of this good-tempered animal, but he was very far from sheepish. He was an uncommonly bright and sharp fellow, with a somewhat precocious knowledge of the world, a strong sense of

humour, and no sort of bashfulness in expressing his opinion. He never refused an invitation to convivial gatherings, and would always play the part of the funny dog, who kept the table in a roar. He was one of the most fluent speakers at "Pop," and at Oxford distinguished himself in a multitude of ways. He had an oar in the University Boats of 1866-67.[1]

J. E. Tinné was a gentle, scholarly fellow of most varied attainments, and a capital writer,—elder brother of J. C. Tinné, the famous University oarsman, who rowed in the race against Harvard, and was President of the O. U. B. C. in 1869. J. E. T. was in the Sixth Form, and the most remarkable thing I remember about him was, that he had taken upon himself to keep a Black Book, in which he entered the names of all the fellows of his acquaintance whom he thought to be going wrong. He had formed a design of privately remonstrating with each of them separately, but somehow he never brought his moral courage to the sticking point. In one of the earliest numbers of the *Chronicle*, Tinné enthusiastically noticed the maiden speech delivered in the House of Commons by M. H. A. Butler Johnstone, M.P. for Canterbury. Mr. Butler Johnstone

[1] Wood is the author of an interesting monograph, *Sketches of Eton*, with etchings and vignettes by Richard S. Chattock.

was then thought to be the rising hope of the Conservatives, and a possible future Premier.

Ashby Pochin (whose name was pronounced Putchin) was second Captain of the Boats in 1863. He was a great chum of Wood's, and a quiet, kind-hearted fellow, who would have found life perfectly enjoyable but for Latin and Greek. Verses he held in a special abhorrence, and every week he used to go about begging boys, who were on good terms with the Muses, to give him "sense"—that is, English lines which he might render word for word into elegiacs, and so be spared the pain of drawing upon his by no means wealthy imagination for ideas. One afternoon, going to his room at Mr. James's, I found him in a doleful way. The master in whose division he was had given as subject for verses a song beginning with the line,—

> "Cheer up, Sam, nor let your spirits go down."

Pochin had got somebody to put these into "sense," and they were then made to run as follows :—

> "Lift up thy heart without black care, oh, Samvel,
> Nor let it be lawful for the Fates to cast thy spirit upon the damp earth."

"I can't make Samvel fit in," poor Pochin kept saying, plaintively.

Ashby Pochin met with a sad death in the hunting field a few years ago. He was deeply mourned by a large circle of friends, for he was one of those men who make no enemies.

Nevile Sherbrooke has run a career which few of us would have predicted of him. He was a merry, rosy-cheeked boy, sweet-tempered, but of very downright character—standing up staunchly for his friends, and not afraid to speak out his opinion about those he disliked. He belonged to the "pack," that is, he was one of those many boys in the School who bore the nickname of "Doggie." After leaving Eton he went into the Rifle Brigade; but he had not worn the uniform very long before his mind became deeply imbued with religious thoughts, and he threw up his commission to take holy orders. He has married the daughter of Earl Cairns, and is now incumbent of the Portman Chapel in London—a hard-working, very earnest clergyman.

Writing of my own afore-mentioned school-fellows, I am led to thinking of a good many others who have made figures in the world, better than, or, at all events, different from what was expected of them. I have remarked in a former chapter that as boys we evinced no great perspi-cacity in detecting early signs of talent where

they existed. Perhaps, however, talent is a flower that buds late when it is going to bear much fruit.

We have certainly been disappointed in a good many, who we thought were going to carry everything before them in the world. I could name two or three who seemed predestined to become brilliant poets, great statesmen, or victorious generals. All these have dropped out of sight. But because too much was expected of them it does not follow that their lives have been failures. Some are doing excellent, unobtrusive work in country parsonages; others as landowners and magistrates have sought only the honour of being accounted model squires, and have earned it.

Few, very few among the hundreds of boys whom I knew have gone altogether wrong. Some years ago many of us were grieved to hear that one of our old schoolfellows was driving a hansom cab in London for a living. The last time I saw him before hearing this was at a ball in Brighton. He was then a cornet in a crack cavalry regiment, and in his showy uniform he looked so handsome and full of spirits, that everybody admired him. Assuredly at that moment the world lay at his feet like a ball to do as he pleased with. He is dead now, and his death is a release from a most cruel

mess of troubles. Happily few cases within my knowledge are so bad as this one.

It is pleasant to turn from them to the instances of old schoolfellows who have done, and are doing, very well — I mean of those who are already known to the country, and who may be spoken of here without impertinence, forasmuch as, being public men, slight sketches of what they were as boys may offer some interest. Noblemen must necessarily abound on my list, because members of great families get opportunities for distinguishing themselves in life much earlier than other men.

The Earl of Rosebery and Lord Randolph Churchill have taken a high rank as politicians. They both boarded at Mr. Carter's, and so did Lord Suirdale, now Earl of Donoughmore, who has likewise made himself a name in politics. Lord Rosebery (or Dalmeny as he then was) had a slight figure and fresh, prim, young-ladyish appearance. His family name of Primrose suited him to a nicety. He was not remarkable for scholarship, but he possessed plenty of cool assurance. He was always on the smile. If he was called up to construe, and did not know where to go on, nor much about the lesson, he would have the same luck as the legendary Titus Smalls of

Boniface, who was not well prepared for his "greats,"

> "But native cheek where facts were weak
> In triumph brought him through."

Under Dalmeny's dainty appearance there was some Scotch hard-headedness. He kept out of all scrapes. Walking very erect, with a tripping gait and a demure look, he was the pink of neatness, and seemed wrapt up in himself until you caught a glance of his shrewd eyes, which showed that he thought of weightier things than his personal appearance. Such eyes are like lighted windows, which reveal that a house is not empty. Dalmeny steered the *St. George* in 1862, and had an oar in the Ten of 1865, but he was not an energetic wet-bob or dry-bob. He read a good deal by himself—books of history and memoirs, newspapers, and the Parliamentary reports in them. His Liberalism had not taken a pronounced turn—it was not indeed until after he had left Eton and become great friends with Lord Carington that the idea of attaching himself to the Liberal party took shape in his mind. But he very early exhibited the characteristics which best qualify a man for a front rank in that party which likes to be led by Lords, for his patrician *hauteur* was unmistakable. Not an offensive *hauteur*, but that calm pride by which a man

seems to ascend in a balloon out of earshot every time he is addressed by one not socially his equal—a useful quality this for a Liberal leader,

> "Whose chief concern must always be
> To keep his tail at a distance."

Lords Suirdale and Randolph Churchill were two very different fellows—both rough-and-tumble urchins, merry as grigs, and always in scrapes. Dalmeny never had any of those short interviews with the Head-Master which were fixed by appointment through the Sixth Form præpostor, but the other two noblemen were often favoured with them. They were both Lower boys when Dalmeny was already high in the School, and they frequently had to fag for him. Churchill was an easy Lower boy to catch whenever anything had to be done, for his whereabouts could be ascertained by his incessant peals of laughter. There was not a boy in the School who laughed so much, or whose laughter was so contagious; there was scarcely one so frolicsome, for Churchill's preferred method of descending a staircase was to skate down it with a rush, and if he had to enter the room of a brother Lower boy, he would sooner bound against the door and force it open with his shoulder than go through the stale formality of turning the handle. He was very fond of collisions with cads, when there was any event

drawing crowds at Eton or Windsor; but it was a lovable trait in him that he would single out antagonists much older and bigger than himself. He was altogether a fine, manly little fellow, whose escapades, though they made masters frown to his face, caused them to smile behind his back. There was really no evil in him; the mischief that sparkled in his large handsome eyes was pure boyish mischief bred of exuberant animal spirits.

Churchill's elder brother, Lord Blandford, was much like him; but perhaps the authorities felt bound to be more severe with the heir to a dukedom than to a younger son, and so Blandford's stay at Eton was short. He boarded at Edgar's, and had a private tutor. His School tutor was Mr. Balston, whose soul he vexed by his exploits with catapults and fives' balls. Catapults were strictly forbidden; and fives' balls laboured under the same ban when used as missiles to be hurled at passing objects of interest. Blandford's face was strikingly handsome, but his eyes were rather Italian than English in their colour and expression. Kind-hearted, generous, and highly intelligent, his good grit was shown by the fact that no flattery spoilt him; he tasted of it as much as he wanted, but rejected the rest that might have produced intoxication. His talents have flowered a little late, but if the yield of

fruit should be very abundant, none of those who were intimately acquainted with him will feel surprised.

Three other marquises with their younger brothers claim attention—Lansdowne and Edmond Fitzmaurice, Waterford and William Beresford, Lorne and Archibald Campbell.

Of the two latter, and of their cousin Lord Ronald Leveson Gower (who is now in a fair way to becoming an eminent artist), it may be said that they were only half Etonians, for they boarded in a private house of their own with a private tutor. They did not remain long at the School, and had no time to acquire any position there. Lorne and his brother were remarkable for their good looks. Such golden hair, blue eyes, and fair faces as theirs are not often seen; but they were quiet, very well-behaved boys without any conceit. In Lorne the consciousness of rank was only betrayed by a rather anxious desire to be obliging, and to speak civilly to everybody. He was not of very mirthful mood, but he had a fund of playful humour. Once having leave to go to London, he went to the Windsor Station to catch a train, but found he ought to have gone to Slough. It happened to be during Ascot week, and all the vehicles of Windsor being under requisition, it was with some difficulty

that Lorne discovered an old fly with a sorry-looking horse.

"What's your fare to Slough?" he asked, as he was about to step in.

"Ten shillings, sir; I can't take a penny less to-day," was the driver's answer.

"I didn't ask you for the price of your horse," retorted Lorne, turning away.

Waterford had not succeeded to his peerage when he was at Eton. During his first year at the School his father inherited the family honours, and he became Earl of Tyrone. He boarded at the same tutor's as I. Tall and muscular, with thoroughly Irish features, he had all an Irishman's love of fun, and was well liked. He left the School before reaching the Fifth Form. He had become noted as a good football player, but was hardly so successful in his School work as to justify his tutor's hope that he would some day find Homer easy to construe. When, about a year after leaving Eton, he reappeared at Windsor in the uniform of the Life Guards, he seemed to have dropped into just the niche that he was appointed to fill. His recent successes as an orator in the House of Lords might, however, have been expected, from the energy of his character and his quick-witted comprehension of things that really interested him.

A boy's intellect cannot be gauged by his fondness for Homer.

William Beresford, who has become such a brave and dashing officer, might, when a boy, have hunted in couples with Randolph Churchill. He had perhaps more devilry in him than Churchill, though he was just as blithe-hearted. One afternoon as I was sculling up to Surly, I found myself in Boveney Lock with "Bill B." and another Irish boy, who, seated in a gig, were exchanging some wild chaff with a party of Cockneys in a "tub." The Cockneys had begun the affray by playfully asking little "Bill" if his mother knew that he was out? B. quite enjoyed this kind of thing, but one of the Cockneys, who was no match for him in wit, suddenly began to splash him by striking the water with a stretcher, upon which an expression kindled in B.'s eyes that gave alarm to Foster the lockman.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," he whispered, as he pushed the tub out of the lock, "be careful how you get fooling with the boys in that boat. "They'll have you in the water as soon as look at you."

Had he mentioned that one of the occupants of the gig was a lord, this might have had more effect upon the Cockneys. As it was, these snobs continued their game of splashing, deeming doubtless

that they had nothing to fear from a pair of small boys. But the gig and the tub were no sooner in the gut than Bill B. and his friend set to work in the most business-like way to swamp their opponents. They first boarded the tub and tried to force its side under water by weighing upon the row-locks. I had sculled a little ahead and witnessed the whole of the naval engagement. The Cockneys howled, swore, and slapped the boys' faces; the boys returned the smacks with interest, and finally, jumping both together into the tub, forced one of its sides under water so that the boat filled. B. B. and his friend coolly took headers into the water, and I assisted them to recover their boat, which had gone adrift, and to get into it. They pulled off to Surly, dried their clothes there, and cared not a pin for their wetting. But the case was very different with the Cockneys, who, having been forced to take a bath against their will, were in a lamentable plight. I lingered near the spot long enough to see that they got safely to land, but their maledictions, and threats of wringing our necks, pursued us as we rowed away.

Lansdowne—he was Lord Clanmaurice at Eton—and his brother Edmond Fitzmaurice, were dark-haired, dark-eyed, French-looking boys, pretty assiduous in their studies. It might have been

foretold of them that they would never be numbered among the fast at College, and would develop into respectable, steady-going Whig statesmen. Their tutor was Mr. Birch, and two of Lord Lansdowne's colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1880, the Earls of Camperdown and Morley, boarded in the same house at the same time.

Lord Camperdown—who was then Mr. Duncan—had the ways of a serious man, while he was still a boy in jackets. He seemed to have passed from the feeding-bottle straight to the earnest study of political problems, and to the enjoyment of the classics as a means of relaxation. He spent his pocket-money prudently; he wore clothes of sober pattern and cut; his hats would have befitted the gravity of a sexagenarian. He rose to be Captain of Oppidans and had an oar in the Ten, which was a kind of House of Lords in the Boats. Going to Balliol, he of course took his degree with a first class; anything less would hardly have suited the perfect propriety which he introduced into all his arrangements. The very "wines" he gave in his college rooms were rather like the symposia of elderly men than the convivial gatherings of undergraduates. One might be sure that no loose jokes would be heard at them; it would be Stuart Mill and anchovy toast with first-rate wines sent from

the cellars of Camperdown, not bought from any of the licensed poisoners in such wares.

Lord Morley—Boringdon at Eton—was quite a "swell." He rowed in the Eights of 1860-61. Curly-headed, with a rosy complexion and a happy look, he was noticeable for the polish of his manners. He was one of those fellows who endeared themselves to Lower boys by the kindliness and good grace with which they addressed fags. He never omitted to say "please," and "thank you;" he would never disturb a Lower boy who was busy. He was one of the neatest football players in the School, but he never "shinned" anybody, and if by accident he hurt a boy smaller than himself, he would apologize with sincere concern. The words "thoroughly nice fellow" start to the pen as one writes about him. When Boringdon went to Balliol he stultified the examiners and responsions by getting "ploughed." The affair was laughable, and served to show what flukes these examinations sometimes are. Boringdon was a first-rate scholar, possibly a better one than the men who examined him. He took a first-class in classics in Final Schools.

Lord Newry—now Earl of Kilmorey—was another of the "swells" who boarded at Birch's. He also was curly-headed and rosy-cheeked, but considera-

tion for the feelings of Lower boys was hardly his chief characteristic. He was not pre-eminent in classics either, but a good modern linguist, speaking both German and French, and perfecting his knowledge of the latter tongue by the perusal of Parisian novels. Newry was one of those who justly give tailors credit for their full share in the making of a man. He dressed with conspicuous good taste. At Christ-Church, with his silk gown and gold-tasselled cap, he looked quite a representative magnate, and would have realized the conception of any lady novelist.

Mr. Birch turned out many noteworthy pupils. Reginald Abbot—now Lord Colchester—was one of them. He took a double first at Oxford in 1863, and was President of the Union Debating Society, but at Eton he was rather teased and bullied from affecting to be eccentric. He was small and weak, being not yet out of jackets when he reached Upper Division. One Sunday morning in my first half I was accosted in Weston's Yard by an extraordinary boy, who wore his hat planted at the back of his head, and had long hair falling down both sides of his face. His waistcoat was of a vivid blue, double-breasted, buttoned high, and with a silver watch-chain, that went round his neck, meandering all over it. His hands were covered

with brown cloth gloves, and he carried a gingham umbrella of the Gamp pattern. Pointing at me with this weapon, its owner said, "Little boy, if you'd like some exercise, I'll fag you to go to the top of Long Walk." Then he laughed, and fell into conversation with me about the moss growing upon damp walls, which he asserted to be a wondrous thing to view when you have time for this occupation, "and haven't got to go into chapel at half-past ten," added he, fishing a silver turnip out of his pocket. I thought he was cracked, and I never subsequently discovered how much of Abbot's strangeness of manner was natural, and how much was put on, to furnish this really brilliant scholar and deep reasoner with an inward chuckle at the wonder which he used to excite.

I find I should have to make this chapter very long if I attempted to give sketches of all the Etonians on my list of celebrities. I have not spoken of Lord Castlecuffe (now Earl of Desart), whose literary performances have rather startled some of us who knew him as a lean and chilly boy, taking cold and correct views of things, and but little addicted to conversation. I have not spoken either of Lord Dunmore, who, soon after leaving Eton, ran the blockade of Charleston so pluckily in a yacht during the war of secession; nor of

Lord Jersey, one of our best runners and football players, in whom toughness of limb and gentleness of character were most happily combined. It used to be said of Jersey that a kick from him would have broken a leg. Yet he did not present at first sight the appearance of great physical strength. He walked with a slight stoop, and had long white eyelashes, which gave him a mild and sleepy air. He has become in these times an authority on agriculture, and knows well how to deliver speeches, in which a great deal of valuable information and shrewd sense is couched in the most entertaining form.

I must not forget Paul Methuen and Walter Baring. The former, who was one of the best officers on Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff in Egypt, boarded at Mr. Day's, and gave early promise of becoming a good soldier—he was in all things so resolute and cool. Once, whilst he was in the Fourth Form, a fellow who boarded at the same house as he had an engagement to fight at the gas works. Methuen disapproved of the mill, which had arisen from some trifling cause, but he went to see it, and was induced to act as umpire. It was on a summer morning, and a shower began to fall while the combatants were sparring at each other with an evident reluctance to come to close

quarters. Disgusted by the cautious fashion in which the pair edged away from each other, Methuen said at last with perfect seriousness—"I don't see why you two fellows should get wet; suppose you both stand under my umbrella, each holding it with the left hand; you will soon find the way then to each other's face with your right fists."

Walter Baring, who has become an ornament to the Diplomatic Service, was a pupil of Mr. Carter's. His elder brother, Thomas, was Captain of the Boats in 1857. Both had about them what our French neighbours call a *grand air*. Walter especially looked, walked, and talked as if he belonged to the class who are *fruges consumere nati*. He was very handsome, with a kind of beauty that fascinates ladies, and, like Lord Newry, he never accounted that time as wasted which is spent before a tailor's cheval glass, trying on new coats. He was quite as cool a hand as Methuen, and once gave a striking proof of it on an occasion when he was in a manner vindicating the honour of England.

In a Parisian club, a tall and very fat French nobleman tried for some reason to fasten a quarrel upon him, by offensively pooh-poohing the remarks of a Swedish gentleman, who had lately visited

England, and was loudly expressing his admiration of our country.

"*C'est un pays sublime!*" remarked the Swede.

"*Bah! du sublime au ridicule, il n'y a qu'un pas,*" cut in the fat Frenchman.

"*Oui, le Pas de Calais,*" said Baring.

This was more than the Frenchman could stand.

"The English don't fight," cried he, "or I would demand satisfaction. Men who say insulting things should be ready to cross swords."

"It will give me great pleasure to cross swords with you," replied Baring in his sweetest voice. "But as my figure is much slimmer than yours, you must allow me to equalize the chances between us. I propose to draw a circle in white chalk on your waistcoat, and any hit I make outside it *shall not count!*"

This time the Frenchman was disarmed, and retired somewhat precipitately amid the laughter of all who had witnessed the scene. Afterwards, when his anger had cooled, he said,—"*Ce jeune M. Baring mériterait d'être Parisien.*"

* * * * * *

Most of the Etonians whom I have named have but just commenced their public careers. How will they continue and end them? In the fulness of time will their marble busts be set up in some

new room that will be appointed as a *Walhalla*, now that there is no more space for busts in the Upper School ?

However this may be, it is gratifying to see that every generation of Etonians produces men fit to take the lead in all professions. The generation that has sprung up since the time of which I have been writing has its names that will be famous a few years hence, just as the generations which came before that time trained some of the most eminent among living statesmen, scholars, writers, churchmen, and soldiers—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Carnarvon, Bishops Durnford and Mackarness, Lord Coleridge, Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, Sir J. W. Chitty, Mr. Thomas Chenery, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Sir Frederick Roberts, Lord Alcester, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. James Payn, and Mr. Algernon Swinburne—to name only a few amongst a great number.[1]

[1] I have been much assisted throughout this work by Mr. H. C. Chetwynd—Stapylton's excellent compilation of old Eton School Lists-- a book of reference most valuable from its mass of information and accuracy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHOOLDAYS.

I HAVE just alluded to Mr. Gladstone—the most eminent of old Etonians.

The recent celebration of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary jubilee reminded the country of how very young the Prime Minister was when he entered public life. Like Canning, however, he had begun his training for Parliament when a boy at Eton, and the fact that Pitt had been Premier in his twenty-fourth year, seems to have early impressed him with that opinion which Chancellor Oxenstiern so pithily formulated in his advice to his son, that the world is not so difficult to govern after all. Without overrating his own abilities, William Gladstone, when in his teens, perceived that not many lads of his own age were his intellectual equals, and, though he was at school during a period which Mr. Bright has described as the "dark ages" of Parliamentary history, it must be

noted that he had a sanguine belief in the career which lay open to talent in England. He had probably heard that when George Canning was a boy in the Sixth Form, editing the *Microcosm*, and making his name sound far beyond the confines of the school, Charles James Fox had visited Eton on purpose to see him, and to try and enlist his services for the Whig party. This precedent, coupled with that of Pitt, was surely enough to set a spirited boy's ambition fluttering; and it also explains in a measure how Gladstone started in life as a Conservative. In what other country could a clever schoolboy, the son of a merchant, have felt sure that in a few years he would, by mere force of culture and energy, sit among those who made the nation's laws and ruled its people? The possibilities that unfolded themselves before young Gladstone's mind were things essentially English. Although by the light of Brougham's speeches and Sydney Smith's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, those times when "Gatton and Old Sarum returned their two members apiece, when Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews were debarred from public offices, and when Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery weighed heavily on mankind," were times of blackness, yet they showed many a bright ray to those who compared the condition of

England with that of foreign States. The freest of all lands—the only State in Europe which had a real Parliament and an unfettered press—the only country, it may be added, in which a schoolboy would have been allowed to conduct such a very plain-spoken periodical as the *Eton Miscellany*, England, supreme in arms as in commerce, in oratory, in poetry, must have seemed to a boy of warm heart and glowing imagination, most fair, majestic, and enviable. That he himself would live to make her still freer, richer, and greater, was of course not a prospect within the range of young Gladstone's vision; but it was because he was a boy of happy mood and generous impulses, no prig or precocious critic, but a hearty enjoyer of life as he found it, that he began to admire all that was great and meritorious in his country's institutions, before he set himself to discover what was amiss in them. And that he has constantly laboured for what he sincerely believed to be his country's good, may be argued from that enthusiastic, Conservative love for England which he conceived whilst at Eton. Nevertheless, as we shall see presently, Gladstone's Conservatism was even then tempered by occasional outbursts of a democratic spirit, as when he wrote his "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler."

It has seemed to me that it would be interesting to seek out the most memorable facts connected with William Gladstone's six years' stay at Eton. I am indebted for some of those which I publish to Mr. Gladstone himself, who kindly communicated them in conversation.

William Ewart Gladstone entered Eton in September, 1821. His two elder brothers, Thomas and Robertson, had already been some time at the school, and Thomas was in the Fifth Form. William was soon to be his fag. When the London coach had set down the three brothers at the door of the Christopher Inn, they had not far to go to reach their boarding-house, which was just over the way. It was kept by a dame, Mrs. Shurey, and, by reason of its vicinity to the famous inn, was looked upon by the boys as most eligibly situated. It was, however, the worst of all houses for study; and it doubles the merit of Gladstone's achievements at Eton that he should have been able to work in such a place. To the Christopher came many times a day coaches and post-chaises from all points of the compass; on Fridays, which were market days in Eton,[1] the farmers held their ordinary there; and squires, drovers, pedlars,

[1] The Eton Market was not abolished till Dr. Hawtrey's time.

recruiting sergeants, and occasional village wenches who came in to be hired as servants, clustered under the porch. From their barred windows the boys at Shurey's who were idly disposed would often watch diverting sights; and not unfrequently their slumbers would be disturbed at nights by the untuneful choruses sung in the coffee-room after hunt dinners. Add to this, the noise made by criers of news—men with long red coats and post-horns—who, alighting from the coaches on days when there was any stirring intelligence from town, would spread about, blowing fierce blasts, and offering their special editions of the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle*, at a shilling a piece. One can fancy the future Premier bravely doing his Latin verses while these fellows were tooting and bawling about the execution of Fauntleroy.

But the Christopher was also much resorted to by boys of the school; indeed, the part which it played in the Eton of old, as an agent of demoralization, can hardly be realized now. When in 1845 Dr. Hawtrey appealed to the Fellows (who had got the property by an exchange with the Crown) not to renew the lease of the house, he drew a lamentable picture of the evils it had caused, which evils were at their worst in Gladstone's days. Boys were always slinking into the inn for drink. If caught,

they had been to see friends from London, or to inquire about parcels sent down by coach. Masters shrank from provoking these ready lies, and a great deal had to be winked at. Often boys got tipsy, and then Shurey's across the road was a convenient place into which to stagger for the friendly emetic of mustard and water; when the Christopher was full, Shurey's became a sort of annex to the house. It was so easy to speed a fag thither for liquor; and presently, the coast being clear of masters, the youngster would return running with his *Princeps* full of beer or port. The *Princeps* was a receptacle of deceptive appearance made out of the covers of an early edition of 'Virgil.' It would hold three bottles, and when carried under the arm looked like a grave folio. Dr. Keate, however, seems to have had an inkling of its uses, and this accounts for the otherwise inexplicable prohibition which he once addressed to all Lower Boys: "I'll have no folios carried about: if I catch any boy with a folio, I'll flog him."

It had apparently been fated that the soundness of Gladstone's moral nature should be tried at the very outset of his school life by the perilous character of his surroundings. But he passed quite unscathed through temptations, and so did George Selwyn the future Bishop of New Zealand, who

boarded at the same house, and who became early one of his best friends. These two and their brothers—for the two Selwyns and the three Gladstones all deserve the same praise—remained uncontaminated amid corruptions which are known to have had a seriously damaging effect upon some other boys less finely constituted. In Mr. Gladstone's own words, the boys of his house became for the most part "a very undistinguished set."

Shurey's was a small house, and it is a curious coincidence that Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—boarded there in after-years, the house having then become the Rev. G. Cookesley's. Possibly he had one of the rooms which Gladstone occupied at different times, but this cannot be ascertained, for the whole place has been rebuilt. After Mrs. Shurey, two other dames—Mrs. Stansmore and Miss Edwards—successively had the house, then Mr. Cookesley took it with the adjoining tenement, and subsequently the Rev. C. C. James knocked both houses into one. Alterations have also removed all vestiges of the room which Arthur Hallam (the subject of *In Memoriam*), the dearest of Gladstone's Eton friends, occupied at Mr. (after-Dr.) Hawtrey's, now Dr. Hornby's. Looking for this room quite recently with Dr. Hornby, Mr. Gladstone was unable to find it. Shurey's formed

part of the house now held by Mr. J. P. Carter. Mr. Gladstone identifies it as the house "which has its boys' entrance facing the Long Walk," a promenade, which, by the way, is generally called "The Wall" by present Etonians.[1]

Gladstone was placed in the middle remove of the Fourth Form. That was not a bad placing for a boy who was barely twelve years old, as in those days when boys went to Eton much younger than they do now, few new-comers escaped a probationary stage in the Lower School. His tutor was the Rev. Henry Hartopp Knapp, an excellent scholar, and a pleasant, very pleasant fellow, but a curious cleric, and as a tutor by no means exemplary. He and another master, the Rev. Benjamin Drury, were passionately fond of theatres; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte, in his *History of Eton*, mentions into what queer freaks their love of the drama often led them. They were in the habit of going up to London whenever any performance of special attraction was to take place. They would leave Eton on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday morning in time (or not in time) for early school, looking over exercises as they drove along in their curricle.

[1] Or the "School Wall," to distinguish it from the "Football Wall," in "Sixpenny." By "The Long Walk" is always understood the Avenue in Windsor Great Park.

Sometimes they would each take a favoured pupil to see the play and to sup and sleep at the Hummums or the Bedford in Covent Garden. Captain Gronow relates how on one of these expeditions, when their young companions were Lord Sunderland and the Hon. W. H. Scott, Lord Eldon's second son, they sallied forth at night in search of adventures, and created such a disturbance that after several encounters with the watchmen they were taken to Bow Street, and had to be bailed out of durance by the secretary of the all-powerful Chancellor.

Mr. Knapp was not afraid of cracking his second, or even his third bottle of claret after dinner. Somebody having spoken about the evils of the Christopher in his presence, he asked contemptuously how a boy could get seasoned into a man if temptations were kept from him? He was as fond of prize-fighting as of theatres, and said that a scholar ought to attend prize-fights and horse-races, if he wanted to get an idea of what the Olympian games were like. At one time he owned a terrier name "Keph" whom he backed for ten pounds to kill pole-cats against a bull-dog of Sir Christopher Willoughby's at a cock-pit in Peascod Street, Windsor. All these unorthodox tastes ended by drawing Mr. Knapp into trouble. In 1830, his scholarship and perhaps his jollity caused him to be

appointed Lower Master; but he had got deeply into debt, and four years later he suddenly fled from the country, carrying with him as much money as he could raise. After spending some years in the Isle of Elba, he eventually died at Rome in 1846.

These facts are not cited with a view to throwing any obloquy on the memory of a man, who, if he had his faults, had also many good qualities, and was well liked by most of his pupils; but it has been necessary to recall them, in order to show how little Gladstone owed to his tutor for moral training. The double hazard which had placed him in an unsatisfactory boarding-house, and under a tutor who set no good example of living to his pupils, threw him upon his own resources for moral culture. If it be said that his character was moulded by Eton, it must be added that it was not cast in the Eton mould; but got formed somehow outside it. The licence which prevailed in the school, the insufficient instruction that was imparted, the idleness and extravagant habits that were in fashion—all tended to the detriment of the many; but no doubt they did good to the few, by inducing them to withdraw themselves from the common life of the place and pursue learning by ways of their own. Some young men of Sparta may have learned

sobriety from tipsy helots, and to that extent the helots were their instructors; so at Eton bad influences of all sorts hardened certain boys against temptation, and made them wonderfully self-reliant. But Gladstone and his friends, by leading blameless lives, and striving to learn more than their masters taught them, truly gave more to Eton in the manner of example than they took from it. Besides the Selwyns and Arthur Hallam, Gladstone's principal friends were J. Milnes Gaskell, Francis H. Doyle, John Hanmer (afterwards Lord Hanmer), Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford), J. W. Colvile (Right Hon. Sir J., afterwards Chief Justice at Calcutta, &c.), W. E. Jelf (Rev.), J. H. Law, P. A. Pickering, W. W. Farr, and Charles Wilder.

It is more than strange to hear that the future Chancellor of the Exchequer (the greatest financier of a financing age) was taught no mathematics at Eton and hardly any arithmetic. When Napoleon was a boy at the Military School of Brienne, a master prophesied that he would never make a passable officer, because of his distaste for mathematics; no similar prophecy could have been made about Gladstone, for there was no mathematical master at the school to make it. The three first rules of arithmetic were taught after a fashion by a Major Hexter, who kept a boarding-house, and was

styled the writing master. Only the Lower Boys went to him, and when they were certified as proficient in long division the Major troubled them no more. It throws a funny light on the Eton of old times to be informed, that when in 1836 the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey came to the school as mathematical master he was only allowed to give his lessons as "extras," and to the first thirty boys in the school, because Major Hexter was supposed to have a vested interest in the ignorance of the remainder; and ultimately Mr. Stephen Hawtrey had to pay the Major a pension of £200 a year so that he might withdraw his opposition to the propagation of Euclid and Algebra.

Gladstone received no religious teaching either. In 1822 the Rev. John Wilder, now Senior Fellow, became one of the assistant-masters; and two years later the Rev. James Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo, was added to the number. These two gentlemen, more earnest than most of their colleagues, sought to introduce a Greek Testament lesson once a week, and they succeeded after a time; but not without much difficulty, as the other masters disliked the innovation, and Dr. Keate hoped little good from it. The manner in which Sundays were spent in those days would have gone far to defend Eton against any charge of being a

sectarian school; it might even have raised a question as to whether, although all its masters were clergymen, it could rightly be called an ecclesiastical foundation. The boys used to lie in bed till nearly ten, as Sunday "private business" (which consists now of a Scriptural lesson) was not yet thought of. At half-past ten they attended a service in chapel, and it was a common complaint among the parishioners of Eton, many of whom had sittings in the choir, that the boys in the higher forms used not to enter chapel until the last stroke of the bell, when they would rush in all together, helter-skelter, shoving one another, laughing, and making as much noise as possible. The noblemen, or "nobs," and the Sixth Form, occupied stalls, and it was customary that every occupant of a stall should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute amongst his neighbours packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten *during the service.* Between 2 and 3 p.m., all the forms below the Sixth (but not the Lower School) had to muster in the Upper Schoolroom, where Dr. Keate gave out the subjects for the week's Latin theme, and then gabbled out some pages from the *Maxims* of Epictetus, or a few extracts from Blair's *Sermons.* During this performance some of the boys, having brought pens and ink with them, would dash off

their themes, while the others kept up a continuous uproar. Keate, quacking like an angry duck, to use Alexander Kinglake's description of his voice, would now and again demand silence, but it was the custom of the boys to be deliberately obstreperous at this Sunday class, which they called "Prose" (Keate called it "Prayers"), and the Head Master so far tolerated the scandal that he only made a show of trying to suppress it by occasionally picking out some of the worst among the rioters and flogging them. Being indiscriminating in his punishments, as despots generally are, he once wanted to flog Gladstone because the latter's hat was knocked out of his hand by a boy nudging his elbow. "Playing at cricket with your hat, eh?" he screamed from his desk. It was with some trouble the accused demonstrated that there had been no offence, but only an accident. Keate's distrust of schoolboy honour, however, was inveterate. "Well, I must flog somebody for this," he quacked. "Find me the boy who gave you the nudge."

It has been urged by apologists of Dr. Keate that the rough unruliness of boys in his time justified the unreasoning severities for which he was famous; but this plea is untenable. Etonians of sixty years ago were pretty much what Keate himself made them. By his system of ignoring mountains and

magnifying molehills, of overlooking heinous moral offences and flogging unmercifully for peccadilloes, he caused boys to lose all sense of proportion as to the delinquencies which they committed. It was venial to get tipsy because Keate chose to take no cognisance of what was done out of bounds, or in places that were prohibited; but a boy was sure of a birching who missed Absence, or infringed the foolish rules about shirking. Keate actually pretended not to know that boys boated on the river. On the 4th of June he used to send for the Captain of the Boats and say: "You know *I* know nothing; but I am told that you know a great deal. As you are in authority, try to keep order to-night. Lock-up will be three quarters of an hour later than usual: this is your privilege."

How nonsensical this was, when we recollect that the Captain of the Boats, after getting this informal acknowledgment of his position, would have had to "shirk" by bolting into a shop if on his way towards the river he had met a master in the High Street. In Gladstone's second half-year, Easter, 1822, Dr. Keate was suddenly moved to drop his pretence of ignorance about boating by the fear that the Eight would go upon the river at a time when it was swollen by floods, and dangerous. But he expressed himself in such

laboured periphrases that J. A. Kinglake,[1] the Captain, feigned not to understand, and a joke was got up by hiring a crew of watermen to dress themselves like the Eight and to row up to Surly with masks on their faces. Keate, hearing that the Eight meant to defy him, started for the Brocas in great alarm, and, running along the bank, barked, "I know you, So-and-So, I know you all; I'll flog you, I'll expel you." When the watermen lifted their masks and gave him a cheer, he was mightily crestfallen, and returned to college in the sulks, but even after this he relapsed into his old affectation of ignorance, so that his assistant-masters had to go clandestinely to the river-side if they wished to see the 4th of June fireworks.

What could be expected of such a system? If it be true that Keate was in private life gracious, sensible, and modest, he is the more to blame for having done violence to his nature so as to appear in the discharge of his public duties a graceless, senseless little martinet. Of his fondness for flogging there can be very little doubt, and as no boy, even the gentlest and best behaved, was safe from his capricious rod, a quibbling spirit was developed among those who felt themselves to be

[1] Afterwards Sergeant Kinglake, Recorder of Bristol; M.P for Rochester.

in danger of his castigations without having deserved them. On one occasion Gladstone, being præpostor of his form, had omitted to mark down a friend who had come late into school. A birch was at once called for, and Keate magniloquently upbraided as a breach of trust that which seems to have been only a lapse of memory. "If you please, sir," argued the future statesman, then fourteen years old, "my præpostorship would have been an office of trust if I had sought it of my own accord, *but it was forced upon me*." Keate might have answered that the offices of sheriff and of juryman are forced upon the holders, who nevertheless are required to discharge them with diligence; but he was a very sophist, always more disposed to admire the ingenuity of a tortuous excuse than to put faith in a candid explanation. Mr. Gladstone admits now that his defence was more culpable than the fault; but if he had not succeeded in puzzling the small wits of his master, that peevish pedagogue would have flogged him.

There is really only one slightly extenuating circumstance that can be urged as to Dr. Keate's misrule, and it is that the Provost and Fellows did not supply him with assistants enough. Even in this he was to blame, for if he had insisted upon having a larger staff it would have been given him;

but it is not to be denied that by their cold manner of entertaining all proposals for an increase in the number of masters the Fellows made the task of solicitation repugnant to a man who never liked to appear as a suppliant. The number of boys at Eton from 1821 to 1827 varied between 528 and 612, but at no time during these years were there more than nine assistants,[1] including the Lower Master; and as some of the forms in the Lower School only had twenty or thirty boys, it followed that some of the divisions in the Upper School were of quite unwieldy size. In 1820 Dr. Keate's own division had swelled to 198. He then relieved himself by creating the Middle Division of the 5th, but he continued to keep about 100 boys under his own charge. There are masters—men like Dr. Goodford or the present Archdeacon of Derby—who would have been able to hold a division of three times that size in perfect order by inspiring the boys with respect; but it is evident that Dr. Keate, in spite of all that has been written about his Olympian manner, was not respected, for his classes were continually being disturbed by

[1] Three of these are now alive: the Rev. George H. Dupuis, now Vice-Provost, who was master from 1819 to 1834; the Rev. John Wilder, Senior Fellow, master from 1824 to 1840; and the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Fellow, master from 1825 to 1850; Lower Master from 1850 to 1857.

cock-crowings, whistlings, upsetting of forms, and other practical jokes, which it would fill the modern Etonian with sheer amazement to see.

Arthur Hallam had gone to Eton in the same year as Gladstone, and they were both in the same Form, Gladstone being several places above his friend. Dr. Keate used once a week to take the Remove for a lesson of Horace, and the Fourth Form for a lesson of Cæsar, and he soon singled out Gladstone, Hallam, and J. Colvile, as good boys to "call up," because they seemed to take some interest in their lessons. His method of testifying his gratification at their industry was, however, of the gruffest. It was customary for the Lower Boys on the 5th of November to light forbidden bonfires with Greek Grammars in the school-yard. Keate of course made ineffectual war on the practice. Meeting Colvile on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1822, with a pile of books under his arm, he taxed him indignantly with intending to set fire to these volumes. Colvile would as soon have burned his own hair as a book, and answered that he was going to Hallam's room with Gladstone's books and his own to prepare a lesson. "I don't believe it," said Keate; you and the other two have got some foolish notions into your heads about *dulce est desipere in loco;* but school isn't the place for

dissipation. You shall all three bring me five of Æsop's fables written out to-morrow; then I shall know that you have not been up to mischief." The next day Keate sent for Selwyn *minor* (G. A.). "Where's your Greek Grammar, boy?" "Please, sir, it's at my dame's." "Go and fetch it: if you're not back in ten minutes, I'll flog you." Selwyn ran, but in his hurry returned with a grammar of his brother's. "I knew it: you've burnt your own, sir! Don't deny it: I see guilt in your eye." Selwyn in vain protested, alleging that he must have mislaid his own book. "Then I'll flog you for that," snapped Keate. "A boy who mislays his books is an idler," and further dispute being useless, the future bishop got his "six cuts."

Gladstone and Hallam only remained Lower Boys for about eighteen months. During most of that time Gladstone fagged for his brother Thomas, and he was lucky in having a brother who did not drive about in gigs, as it was a common custom for fast Upper Boys to do. The fags of these fast ones would be sent to the livery stables to order traps, and sometimes their masters would take them out to act as "tigers" during drives to Salt Hill or to Marsh's Inn at Maidenhead, a favourite place of resort, as there was a cock-pit there. On one of

these outings in a curricle a horse bolted, and the driver, brutalized by terror, ordered his fag to jump on the horse's back and saw at his bit. The foolhardy feat was accomplished, and the horse stopped, but the small boy's arms were almost pulled out of their sockets, and one of them got badly dislocated. This boy boarded at Shurey's, and it fell to Gladstone's lot to embrocate his shoulder with vinegar, until it was seen that the injury could not be repaired without help from a doctor.

Gladstone himself never had such grievous fagging adventures as this. How light his fagging was is shown by some remarks in his introduction to the *Miscellany*, in which he ridicules the anxieties of mothers who fear to send their sons to Eton lest they should fall under the sway of petty tyrants. He himself, he says, "never met with a Nero or Caligula."

Touching fags, it may be mentioned that when it came to Gladstone's own turn to be a fag-master, one among the servitors he had was George Mellish, son of the Dean of Hereford. Master and fag lost sight of each other after both had left school; but years afterwards it became Mr. Gladstone's duty as Prime Minister to offer a Lord Justiceship to George Mellish. "I wrote to him as 'Dear Sir,'" says Mr. Gladstone: "having no idea that I was

addressing an old fag of mine; but a few days later, as we were going down to Windsor, we met on the platform at Paddington, and he reminded me of the relation in which he had formerly stood towards me. All recollection of him had unaccountably slipped from my memory, until he thus unexpectedly re-introduced himself."

Another of Gladstone's fags was John Smith Mansfield, now a Police Magistrate at the Marlborough Street Court. Mr. Mansfield says of him: "He was not exacting, and I had an easy time of it. I cannot remember doing anything more than laying out his breakfast and tea-table, and occasionally doing an errand. As Gladstone was about five years my senior, there was an immense distance between us. I recall him as a good-looking, *rather delicate* youth with a pale face and brown, curling hair—always tidy, and well-dressed—not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally sculling, playing cricket and hockey. Neither Gladstone, nor his friend Hallam, nor Gaskell, nor Doyle, shone so much in the scholarship of that day as the Selwyns—the so-called scholarship consisting solely in making Latin verses. In fact, no school with a great name could have sunk lower in point of giving education than Eton in the time of Dr. Keate. George Mellish was my junior; he was very deli-

cate and even then suffering from hereditary gout. Few that knew him only as a great scientific lawyer could suppose that when he was about fifteen he was an admirable actor of old men's parts in private theatricals at my dame's. He was never my fag; but in the hierarchy of Eton fagging I remember, as fags of my own, Rowland Williams, Arthur Helps, and E. Beckett Denison, whom I trust I treated as well as Gladstone treated me."

It used to be customary for a boy on promotion to the Fifth Form to give a supper in his room; and afterwards to recite a satirical ode, passing comments on all the other fellows in his boarding-house. These productions were often very coarse, for it was an understood thing that the authors of them were never to be molested by those whom they abused. Gladstone in *his* Fifth Form poem eschewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigour on some of the abuses rife in the school, and in particular on cruelties that used to be practised towards pigs at the Eton Fair that was held every Ash Wednesday. A barbarous usage had arisen for boys to hustle the drovers and then cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offence by remarking that the boys who were foremost in this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection, and he dared

them, if they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies of it in their hats. On the following Ash Wednesday he found three newly-amputated pig-tails hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription :

> "Quisquis amat porcos, porcis et amabitur illis ;
> Cauda sit exemplum ter repetita tibi."

Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering, which he would mark: "In good round hand upon your faces ;" but the statesman, who, in his seventy-fourth year, fells trees for amusement, was already, as a boy, a tough foe to deal with, and his invitation met with no response. It would be pleasant if one could add that after this the pigs had a better time of it ; but their miseries only ceased when the Ash Wednesday Fair was abolished under Dr. Hawtrey.

When they were in Upper Division Gladstone and Hallam began to mess together, although they boarded at different houses. They messed week about in each other's rooms—a very unusual thing, and not too convenient for the fags who had to carry "orders" (rations) from house to house. The charm of Arthur Hallam's conversation and manners seems to have been very great. He had all the exuberance of boyhood with a feminine

sweetness of disposition, and a judgment of surprising lucidity, so that, as Francis Doyle said of him, "he appeared to turn the rays of a clear, fragrant torch on every question which he discussed."[1] Gladstone bore him a great love, and it was chiefly for his sake that he kept away somewhat from the athletic pursuits in which his physical activity would have well fitted him to excel. He was never in the Boats, nor did he play much at cricket. Hallam's pleasure was to take long rambles in fields, or about Windsor and its park, and in these excursions the two friends were often joined by others of their studious *coterie.* It is to be remarked, however, that these boys, though they kept aloof from their less cultured schoolfellows, gave themselves none of the airs of Byronic disenchantment which were so much in vogue with a certain section of the studious youth of Britain in those days. They were enthusiastic about the emancipation of Greece; they had caught a glow from Byron's poetry; but they had imbibed none of his bitterness; their favourite poet, after all, was Scott. "I think Byron would have been a happier fellow if he had been at Eton," was George Selwyn's observation when the news of the poet's

[1] Arthur Hallam was the eldest son of the historian. He died at Vienna in 1833, six years after leaving Eton.

death at Missolonghi arrived during the Summer Half of 1824. And there was some force in the criticism: "Eton would have taken more of the conceit out of him," added Selwyn, "and with less vanity to torment him what a man he would have been!"

A few weeks after Byron's death, Mr. Canning came down to Eton for the 4th of June, and found time to have nearly an hour's chat with the son of his principal supporter in the famous Liverpool election of 1812. Canning's career exercised the greatest fascination over young Gladstone's mind, and on that privileged day when he took the Foreign Secretary to see his room and then walked about college listening to his advice and to his remarks about some of the important topics of the day, the fascination became complete and lasting. It was doubtless from a happy recollection of his own precocity that Canning did not speak to his young admirer as to a boy about childish things, he must have seen the sparkle of hero-worship in Gladstone's eyes, and he laid himself out to produce a deep impression by emitting on all subjects those generous sentiments which leave their mark on a boy's understanding. His advice, conveyed in the tone of an elder brother, was all about school work: "Give plenty of time to your verses: every good

copy you do will set in your memory some poetical thought or well-turned form of speech which you will find useful when you speak in public," but when he touched on politics he spoke "almost like one who has need of advice himself, so full was he (or seemed to be) of those illusions which official life too often dispels." The universal reign of Parliaments, he said, was "going to loose the tongues of nations that had been dumb, and set their hearts beating. Imagine a Peruvian Parliament, fancy a new Areopagus at Athens. Greeks in tail coats and beaver hats; Epaminondas, M.P. for Thebes, Alcibiades, M.P. for Athens, Lycurgus and Draco both sitting for Sparta, and being Law Officers of the Crown, Draco of course expecting his speedy promotion to a Lord Chief Justiceship. It all seems so strange, and yet it's all coming, and what a novel thing it will be for English Ministers to find themselves in communication with nations, veritably with nations, and not with excited or trembling kings speaking through arrogant soldiers or tricky courtiers! . . ."

In alluding to Byron, however, Canning showed some reserve. A boy in the Sixth had wanted to deliver a passage from 'Childe Harold' as his 4th of June speech, but Dr. Keate would not allow it. Gladstone thought this a shame. "Ah well, poor

Byron! His host of enemies will disband now," was all Canning would say.

An incident occurred on the evening of that 14th of June which might have diminished some of Gladstone's veneration for his idol, had he been an eye-witness of it. Walter Carew,[1] Captain of the Boats, had invited Mr. Canning to go up to Surly as "sitter" of the *Monarch*, ten-oar. The statesman accepted the honour, but amid the press of boats about Windsor bridge, when the crews were rowing round and round the eyot where the fireworks were being discharged, he displayed great nervousness. The dignity of England's heroic Minister did not appear impressively as he clutched the sides of the boat exclaiming: "We shall go over; I know we shall. Horton" (this to the coxswain), "do you wish to drown me?" Such trepidation might have been excusable in one of the modern outrigged boats, but it was hardly so in one of those broad tubs which would be called barges in these days, and which even sixty years ago were known to be almost insubmersible. There was some joking in the school for several days about the statesman's dread of a ducking.

Canning's visit, and some remarks of his about the *Microcosm*, caused the idea of the *Miscellany*

[1] Afterwards Sir W. Palk Carew of Haccombe, Devon.

to germinate in Gladstone's mind, although the idea did not come to fruition until nearly three years later.

Just before Gladstone entered Eton, in 1821, the *Etonian*, edited by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, had run its short, brilliant career; and Gladstone, though a Lower Boy, got acquainted with some of the contributors to that periodical, who used to come and breakfast with his brother Thomas. Among them were Richard Durnford (whom "Gladstone *minor*" afterwards appointed Bishop of Chichester), Walter Trower (who became Bishop of Gibraltar), Chauncey Hare Townshend, and Edmund Beales (who acquired glory of a certain sort during the Hyde Park riots of 1866). These school-worthies had acquired a real renown through their writings, and as Gladstone rose to the higher forms, the purpose of founding a magazine naturally suggested itself to him as one of the only methods that lay open to him for achieving scholastic distinction. Now-a-days the talents of schoolboys find plenty of scope in competitions for prizes and scholarships, and as a consequence the various Eton periodicals started during the last thirty years have been poor. Their staffs have been often recruited from among boys not successful in school-work—youthful eccentrics, triflers, *blasés*, and such like. But in Glad-

stone's days there were no prizes or scholarships; and very few examinations. When a boy had once got into the Fifth he obtained his removes to the Middle and Upper Division without trials; and eventually ascended to the Sixth by seniority—there being, as now, only ten collegers and ten oppidans in that head form. Gladstone was "sent up" several times for his verses; but this was the only honour to which he and boys of his description could aspire. Thus the very best material in the school was always available for independent literary work.

It is to be observed, however, that if there was always plenty of talent at Eton, able editors were as scarce there as elsewhere. The only three school periodicals which stand out as exceptionally good—the *Microcosm*, the *Etonian*, and the *Miscellany*—were edited by boys who possessed great firmness of character as well as genius and judgment. Canning, Mackworth Praed, and Gladstone all knew how to recruit a staff, keep it up to the best standard of work, and prevent its members from falling out. If he had not become a statesman he might have done wonders in conducting a London daily newspaper.

Dr. Keate was favourable to school magazines, debating societies, and even to dramatic clubs. In

1820, he felt bound to suppress a dramatic association which had been founded by Lord Tullamore, and afterwards carried on with great success by G. W. Howard (Earl of Carlisle), but this was because its members pushed matters rather too far. They had hired a room in the Datchet Road, which was fitted up with a theatre; and crowds of ladies who came from Court and country in coaches and sedan chairs used to attend the performances. Some of the young actors had their heads turned and grew disposed to neglect all school-work. Dr. Keate had recourse to his usual remedy of flogging the "stars" of the troupe, and then dissolved their company; but after this, as before, he winked at occasional theatrical performances (which Mrs. Keate patronized), and he was always glad when the most promising boys in his division got into the Eton Debating Society, or "Pop."[1] Gladstone joined this association in 1826, and in the following

[1] So named, it is believed, from *popina*, as the Society first held its sittings over the shop of Mrs. Hatton the pastrycook. Mrs. Hatton had a very pretty niece, whose charms were immortalized in a parody of Byron's 'Maid of Athens':

"Maid of Hatton's, ere we part,
Give me one more cherry tart;
And since that is left undressed
Don't mind the change, but keep the rest.
Hark, a cheer before we go!
βόη κόρη ἀγαμῶ."

year, on getting into the Sixth, brought out the *Miscellany*.

But first one must notice that at the Montem of 1826, he figured in the procession to Salt Hill disguised as a Greek in white *fustanelle* and embroidered cap. He was one of those who begged for "salt"—that is, money—in favour of the captain of the school, Edward Hayes Pickering, who afterwards became an assistant-master at Eton.[1] Contrary to the usual practice, Pickering did not go to King's but to St. John's, Cambridge. The "purse" collected in his favour was one of the largest ever made, and Gladstone contributed not a little to keep most of its contents for Pickering by some energetic action he took in preventing the destruction of flowers in the gardens of the Hotel at Salt Hill. The Fifth Form, who wore scarlet coats, with cocked hats and swords, were wont to draw their swords and lop off the heads of flowers, slash trees and palings, &c., all of which damage had to be paid for by the captain out of his purse. Gladstone appealed to some of his most muscular friends to assist him in checking this wanton destruction; and that year the damages were insignificant compared to what they were sometimes, when they would "make almost all the salt

[1] He died in 1852.

melt." As for Gladstone's costume, it was much admired. This was in the year before Navarino, and "philhellenism" was rampant in public schools.

The first number of the *Eton Miscellany* appeared in June 1827, "printed by T. Ingalton," and edited by "Bartholomew Bouverie," who contributed a very smartly written introduction dedicated "To the Many-Headed Monster."

The first number was surprisingly good; and there was no falling off in the subsequent issues, which continued till November. Reading them to-day, one is struck by the wonderful command of language which was possessed by the young writers, by their ease in joking, and by their knowledge of the world. G. A. Selwyn's articles on the "Proceedings of the Dull Club" were excellent fooling. L. H. Shadwell had an article on "The Miseries of being a Godfather," which would well bear reprinting. Arthur Hallam wrote some truly beautiful little poems on "The Death of a Charger," "The Battle of the Boyne," &c.

That the editor already had strong sympathies with the woes of Ireland may be judged from this fragment of a poem on "Erin," by J. Halsey Law, which he admitted into No IV.:

> "Thus I thy destined woes reveal,
> Which Fate forbids me to conceal;

I see no beam of cheery light
To dissipate the shades of night;
Through unborn ages yet shall be
One course of endless misery."

To a foreigner reading the above lines Eton would assuredly have seemed a mysterious place. Here were a number of boys living under the rod of a pompous, tyrannical little Doctor of Divinity—boys who might be flogged for neglecting to doff their hats to him as he passed along in his three-cornered "wind-cutter," and yet they were allowed a liberty not enjoyed by the greatest thinkers in some other countries of expressing their thoughts freely in print, and even of pronouncing condemnations on the rulers of their country. But what would the curious foreigner have said of William Gladstone's "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler"?

This production in Vol. II. is so extraordinary that one can only quote three stanzas of it as samples, without attempting to conjecture under the influence of what passing fury it was written:

First Stanza.

"Shade of him, whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung;
Shade of him whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll;
Though, swift as lightning, civic sword
Descended on thy fated head,

The blood of England's boldest pour'd,
And number'd Tyler with the dead?"

Second Stanza.

"Still may thy spirit flap its wings,
At midnight, o'er the couch of kings;
And peer and prelate tremble too
In dread of nightly interview!
With patriot gesture of command,
With eyes that like thy forges gleam,
Lest Tyler's voice and Tyler's hand
Be heard and seen in nightly dream."

Eighth Stanza.

"I hymn the gallant and the good
From Tyler *down to Thistlewood;*
My Muse the trophies grateful sings,
The deeds *of Miller and of Ings,*
She sings of all who soon or late
Have burst Subjection's iron chain,
Have seal'd the bloody despot's fate,
Or cleft a peer or priest in twain!"

It will be remembered that Thistlewood and Ings, the butcher had been hanged in 1820 for hatching the Cato Street Conspiracy, which had for its object the assassination of the members of Lord Liverpool's Ministry (among whom was Mr. Canning), and of some other guests who were to dine at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square, including the Duke of Wellington. Under such circumstances the "Ode to Tyler" would seem a little strong, even if it appeared in these days in a revolutionary

journal; and one may doubt whether it would have commended itself to the approval of Mr. Canning, who always spoke with a shiver of the escape he had had "from Ings's knife." But Canning died just before the "Ode" was published.

Dr. Keate did not utter a word of censure on the poem; and one may compare this placid indifference with the action which Dr. Horney recently took in respect of Mr. James Leigh Joynes's little book, *A Tourist in Ireland.* Possibly, however, Gladstone was making allusion to the effect which his "Ode" produced in different quarters when he wrote in *B. Bouverie's Diary*, Vol. II. No. 9:

> "*October* 20.—I inquired into my own character. I found myself, according to the reports of my various respondents, 'floundering'—'mad, quite mad'—'a disgrace to Eton'—'a sullier of the glories of my worthy ancestors'—'a poor creature'—'a failure'—'fitter for Grub Street, London, than for High Street, Eton'—'an upstart'—'a plagiarist'—'one too proud to learn from the writings of his ancestors'—'a *complete* censor'—'a milk-and-water do-no-good.' *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*"

One need hardly say that Gladstone's other contributions to the *Miscellany* were not couched in the same tone as the "Ode." His feeling, almost passionate, panegyric on Canning, shows how deeply he was moved by the death of that statesman. Most of his writings were calm in language, and

breathe a Conservative spirit; they also evince a rather nervous preoccupation on the part of the writer as to what his readers will think of them. The words "Benevolent Public," "Potent dispenser of fame," &c., recur very frequently. The graver pieces are those in which he displays most force; in humorous passages his pen does not run with the same lightness as Selwyn's, Shadwell's, or Doyle's. The epitaph which he composed for himself would have conveyed but a faulty idea of his talents and character:

> "Here lieth Bartle Bouverie,
> A merry soul and a quaint was he;
> He lived for gain, he wrote for pelf,
> Then took his pen and stabb'd himself."

Gladstone was always merry enough; but he was not one of those boys who can be called "merry fellows." Whilst he edited his magazine he used to stupefy his fags by his prodigious capacity for work. His table and open bureau would be littered with "copy" and proofs; he suffered like other editors from the plague of MSS., and had to read quires of proffered contributions that were unacceptable; and yet he always found time to do his school-work well. Dr. Keate, carper as he was, could find no fault in him; and even ended by taking him into special favour, as undoubtedly one of the best and most industrious scholars in the school. Probably

no other boy ever got such praise from Dr. Keate as Gladstone did, when the Head Master said to him: "You belong to the *Literati* (Pop), and of course you say there all that's on your mind. I wish I could hear you without your being aware of my presence; I'm sure I should hear a speech that would give me pleasure."

On another occasion, alluding to the fact that Gladstone's father had first thought of sending him to the Charter-house, Keate said, "That would have been a pity for both of us, Gladstone—for you and me." It is certain that if Gladstone had become a Carthusian his destinies might have been very different. At Charter-house, by the way, he would have been W. M. Thackeray's contemporary.

The *Eton Miscellany* continued to appear until its editor left Eton at Christmas, 1827. He had then been a whole year in the Sixth Form; but he had not become Captain of Oppidans, for one boy who was his senior remained at the school much longer than was usual; and, as already explained, places in the Sixth were only to be conquered by time, not by merit. Gladstone was, however, President of the Debating Society, and the acknowledged head of Eton in literary attainments and oratory. He helped to revive the prestige of "Pop," which was on the wane when he entered

it, though he never saw it in such a flourishing condition as it has been in these latter times, when there are always candidates to fill every vacancy. In Gladstone's days the Society often found it difficult to recruit suitable members. Mr. Mansfield says of this society: "Poorly educated as Etonians were by Dr. Keate, they did a great deal in educating each other. The Debating Society drew their attention to history and politics; and all the printed speeches of statesmen in the last century, and the beginning of the present, were known to the young debaters."

The name of W. E. Gladstone may be seen carved on the upper right-hand panel of the door which stands to the left as you face the Head Master's desk in the Upper School. His sons have their names cut on the same door close by. This carving was not done by Gladstone himself, but by Dr. Keate's servant in requital for the customary leaving fee. Respecting a name in another place, supposed to have been cut by Gladstone himself, the Rev. C. C. James writes: "The name GLADSTONE (no W. E.) is cut in large letters on the Long Walk near what used to be Shurey's, and afterwards my home. It is on the tenth slab from the home and the fifth from the opening. Mr. E. Lyttelton says that the family believe it to be by W. E. Gladstone's knife.

I will not guarantee that it may not have been done by another boy who was my pupil some twenty years ago, as I observe that other names of his contemporaries are equally moss-grown."

Be this last name of Mr. Gladstone's own cutting or not, enough has been said to show that the Prime Minister has left more than one enduring memorial of himself at Eton.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VALE ET FLOREAS.

Tempus fugit: my last School-half has come. I have gradually been growing in stature; I have become one of the "swells."

Changes imperceptible at the time of their occurrence, but continuous, have transformed me into a gawkish lad, quite different from the little creature I was when I first came to the School—as "Drab," one of the former boys' maids at Eliot's, reminds me one day when I meet her up town. I seem to have put away childish things. I should think it *infra dig* to take my morning bun and coffee at Brown's, to owe "ticks" at the Wall, or to go to my seat in chapel one moment before the very last stroke of the bell, when all the swells march in together.

I stroll into Barnes's every morning to hear the news of the day, as bucks used to do in the coffee-

houses of old. I have become a member of "Pop," and date most of my letters from that club, as being grander than writing on ordinary note-paper with the Eton Arms. Every Monday after four I attend the debates, and sometimes speak—with perhaps an uncomfortable consciousness that we all twaddle a good deal, and that our pretence of training ourselves to become orators is rather a farce. When the speech-book is sent me, and I have to write a summary of my utterances in it, I find somehow that I have not contributed many original ideas to the world's wisdom, and I am glad to condense my grandiloquent periods, closing them with that well-worn joke which consisted in setting the name of the next speaker within a line of Homer, thus,—

"τὸν δ' ἀπομειβόμενος Mr. Wood πρόσεειπεν as follows,"—

I have been asked to play in the Eleven in a tent match. One auspicious Friday, the Captain passed me a note in School during a lesson of Horace, on which was scrawled,—*Will you play against the Quidnuncs to-morrow?* I gave a nod, as if I had been quite prepared for the invitation, which I wasn't; and after School straightway ran to my dame's to fuss about getting my best pair of white trousers back from the wash by next morning.

Ah, well; if the ground had not been quite so hard, and if the sun had not emitted such a dazzling light; if some of the Quidnuncs had not been so unaccountably lucky in their blocking, and others in their hitting—I dare say I might have taken wickets; and if the Quidnunc bowler had not delivered to me one of those curious shooters, you know, which no fellow can be expected to stop, and which consequently found its way to my middle stump when I had only made three runs—well! I dare say I might have run up a long score. As it was, my luncheon under the tent was eaten under the depressing conviction that I was not quite "on the spot" that day. Everybody was kind, vowing that my form was neat (especially the Cantab who had put me away for two fours and a three in the same over), but in sum I was not asked to play again for the School. The coveted honour of the light blue cap was not to be mine.

I consoled myself by wiling away some pleasant afternoons on the river, as disappointed politicians when they have failed to win a seat in the Cabinet, will keep away from Westminster for a time. I was in Upper Boats, and all the reaches of the river were well-known to me. There were little cosy gulfs of dead water nestling behind the willows on the Berkshire shore, and which had to be reached

up narrow channels just wide enough to admit a gig with the sculls shipped. In these aquatic *boudoirs* one could recline, reading a novel, and hearing no sound but the light whirr of the dragon-fly on the wing, and the occasional soft splash of a water-rat taking a header. It was said that Mr. Warre did not approve of boys luxuriating on cushions and mats in dead water, instead of exerting themselves up stream; but Jack Haverley, the head waterman, who patrolled the river in his blue punt, only debarred Lower boys from these delights.

It was enjoyable too to pull up to Monkey Island now and then in an Eight, or to get put down in a boating bill, and join a crew who were going to row to within sight of Cookham Lock. Crews exempted from six o'clock absence would prefer to dine at Monkey sooner than at Maidenhead, so that they might have a lesser distance to row back to College after eating and drinking. There was a red-faced old fellow, named Franklin, who kept the inn at Monkey, and who, agreeably with the custom of English landlords, did little but strut about the island with a consequential air (he much resembled a November turkey), whilst his wife and daughters slaved in the kitchen, roasting ducks and making tarts. In France we should have had this old boy

doing the kitchen work in a white jacket and flat cap, whilst his wife and her comely girls played their parts as hostesses, in smart dresses and caps —and I doubt not that this arrangement would have suited us quite as well.

Monkey Island used to belong to Mr. Philip Lybbe-Powis, M.P., and it had once been the summer residence of his family; but he had suffered some of the buildings on it to fall out of repair. There was a pretty pavilion which had served as a billiard-room, but which had been left open to the winds, which had dealt with it as they generally do with buildings to which they are allowed free ingress, inviting rain and dry leaves to come in with them and romp. The island was not trimly kept, but it was a nice little place to rove about in, and there was a sheltered little spot on the side of it, away from the main stream, off which we bathed. When we had had a hard pull up to Cliefden wood —whose tall host of trees threw their shadows so majestically across the river, making it look like a dark pool—and back again to Monkey, our first care, tired as we might be, was to have a plunge in the river before dinner. What a restless activity was ours!

Our dinners were always of ducks and peas, with tarts to follow. Imagination could suggest no

improvement on this fare. Rowing up to Cookham, we stopped at Monkey to take a pull at pots of shandigaff, order our dinner for seven o'clock, and hand out bottles of champagne secreted under our seats, for we generally provided our own wine. Franklin was compensated by payment of a shilling per cork, which, now I come to think of it, was a preposterous charge, for it is not to be supposed that this long-headed old fellow cleared no profit out of his charge of three shillings a head for our dinners. I think most of our champagne came to us from sitters.[1] I know we always had abundance of it, and I do not remember that we paid anything extra for wine, beyond the subscription of four or five guineas, which covered the general expense of belonging to the Boats.

It was a delicious thing to row in a long boat behind a good stroke — such strokes as Frank Willan or G. H. Mossop—and to feel that one's

[1] In the days before outrigged Eights, when the long boats were "tubs," each would carry a sitter to Surly on the 4th of June and Election Saturday. He was generally some old Etonian or stranger who paid for the hospitality shown him by presenting the boat whose guest he was with a hamper of wine. Hampers varied in size, according to the ostentatious spirit of the giver. When outrigged Eights were introduced, the boats could no longer carry sitters; but in my time sitters were still invited to sup with the Boats at Surly.

style of oarsmanship was improving to the point of satisfying fastidious coxswains. But the best unofficial mentor whom any wet-bob could have as to rowing was Harry Goodman, the boat-builder. His quick eye not only detected faults, but showed him what power there might be in a fellow to remedy them; this was a great point, for certain defects in rowing are incurable, owing to some physical imperfection in the oarsman; and it is of no more use to coach fellows having these defects than to try and make good waltzers of men who are club-footed. Harry Goodman's talent lay in singling out boys who were likely to become good oarsmen, and in giving them plain, comprehensible hints for their guidance. Mr. Matthew Arnold would never have complained of his want of lucidity.

When I was at Eton there were three builders—Harry Goodman, Tolladay, and Searle, who was represented by a foreman nicknamed Sambo. The three men were as different as they could be. Harry might be described as "a man diligent in his business"—diligent in mind and body; Sambo was a workman of ordinary intelligence and industry; against poor Tolladay, a fat, wheezy fellow, no man's enemy but his own, complaints of remissness were sometimes made. For several years the long boats were divided equally

between the three builders, and they got about equal shares of the school patronage in "chances" and lock-ups. But gradually custom forsook Tolladay's and found its way to Goodman's, till it happened in process of time, as might have been expected, that Harry Goodman swallowed up his two rivals. He was a man who deserved success—a better workman, a kinder master, and more exemplary man could not have been found.

But this is a digression. The Summer Half has been counting out its golden days one by one, and there are but a few left for me to enjoy. One morning I see the parlour of Williams's shop open, and rows of handsomely-bound books arrayed on the shelves. This is a well-known sign. The holidays will be upon us in a fortnight, and the time for giving leaving-books has arrived. That evening and every evening afterwards when I return to my room, I find white parcels directed to me, "with the compliments" of Mr. This or Mr. That.

The sight of the first of these parcels produces a slight shock. You may have quite accustomed yourself to the thought of leaving; you may be rejoicing in the prospect of soon being at a University—all the same, Eton was a kind nurse to us all, and there was really not much to

be glad of when we were loosed from her apron-strings.

Leaving-books are no longer given now. The present Head-Master, in the exercise of his discretion, has abolished a custom which, it was said, had grown into an abuse. The giving of books to departing friends used to cost a boy's parents from £5 to £10 a year at the most, in return for which outlay, the boy, if he were fairly popular, left the School with a handsome library, which gave him pleasure all his life. No book brings such tender recollections to old Etonians as leaving-books. Dr. Hornby himself must have felt this. There were boys who had perhaps invested less than £50 in presentation books during a course of several years at Eton, and who, when their turns came to go, left with £100 worth. This is a commercial way of putting the question ; but probably the outcry against leaving-books was first raised by the parents of boys who were not particularly popular. There has at all times been a class of men who sent their sons to Eton for the social advantages of the place, but who have been anxious to purchase these advantages as cheaply as possible, by agitating for the abolition of all customs peculiar to Eton. As it is in keeping with the spirit of this age to make legislation sacrifice the convenience and the

pleasure of the many to the crotchets of the few, the voices of these gentlemen are always powerful. They were so in the case of leaving-books.

When the custom of giving these useful and pretty tokens of comradeship had ceased, the presentation of photographs might have been substituted with advantage—perhaps it has been. In our time photography was already in vogue, and several of us had albums in which we collected as many portraits as we could with the signatures of the originals, and some sentiment or other when they could be prevailed upon to write one. This was not often, for I am rather inclined to think that "the wild wit, invention ever new," which Gray attributes to boys, are poetical figments. I fear I never coaxed a pun or an epigram out of boys who wrote their names either in my album or in my leaving-books.

Yet how precious they are to me now, those simple autographs—signatures appended to such sentences as, *With the best wishes of . . . From his sincere friend . . . From his friend and fag . . . In remembrance of happy Eton days* . . . etc., etc.

A fact which, by the way, I may commend to experts in caligraphy, is that, comparing the handwriting of some of my schoolfellows of twenty years ago with their letters of to-day, I perceive that

in most cases the handwriting has not altered at all.

Every boy who sent one a leaving-book had to be thanked and shaken hands with. In some cases this might be a mere polite form, in others no little emotion was expressed in the prolonged squeeze of the hand. Then in the last week of the half one had to invite fellows to come and write their names in their respective books "after two." Every fellow who left was expected to be at home after two during his last week. Cake and fruit were spread on his table, dainties always welcome to swells in "tails," as well as to small boys in jackets; and when a fellow had signed one shook hands with him once more.

> "Cur dextris jungere dextram,
> Non datur ac veras audire et reddere voces?"

Why have so many of those hands become cold now? How many have gone down to early graves who seemed so strong and fitted to live! Turning over an old school list, I find that more than forty of those I knew more or less well are already gone.

As leaving-books crowd more and more upon one's shelves, the sands of our schoolboy days are fast running out—the days when we do things for the last time have come. We take our last Sunday

walk, attend our last Sunday chapel services, hear our last sermon from the Provost. He chooses a simple text, that reminds us of the seed-time that is past, of the harvest that will be coming—a text which sets the least thoughtful among us musing on what has been and on what might have been, and what is going to be. Happy then those who can feel that they have made good use of their ten talents, their five, or their single one. Happy those, too, who, having squandered time and opportunities, can yet take heart of grace and profit by the experience which they have purchased dearly.

We have stood up for the last time and sung together; we have gone out quietly with a blessing on us, and we enter upon our four final days with their last games and last lessons.

"Nemo omnibus horis sapit."

"No fellow can be expected to know his lesson every time he is called up," as our friend the Pug translated it. Nevertheless we do nerve ourselves to great efforts during our parting days, so that no fault may be found with us; and we do so under adverse circumstances, because very little time is left us for study. We have to attend a leaving breakfast every morning—nay, in order not to

disappoint friends, we sometimes try to bestow our company on two or three breakfasts on the same morning. One fellow gives his farewell breakfast at the "White Hart," another at the "Castle Hotel," a third at the "Christopher." I have a recollection of two large breakfasts going on at the same time in different rooms at the "White Hart," of my having drunk a toast at both, and of my having looked in at the "Christopher" to hobnob at a third feast on my way back. Some fellows gave breakfasts in their own rooms, or in their tutor's dining-rooms, which were placed at their disposal for the purpose. At some houses again, leaving dinners or suppers were given by tutors and dames, and a few boys from other houses were invited. I was a guest at two or three such entertainments. Altogether it turned out that I had taken my last meal in my own room about a fortnight before the end of the half, without suspecting at the time that it would be my last.

A farewell visit to the Brocas to collect my things and send them down to College by a fag; a last five o'clock School, in which a little private self-examination, whilst other fellows are construing, leads me to perceive that I have not enough scholarship to carry me through a matriculation, unless I spend a preliminary three months at a

private tutor's. This is a dismal self-confession of idleness, and I am wondering how I shall explain to my parents the necessity of disbursing an extra hundred guineas on a three months' coaching, when the great clock in the School yard clangs out six o'clock. The last lesson is over, but my form-master, Mr. Durnford, calls me back, whilst all the others are going out, and says something. I do not exactly know what he says; it is something kind about regrets that I am going, and he shakes hands. I could have vowed the School yard spun round me as I went out.

I go back to my dame's and find that my room —my cosy room with its pictures on the walls, its boating-ribbons, its stand of bats—has clean vanished. It is a lumber-room now, and old Hill the carpenter is the magician who has caused the transformation. There are two huge white packing-cases on the floor, and he is filling them. Now my fags and some other Lower boys come in to claim little keepsakes which I have promised them. To one I give a picture, to another a case of stuffed birds, another pleads with a roguish look for my favourite arm-chair, and has it. At this rate there will not be much left for Hill to put into the packing cases; but my friendly spoilers go, and soon there is a noise of ablutions in all the rooms

as our dame gives her leaving-supper to-night, and we are all going to put on dress clothes as for a grand party. I shall have to make a speech. . . . I rehearse fragments of it as I brush my hair, but they all seem to render so feebly what I feel. A sensation has come over me as though I could not bear to be alone five minutes if I did not move about. I should thrill if a too affectionate glance met mine; it might be worse with me if any fellow with mistaken kindness laid a hand on my shoulder at this moment. . . . What a mercy it is that those Lower boys are laughing so loud as they clatter down to supper! I must be funny in my speech when I return thanks for the fellows who are going to leave, or I am lost.

* * * * *

Well! it is all over, and I have been funny.—The house is silent, and I am alone in my room with those two big packing-cases, and the memories of seven years.

* * * * *

The last day—All fair and not a cloud in the sky. From Barnes Pool to the Slough Road flyes are hurrying in every direction with friends who wave their hands. "Good-bye, old fellow, good-bye."

A group of us whose last day it is are assembled in the colonnade to go into chambers, each in our

turn, and take leave of the Head-Master. Every one of us has an envelope with a ten pound note in it as a leaving fee. We have all been cashing cheques at Nevile Reid's bank on the previous days, and we have been distributing the customary largesses about us all the morning. I have said good-bye to my tutor, and have now but this one fee to pay to Dr. Balston, and another of a guinea to his servant, who will have my name carved for me on the panels of the Upper School.

This servant is standing at the door of chambers. "It's your turn, if you please, sir."

I go into the large dim room full of handsome books and portraits. Dr. Balston is standing at the table, and with a quiet smile and nod, says,—

"Well, *your* time amongst us has been a happy one, I think."

"Yes, sir."

He turns away to take from a shelf the handsome folio Virgil, with the Eton Arms stamped in gilt on the cover, in which he is going to write my name. Unseen, almost furtively, I deposit on the table the envelope with the leaving fee in it. This was the conventional way of doing things. When Dr. Balston has written my name, he says,

"Shall I send you the book, or will you take it?"

"I will take it, sir, please."

"Well, then, good-bye." (He holds out his hand, and looks steadfastly into my eyes for a second.) "Good-bye, and God bless you. Let me see you whenever you come to Eton."

"Thank you, sir."

And then I have "left Eton": my school-boy days are ended.

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